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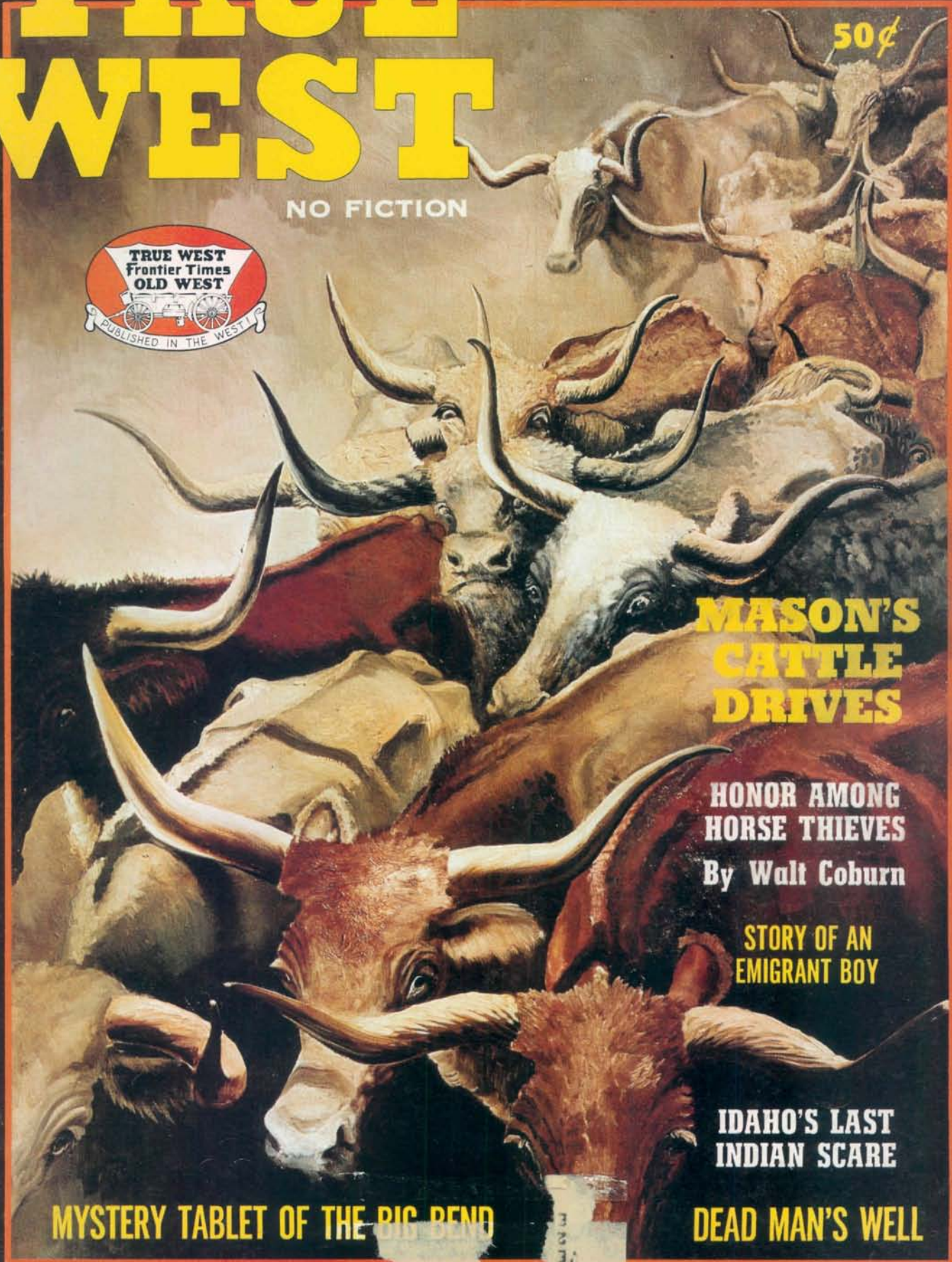

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HONOR AMONG HORSE THIEVES

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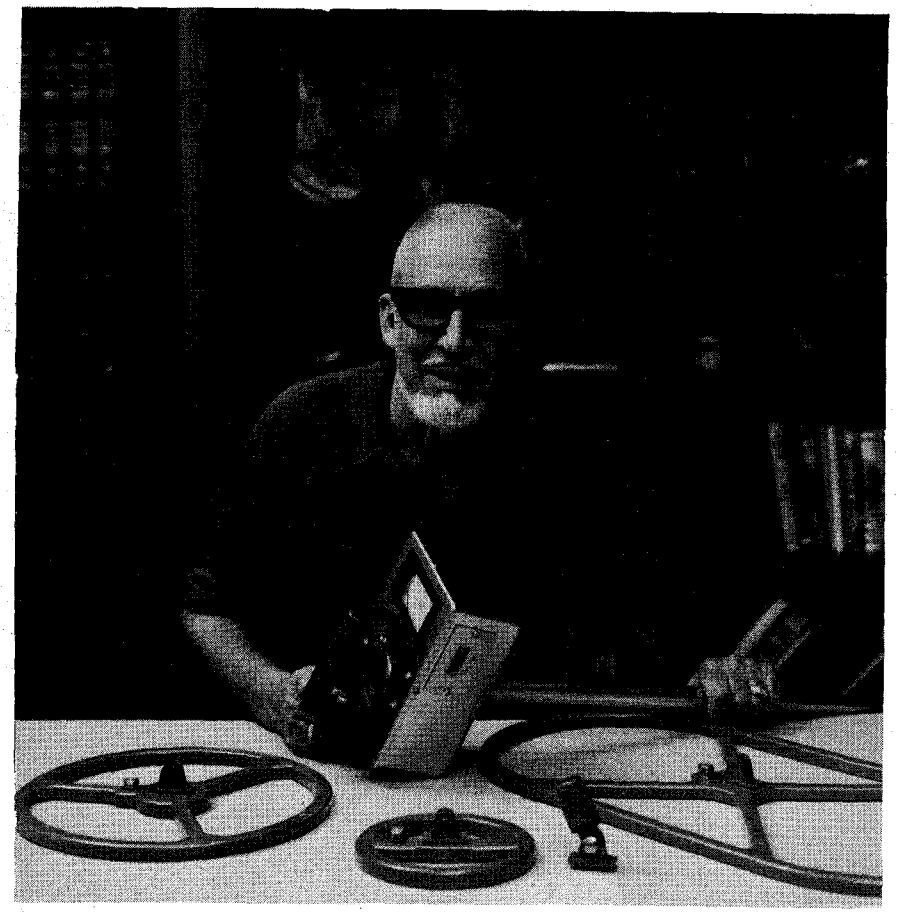

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July-August, 1972
Volume 19, No. 6
Whole No. 112

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN 4
HONOR AMONG HORSE THIEVES ..... Walt Coburn 6
MYSTERY TABLET OF THE BIG BEND ..... Bernice & Jack McGee 10
TROUBLED LIFE OF A BICYCLIENNE ..... Weldon D. Woodson 16
TRAILS GROWN DIM 21
MASON'S CATTLE DRIVES ..... Stella Gipson Polk 22
STORY OF AN EMIGRANT BOY ..... E. H. Bogusch 24
IDAHO'S LAST INDIAN SCARE ..... Ethel Kimball 26
HARDLUCK IRON MULE ..... Martin Cole 29
THE GIRL WHO WAITED AT SEAMAN'S REST ..... Rowena L. & Gordon D. Alcorn 30
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP ..... The Old Bookaroos 33
DEAD MAN'S WELL ..... Bill Sole 34
WILD OLD DAYS 36
TUMBLEWEEDS ..... Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Bob Dale

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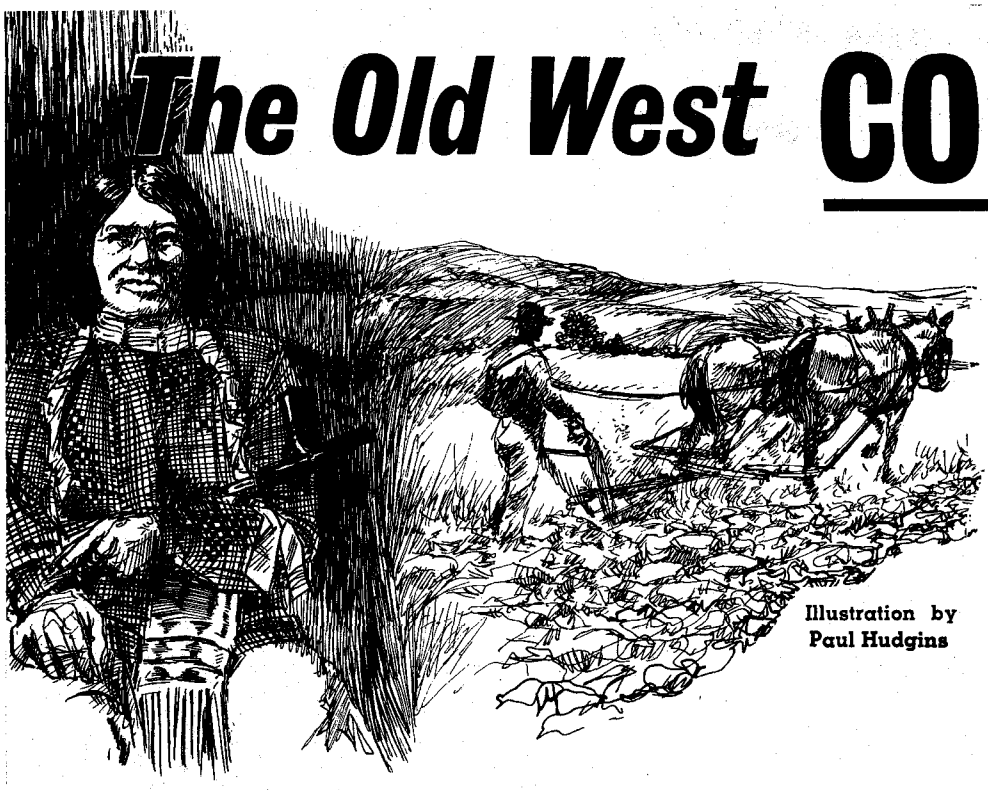

Illustration by Paul Hudgins

THIS just might be the most important little article I have ever written—the message, I mean, not the quality of writing!

I have some magazines spread out before me that cause little electric thrills to run up my spine. These bound copies of the old FRONTIER TIMES, published by J. Marvin Hunter, are dramatic testimony to a man's life dream. What blood, sweat, tears, hope and WORK must have gone into them! The first issue is dated October 1923 and the last, December 1954. The magazine was published monthly until the very last when age and poor health caused him to turn it over to a lesser light.

Hunter told me that I was the only man in the country that he would trust to carry on with his lifetime ideals of publishing a magazine dedicated to reporting old-time events exactly the way they happened. Whether this has been done or not is completely open to debate! All I can say is I have tried to keep the promise I made to him.

J. Marvin Hunter was one of the finest men I have ever met. He was located in Bandera, Texas when Fred Gipson and I visited him. The story had gotten out that Hunter had an old-time wooden barrel full of newspaper clippings and when he got ready to put out an edition of FRONTIER TIMES he reached in the barrel, pulled out a handful of clippings and started setting type! We saw the barrel, all right. It was about two-thirds full of *very* old newspaper clippings. But the story, as most rumors are, had to be false. He used actual first-hand accounts of old-timers; he printed books and serialized them in his magazine (or vice-versa); and he was an energetic firebrand as a whole in preserving a history that is becoming increasingly hard to believe by our modern-day generation.

Former president of the American Historical Association, Walter Prescott Webb, told me that if I ever had trouble with my three Western Americana magazines it would be because people in this atomic age simply would not be able to *comprehend* a life such as we had in the comparatively brief span of what we call the *Old* West. He told me also in these very words, "There is a gold mine of information and pure history in these old issues of FRONTIER TIMES!"

It was strange to me that within a six-months period, J. Frank Dobie and Fred Gipson told me the same thing in almost the same words! Each statement had "gold mine" in it with reference to the magazine's unmatchable material.

IN addition to valuable history, these old issues flat keep you on the edge of your chair! Coming from the reporter's pen (who most times was there on the scene) was what actually happened before his eyes—at least the way he saw it. It proves conclusively that documentary old-time stories do not necessarily have to be dull. When you mention this to Hollywood, or the movie and TV industry as a whole, they can't believe it—"documentary" is synonymous with "dull" to them. If they would only take time to read some of these old issues and some of the hair-raising *true* accounts, it would make some of their sensational fiction look a bit silly!

I just can't refrain from giving you a partial contents list of Vol. 1, No. 2 that will be coming to you soon (if you subscribe, of course!). This is on the outside cover of the November 1923 issue of FRONTIER TIMES: (*Ben Dragoo's Race for Life: Texas Rangers Were First To Use Six-Shooters; The Lone Star Flag of Texas; Indian Raids in West Texas; Reunion of a Pioneer Family at Ballinger; Shot With a Poisoned Arrow; Hunting Buffalo on the Little Wichita; Texas and Nacogdoches of Unknown Origin; Horrible Massacre Described by a Survivor; Trail of Blood Along the Texas Border; A Survivor of the Mier Expedition; J. C. Bryant Has Had Eventful Career; Bloody Career of Billy the Kid; Reconstruction Days in San Antonio; A Plea for County Historical Societies; Killing of Lieutenant Carter.*)

Don't confuse the above with the issue we want you to start out with—Volume 1, Number 1, which is advertised on page 65. And for gosh sakes read that WHOLE PAGE!

WE are publishing these old issues *exactly as they were.* They are facsimile copies with *nothing* changed. Sometimes Hunter would leave an inside cover, or both, blank so we'll print a little message on them concerning anything confusing that might arise. For instance, if the articles were taken from newspaper accounts, old manuscripts, etc. that were written WHEN IT HAPPENED, you wouldn't expect the authors to be alive. Also, we are leaving the advertisements as they were. Many of them are absolutely fascinating but please don't write for something that was advertised then at $4.95 which today would cost about $50.00! Some people will—we know! And remember that addresses given are nearly fifty years old!

We are hoping to accomplish a number of things in reprinting these old issues. They are reproduced on better paper and should last forever. We hope to help people fill out their collections, start new collections and especially do we hope to bring back the "feel" of the times. Every library in the country should have a collection of these magazines—but how are we going to let them know? As usual, we have got to depend on you to tell people, show your copies to libraries, and help in any way possible.

You just can't read this magazine without getting excited, whether you are a professor, white-collar worker, muskrat trapper, or—well, I think if you are breathing and care anything whatsoever about our past, you're a candidate for goose pimples!

Again, READ THAT ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 65! —Hosstail.

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Truly Western

Early Times in Texas

In an old issue of yours there was a story called "Bad Blood" by Don M. Jay. Our family knew the author of that story very well, and most of the people mentioned in it. Jeff Hardin, the brother of the infamous John Wesley Hardin, had come to Clairmont, Texas, where he had relatives, to try to escape the bad reputation of his brother. His uncle, Ben Hardin, had a son-in-law named John Snowden. This man shot Jeff. Since this occurred not many miles from our ranch and we knew the events in the story so well, I just thought I'd mention it.

I am ninety-two years old. I lived on a ranch for forty-five years. I did all my own work, which included cooking for my family and all hired hands, sewed all of our clothes, made my own soap, lard for cooking, kept dozens of chickens, kept a vegetable garden, and canned all our fruits and vegetables. Since my husband believed that milking cows was woman's work, I did all the milking and we always had at least six cows. During hog-killing time I helped cure the meat, made all the sausage and rendered down all the lard alone. My day began at four a.m. and many nights ended at ten or eleven. I made all of our quilts also. I did a great deal of my sewing at night after everyone else was in bed. It was the only time I had and, of course, I did it by kerosene lamplight.

I have worked hard all my life. I piece quilt tops now to pass the time as I am an invalid. Until the depression we had become very prosperous. We had 800 purebred registered Hereford cattle. In those days that kind of set-up was called a "stock farm." My husband would have been insulted to have been called a "rancher."

I would like to stay around for another ninety-two years and witness all the wonders to come, but when my time comes, I will voice no complaints. For who knows, maybe my time will prove to have been the best time after all.—Sallie Goodrich, c/o Mrs. Walter Roberts, 424 E. Alaska Avenue, Fairfield, California 94533

Indian Heritage

I hope this letter will help your readers become more aware of the American Indian and his heritage. Two Indian clubs in Colorado have annual powwows. Both of these are non-profit organizations and the proceeds go to help Indians better themselves and to help with their education.

The White Buffalo Council of American Indians of Colorado will have their annual powwow on July 22 and 23 at the Jefferson County fairgrounds, admission free. Bring your own seats. Indian singers and dancers will be featured and also Indian crafts.

The Pikes Peak Intertribal Council will hold their third annual powwow at Manitou Springs, Colorado on July 6, 7, 8 and 9. There is a camping area and Indian crafts, singing and dancing will be featured. The main purpose of the powwows is for all people to see the old customs and traditions of the Indians. It is hoped they may also learn the Indians have a beautiful heritage and that it will remain so.—John Black Crow, F.N.A.V. Center, 16th and Gaylord Streets, Denver, Colorado 80201

Attention—Pete Clayton

I had a letter in the December 1971 TRUE WEST. Several people have written me about my mention of Frank James' starting horse races and limping. One even called me from Huron, South Dakota and talked quite a while. Well,

(Continued on page 69)

Leon (age 24) and Sallie Goodrich (age 18) on their wedding day back in 1898.

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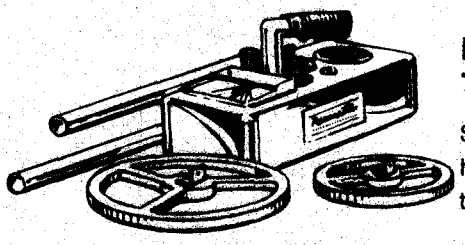

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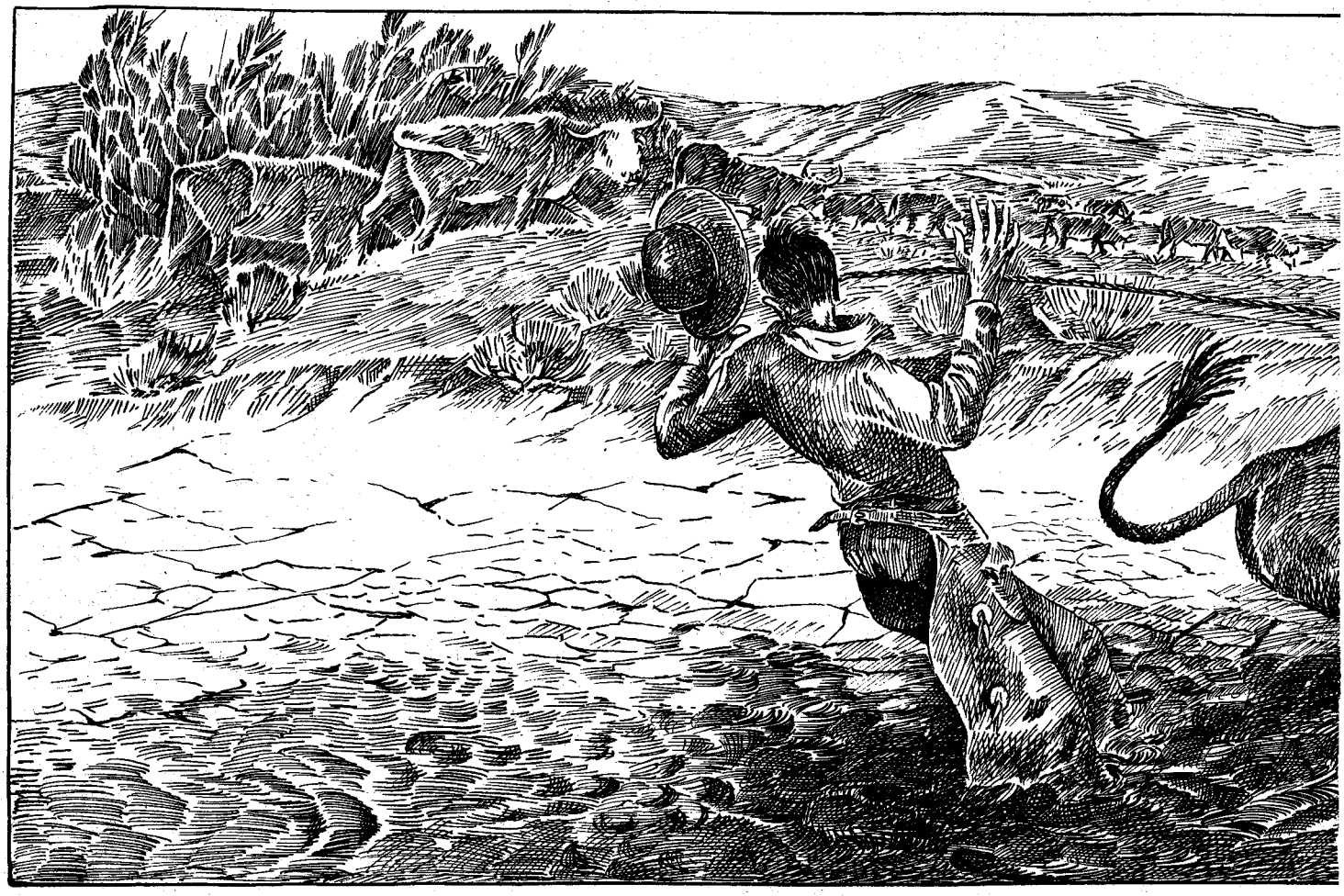

HONOR AMONG

By WALT COBURN
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Walt learned earl big ears if you

IT MUST have been about 1903, give or take a year or two. Anyhow, it was about the time the Circle C outfit in Montana acquired the Veseth sheep ranch on Beaver Creek, fifteen miles below the home ranch, that I first met the horse thief Dutch Henry.

The Veseth place had about 640 acres of fenced-in pasture land with at least half the acreage in irrigated hay meadows of blue-joint, timothy and alfalfa. With good spring and summer rains the haying crew could cut wild hay in all the coulees, providing the man running the mowing machine had sense enough to raise the sickle bar high enough to avoid the small boulders hidden in the tall grass. These rocks were ancient teepee weights used by the Indians to hold down their buffalo hide lodges when the pasture had been a part of their hunting grounds.

The Veseth place was turned into a winter line camp by the Circle C. It had a large log cabin made of hand-adzed square logs, a horse barn, a large log sheep shed with a willow-thatched roof, a blacksmith shop and machine shed, and a large spring house along the creek. It had taken a year or more for the grass to grow back on the former sheep range. The sheep had cropped it down to the roots. And it took a lot of hard work with horse-drawn slip-scrapers to clean

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HORSE THIEVES

hat it's all right to have big eyes and don't have a big mouth to match!

the layers of sheep droppings from the big shed so it could be used for a cattle shed.

South of the Veseth place was Sagebrush Flat, with rolling prairie hills on both sides that extended south of the badlands to the north bank of the wide Missouri River, and east to Sun Prairie and the Larb Hills, a vast unfenced cattle range. About a mile below and east of the fenced-in Veseth place was the old roundup crossing on Beaver Creek, and beyond that to the east were a series of beaver dams. Both banks of Beaver Creek were lined with tall willow thickets, giant old cottonwood trees, and dense wild rose and berry brush. Throughout that whole country, once the great buffalo range, could be seen the wallows, bleached skulls, and piles of bones—tragic monuments left by white hunters.

THIS had been one of those years when the spring rains were few and far between, followed by a droughty summer that dried up the waterholes. Although there was good grazing in the rolling prairie hills, the only water available was in Beaver Creek. It was my job that summer to leave the home ranch at daybreak, ride to the Veseth place, and spend the long day near the old roundup crossing. I would watch the hundreds

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of cattle string down the dusty trails from the hills and across Sagebrush Flat, and ride loose herd on them as they watered and rested a while. Then I'd ease them back the way they had come.

Usually there were two of us in case a cow or steer strayed from the gravel crossing, got bogged down in the alkali-crusted clay creek banks above the beaver dams, and had to be dragged out by the saddle horn. But on that particular summer day that I was destined to remember over the long years, I was alone and it was my hard luck to find a cow bogged down belly-deep.

I was riding a big stout gentle gelding (named Flaxy on account of his flax-colored mane and tail), a good all-around cow horse and rope horse. I'd made a lucky throw and roped the cow around the base of the horns. I took my dally winds around the saddle horn and went south, as the cowboys say. Flaxy dug in with all four feet sunk deep in the clay bank, his hindquarters turning slaunchwise to drag the cow over on her side and pull her out. Flaxy grunted a time or two, twisting his neck so he could roll an eye back to see what progress was being made. The bogged cow slid free a foot or so but as her front-quarters freed, her hindquarters seemed to sink deeper in the sticky gumbo.

It was then I tried something I'd never tried before, a trick I'd seen old-time cowhands work successfully when pulling bog. I tied my ketch rope hard and fast and, while Flaxy kept the rope taut, slipped off onto the ground. There was no time to waste pulling off boots when I waded into the mud and eased along the cow's bogged hindquarters to grab the tail with both hands. Getting one shoulder under the tail to get added purchase I told Flaxy to tighten up, but that old cowhorse needed no advice from a bald-faced kid. With a final effort Flaxy dug in and the cow slid onto dry land with a sudden jerk. There was a sharp pinging sound as the ketch rope broke in half and flew back to hit me slap-dab in the face. It was a terrific blow that sent me reeling on the flat of my back, half-knocked out and with blood spurting from my nose. But somehow I managed to get to my feet, belly deep in gumbo and half-blinded. It was then that I heard the angry bawl of the cow that now stood on the edge of the bog not twenty feet away, her red glazed eyes staring at me, cobweb slobber stringing from her mouth. I knew for sure that the cow was getting set to charge me, and at the moment I was sure at her mercy. As any old-time cowhand will tell you, a range cow on the prod and fighting mad is as dangerous as a wounded she-grizzly.

In spite of her wobbly legs, that ornery cow picked up speed as she charged back into the bog to stop but ten feet from me. And I knew full well that if I stayed there motionless it was only a matter of time until I would get sucked in over my head in the bog hole or get horned.

I kept fighting off the panicky fear that gripped me as I floundered around, lifting one leg from the mud, then the other leg and making slow progress. I was totally unaware of anybody coming to my rescue until a man's shouting voice penetrated my mud-filled ears.

"Hang and rattle, kid! Quit fightin' your head!" Then a deep belly laugh punctuated the man's shouted advice.

I MANAGED to straighten up and stand tracked. A cowpuncher with a two weeks' growth of stubbled beard on his face sat a big brown gelding at the edge of the bog. He had a loop built in his ketch rope and there was a grin on his mouth as if he were enjoying my sorry predicament.

"You want I should rope the cow first and drag it outa the bog? Or should I rope you first and drag you out? It's up to you, young feller." The man had to shout to make himself heard above the cow's bawling.

"Me first!" I called back as loud as I could holler. "Me first, gosh sakes!"

"That's how I had it figgered," he chuckled. He swung the loop over his head a time or two before he roped me around the middle.

"Put the loop up under your arms, then hang on tight," he advised. "If that's your hat floatin' around better grab it."

I reached out and grabbed my hat, then hung onto the rope with both hands as I was slowly dragged out of the bog onto dry land. I got the loop free and got to my feet.

"I've ketched a few big catfish from the Missouri in my time, but you're the biggest 'un I ever landed," he said. "Directly you pull yourself together you're goin' back into the bog hole to tail up that cow when I rope her to drag her out."

It took both of us the better part of an hour to get the fool cow out and headed into the bunch of grazing cattle. After that I waded into the clear water of a beaver dam, washed myself and my clothes, and got the mud off my boots and hat. I had a black eye and swollen nose and a knot the size of a goose egg in the middle of my forehead.

By then I had had plenty of time to size up the black-whiskered stranger. A filled cartridge belt sagged around his waist. A bone-handled Colt six-shooter, a Bisley model, with what looked like a longhorn steer's head carved on the handle, was in an open holster. A .30-30 Winchester carbine was in a saddle scabbard. The big brown gelding he rode had the Bar L brand on the left shoulder. The Bar L brand belonged to my two half-brothers, Will and Bob Coburn and I had recognized the horse at first sight as Treasure Box, one of the four cow horses that had been stolen from our horse pasture the past June after the spring roundup. A reward for the stolen horses had been posted and advertised in the newspapers, but they had never been returned and the reward money went unclaimed.

I had the cowpuncher sized up as a horse thief, but I had sense enough to keep my mouth shut. When he asked me who I was I told him I was one of the Coburn boys from the Circle C outfit.

"I'm mighty grateful to you for dragging me and that cow out of the bog," I said. "We'd never have made it otherwise. I reckon you saved my life, and I hope I can pay you back."

"If you want to pay me back here's your chance. Forget this ever happened. You never saw me. When you get back to the Circle C ranch, keep your mouth shut. Forget the whole deal." He shoved out his hand and we shook on it, then he mounted Treasure Box.

"It never happened," I said. "I never laid eyes on you, Mister."

"Tomorrow morning you'll find this Bar L horse I'm forkin', and three more Circle C geldings that turned up missing last June, in the Veseth pasture," the man said. "I borrowed the horses last spring when I was plumb afoot and now I'm returning them and to hell with the reward money. I once worked for the Coburns and I'm not forgetting how square they treated me. But as I said, keep your mouth shut."

"Yes, Sir!" I promised.

WHEN the man rode away I went back to my job of drifting the cattle back into the hills. It took me the better part of two hours and when I was heading for home at sundown I sighted a horsebacker coming toward me. At first I thought it was the stranger coming back, but it was

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Jake Myers, the Circle C ranch foreman.

Jake had a quizzical expression in his eyes as he looked me over. "You look like you've been practicin' ropin' them pore calves and rasslin' them down," Jake said, one eyebrow cocked as he sized me up. Jake had his own reasons for chawing me out because there had been a couple of times when me'n Roy Long Knife had practiced heeling big calves and roping steers with a breakaway hondo knot in the end of a ketch rope, and Jake had been hid out on a high knoll watching the performance with a pair of field glasses he always carried strapped to the fork of his saddle.

But this time I was innocent and the more Jake accused me the more I was filled with self-righteousness. I put on a smug look of injured feelings, but if Jake noticed he never let on. He was sure I'd been up to some sort of devilment and was determined to drag it out of my hide, and I was just stubborn enough to say nothing.

We kept riding at a slow jog and Jake kept ribbing me about the lump on my forehead, the rope welt along my face, and the black eye. We were on the trail leading to the home ranch that went by way of the Veseth pasture and when we reached the east gate Jake pointed at the wire gate that had been tied shut with a length of barbwire. "What the hell's goin' on here? Who wired that gate shut?"

It was about then that four horsebackers showed up, armed riders coming from different directions. One of them was the bearded man on the Bar L horse. The other three also wore two weeks' growth of wiry whiskers. They all packed saddle guns and were on the outside of the pasture fence. There were about fifty head of horses inside the fence.

"Looks like we're up against some horse thieves and they got the bulge," Jake spoke in a low gritty voice.

As the horsebackers closed in on us the man who had pulled me out of the bog eyed Jake with a good-natured grin that didn't match his cold, wary eyes. "You know me, Jake?" he asked.

"I reckon," Jake answered. "You're Dutch Henry."

"Yep," Dutch Henry admitted. "I seen you looking at this gelding I'm forkin' with the Bar L brand. I borrowed him and three other Circle C geldings last June and now I'm returning them. You'll find them in the Veseth pasture tomorrow morning, and under the circumstances, Jake, I think it would be wise for you and the kid to spend the night here at our camp, on account of there's a telephone at the ranch and you might take a notion to phone the stock inspector at Malta. You're plumb welcome at our camp. All us boys need is a few hours' head start to shove our horses across the Dakota line. I hope you won't put up no argument about spending the night here." Dutch Henry put the invitation loose and careless-like, but his hand lay lightly on the butt of his six-shooter.

"Hell, no," Jake grinned. "And I'll guarantee the kid here can be mighty close-mouthed when he takes a notion." Jake gave me a meaning look. "Like now," he said, his voice whetted with sarcasm.

I felt guilty as hell, as if I'd let him down and the Circle C outfit to boot, letting him get caught off guard and outnumbered by a bunch of horse thieves. Any cowhand worthy of the name was loyal to the outfit he worked for, even a pistol kid. If I'd had a lick of sense I'd have tipped Jake off at the beginning. Now I felt like a damned traitor.

When Jake broke the uneasy silence he wasn't talking to me, but directly to Dutch Henry.

"I rode here from the home ranch this evenin' to see how the kid was makin' out. I found him looking like somebody had give him a workin' over, mebbe to put the fear into him to make sure he'd keep his mouth shut about findin' a bunch of stolen horses here in the Veseth pasture with the gate wired shut and a bunch of horse thieves ridin' fence. But if the kid knew it he never told me. If I thought you'd beat him up—" Jake let it drop but his narrowed eyes were fixed on Dutch Henry and his hand rested on the butt of his six-shooter.

"Simmer down," Dutch Henry said, a chuckle in his voice and a humorous glint in his squinted eyes. "You got things sized up all wrong. If you think me or any of my men laid a finger on the kid you're barkin' up the wrong tree."

DUTCH HENRY then proceeded to tell Jake the whole story about dragging me out of the bog hole and pulling the cow out, and about the deal we had made to keep the whole thing a secret between us; how because he had once worked as a cowhand for the Circle C outfit he was returning the four stolen horses and wanted no part of the reward money. He was on his way to Dakota.

The horse thief gang was traveling light—pack saddles and rawhide kyack bags, a Dutch oven, battered frying pan, soot-blackened coffee pot, and scant rations. There were six tough looking cowhands in the camp besides Dutch Henry. One man wore a soiled floursack apron as he tended to the cooking. Their tarp-covered roundup beds were spread out in the open. Night horses were hobbled or staked out on long picket ropes. Dutch Henry pulled the cork on a gallon wicker-covered demijohn and it made the rounds.

Jake Myers was never much of a hand as a two-fisted drinker but he prided himself as a gambling man, and after supper a poker game got going in the big log cabin. A blanket was spread, and the poker players sat cross-legged on the

(Continued on page 66)

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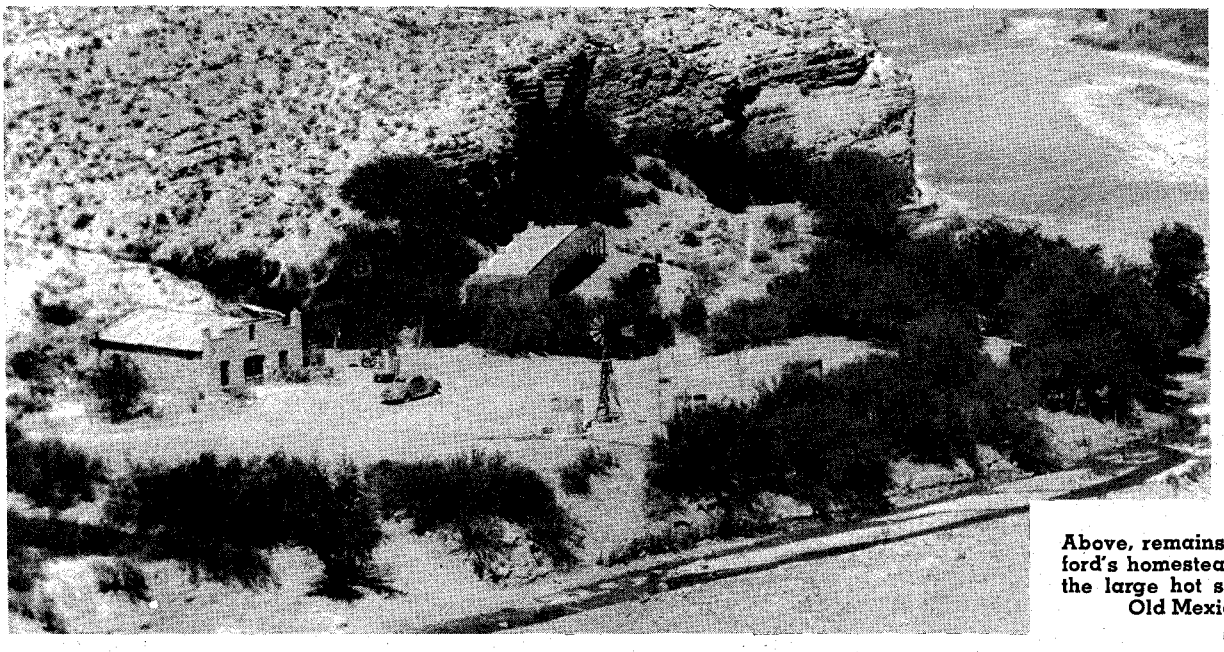

Above, remains of Oscar and Bessie Langford's homestead house on the bluff above the large hot spring and the Rio Grande. Old Mexico in the background.

Courtesy Roland H. Wauer

Above, the Hot Springs trading post and post office, and motor court. Tornillo Creek is at the bottom of photograph. Its confluence with the Rio Grande is at right. The foot-path to the hot springs runs in front of the motor court, where it continues along the Rio Grande, around and behind the high bluff jutting toward the river and Mexico. The date and origin of this photo is not known, but is believed taken in the mid-1940s.

MYSTERY TABLET OF THE BIG BEND

By BERNICE & JACK McGEE

Photos Courtesy Authors

BIG BEND NATIONAL PARK has a magnetic power. It takes only one visit to become hopelessly mesmerized into returning time and time again. Inside each of us lurks a primeval self whose personal needs span a range as wide as the park itself.

Most seek the hushed isolation; others enjoy the coddling by Mother Nature who lets us run free in whatever climate we choose—from the pine-scented coolness of Chisos Basin to the warm exoticism of desert and river. She then sets the primal mood with antlered, hooved, feathered, and fanged companions and 2,500 species of plant life. Grateful appreciation, too, must be given those assisting Mother Nature's fanatical wish to please. Rangers, wearing the green of the United States Forestry Service, serve as naturalist, policeman, historian, guide, geologist, archaeologist, gardener and zoo-keeper.

This is a first-told story of ancient visitors the park department didn't expect. It is believed they slipped in quite by surprise, possibly during the third or fourth century A.D. They were greeted at the banks of the Rio Grande perhaps by a Stone Age ancestor of the Chisos of Tobosos Indians, whose culture was yet unspoiled by Europeans.

Colorado, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas contribute evidence as to who our mysterious Big Bend visitors might have been. It is highly probable they were exploring mariners, investigating the Rio Grande's watercourse through Santa Elena and Mariscal Canyons. Their apprehension must have been great during their seventeen-mile contest with Santa Elena's uncharted rapids, whirlpools, cross-currents and rock slides. Trying to outguess obstacles around each unknown corner must have equaled the superstitious fears ancient sailors once had for The Pillars of Hercules.

Beyond Santa Elena Canyon, their journey of fifty smooth-sailing miles was suddenly interrupted by Mariscal Canyon. Center of the park's three most scenic river-canyons, Mariscal is only a short seven miles, but its corridor of wall-to-wall water is outrageously narrow and its dark walls shut out the sky with heights of 1,200 feet. Once clear of Mariscal, two smaller canyons lay in wait. One was San Vicente, and the second was where our strangers answered the siren's call—Hot Springs, at the mouth of Tornillo Creek where this baffling story was discovered only eight years ago.

BETWEEN 1959 and 1964, Charles and Bernice Nickles owned and operated the Nickles Floatplane Service in King

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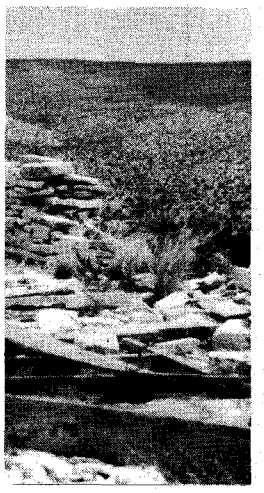
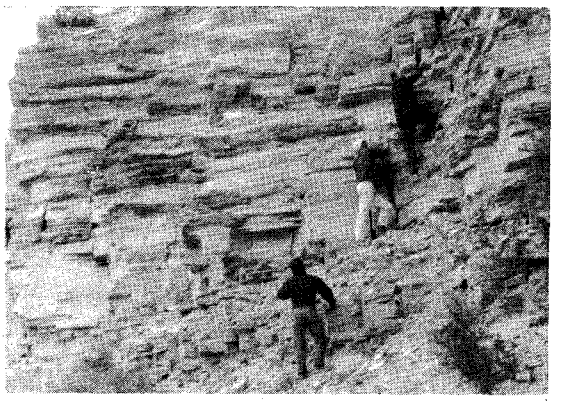




At left, above, waiting in the Tornillo creek-bed below the climbers are (L to R) Bernice Nickles, Charles Nickles (squatting), Miriam Lowrance, Jack McGee (downriver), and Wayne Weimers. Above, Donald Uzzell, Ranger Ro Wauer, and Jack McGee on the find-site bluff above Tornillo Creek. In this photo Uzzell has located the cave, and is making his way to the find-site.

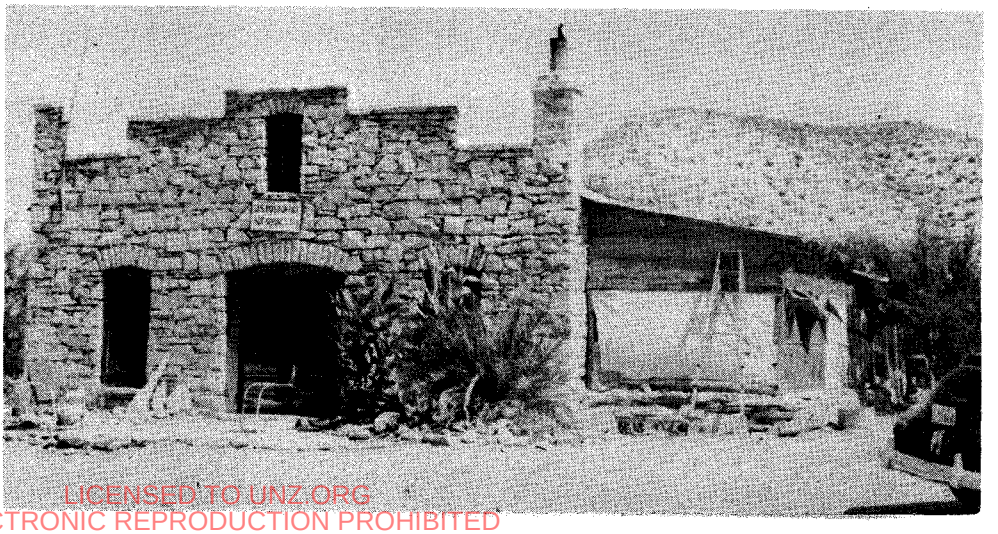
There have been two pronouncements: "It has no historical significance..." "It is one of the most significant finds of the century..." Reader, what think you? The authors would like to know. Write them in care of this magazine

Above, the Big Bend tablet. Dr. Covey of Wake Forest University had this black and white print made from a color slide provided the authors by Charles and Bernice Nickles. Below, the Hot Springs, Texas trading post and post office. The sheltered extension was thought to have been added *after the property became part of the* National Park. The frame extension was the store manager's residence.

Courtesy Roland H. Wauer

Salmon, Alaska, where Charles was bush-pilot, big-game outfitter and guide. Occasionally he would be called upon to pilot and guide geologists, archaeologists, and anthropologists studying Alaska's most remote corners, but principally his charter was hunting moose, bear and caribou.

Each winter Bernice Nickles came "outside," as Alaskans refer to the "South 48," to visit her son, Donald Uzzell, and his wife Reva, then living in San Marcos, Texas. Charles came outside only two of those winters, the first time in 1962. At Donald's suggestion, the family of four decided to take a few



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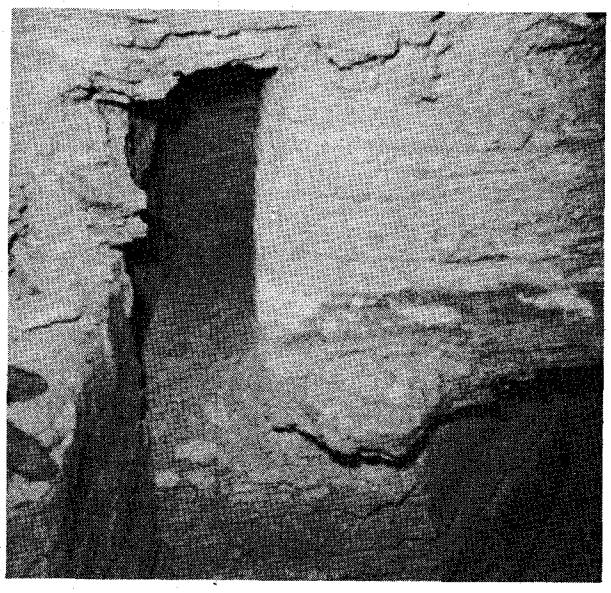

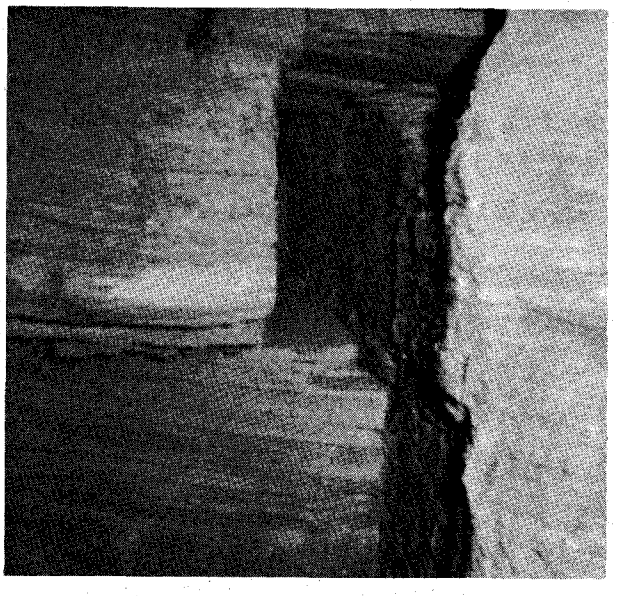

Above, left, the hidden tunnel entrance. Photo was taken by Ranger Roland Wauer. The mouth of the cave is about 4 by 9 inches, and approximately 19 inches deep. This tunnel joins tunnel No. 2 (shown in photo at right). The tablets were stacked at the back of this cave, one on top of the other. Tunnel No. 2, which is visible from Tornillo Creek, showed no evidence that any tablets had ever been there. It is about 22 inches deep.

days and thaw out in Big Bend National Park, which none of them had ever seen.

Bernice Nickles' grandfather, John F. Cole, had come to Texas in 1889, and settled in Coke County on 4,000 acres which took in Meadow Mountain. This ranch, located about halfway between San Angelo and Colorado City, was sold to Mark Nasworthy in 1929, and it goes by his name as often as it does the Cole Ranch.

It was January (1962) when the family entered the park for an overnight visit. Accommodations were found at Chisos Basin, high in the Chisos Mountains. Early the next morning, when leaving the basin area, they wisely chose the tour to Boquillas Canyon. At 5,400′ the wooded basin's junipers, pines and firs dominate the scenery, but during the thirty-mile drive to Boquillas, the elevation drops 3,500′. Crisp mountain foliage gives way to vegetation within the Chihuahuan Desert plant-zone. As the plant life varied along their route, so did the wildlife, and so did their taste for individual sightseeing! For Donald Uzzell, at the wheel of the car, his taste for adventure was destined to turn this day into an eight-year calamity.

Not far from Boquillas Canyon, about a mile after crossing the Tornillo Bridge, he saw a gravel road turning its sandy finger in a rough challenge of invitation southward. They knew nothing about the road, or where it would lead them. At the end of a two-mile fight with the narrow, sandy canyon, they came to some buildings and a place to park. Accidentally they had found their way to historic Hot Springs.

Most tourists to Hot Springs are satisfied to look around the old mineral spa, homesteaded in 1909 by O. J. Langford; this, three of the party did, but Donald was evidently more intrigued with the surrounding bluffs since that was the direction he took. Bernice, Reva and Charles were interested in the rustic old trading post and cabins that had been built for those seeking the curative

Hot Springs trading post in July of 1936. Note the hand-powered gasoline pump—five-gallon capacity. Catfish heads from the Rio Grande line the bank of Tornillo Creek.

Courtesy Ross Maxwell

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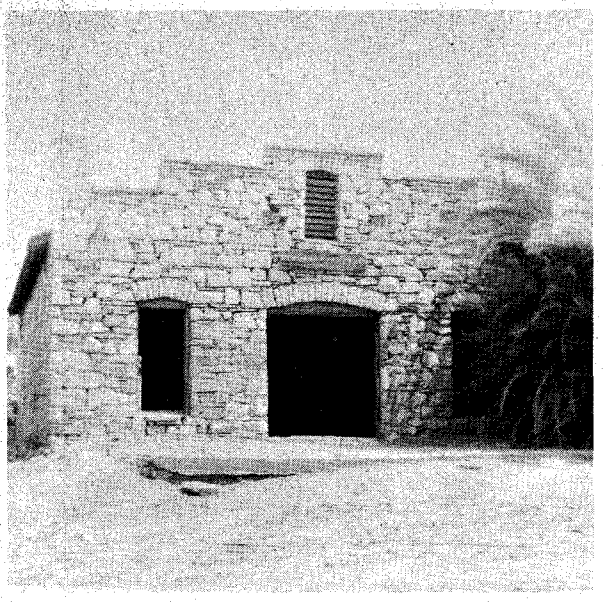
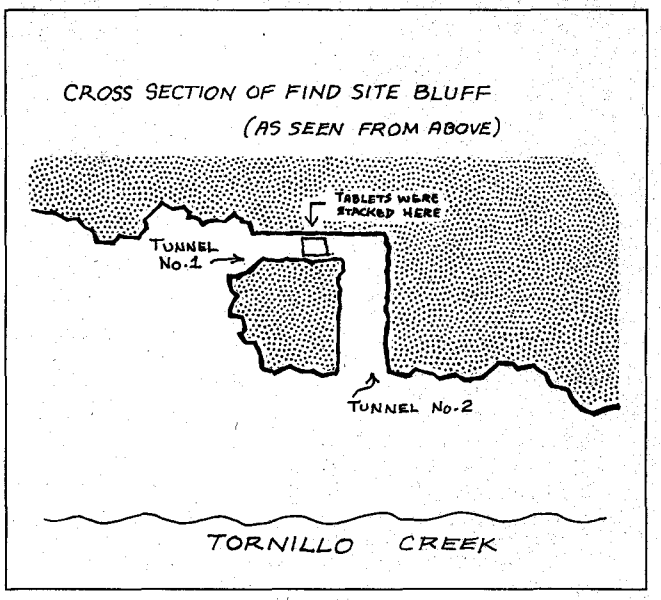




At left, Hot Springs trading post and post office at Big Bend National Park, Texas in April 1971. At right, Diagram shows the relationship of the two tunnels.

water. Brightly painted western murals were still in good condition on inner walls, even though the cabins were minus windows and doors.

A worn footpath began at the cabins, leading toward the Rio Grande and the site of what had been the bath-house built over the Hot Spring. The trail has known use by Indian, Mexican and white for untold centuries. It is flanked on one side by fragile, crumbling cliffs; on the other side by groves of river cane. People came from near and far, some traveling hundreds of miles in search of health; Langford himself was completely cured of stomach trouble and malaria, and advertised his spa as "The Fountain That Ponce de Leon Failed to Find." The large spring flowed 250,000 gallons a day; its temperature remaining a constant 105 degrees. Remarkable cures came after twenty-one days of bathing in, and drinking from, water of the Hot Spring. Ten cents a day, or two dollars for the full twenty-one day treatment, brought positive results to many patients. In his book *Big Bend, A Homesteader's Story*, Langford recorded some complete cures—but only for those who stayed for the full number of prescribed treatments.

The Spring is located along the American bank of the Rio Grande, a short distance east of the Tornillo Creek juncture. When Oscar Langford first saw it, he described how Indians had chipped away at sedimentary rock to form a primitive bathtub, catching the hot water as it boiled up from a six-inch hole.

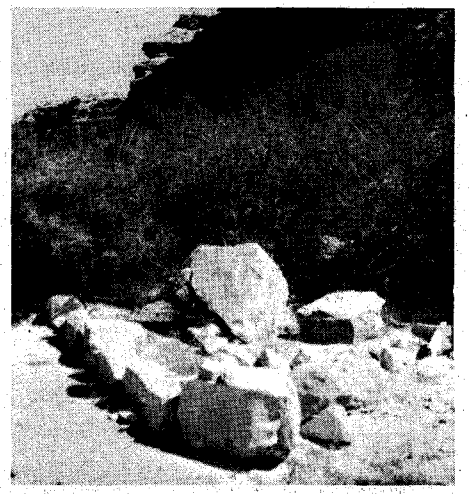
AFTER looking at the old buildings Bernice, Reva, and Charles wandered back to the parking area located between the trading post and Tornillo Creek. The Tornillo tears through Big Bend National Park in a white jagged streak beginning at the park's northwest corner. Here, in the Christmas Mountains, it cuts a wide, diagonal stripe across the park's face until it meets the Rio Grande at Hot Springs.

Tornillo Creek, and the high bluffs across it, had looked more inviting to Donald than the old buildings. From where they had parked the car, it was only a few yards to the creek bank, where a steep trail went down to its graveled bottom. At times a raging torrent, luckily that day the Tornillo was only clear-running water collected into rivulets fanning the bottom.

Stone-stepping across, the three made their way to where Donald was climbing the buff-colored shale and sandstone cliffs on the opposite bank. They wanted him to join them on a hike toward the Tornillo Bridge, a mile upstream.

Climbing was dangerous on the cliffs of loose shale, and the noise of falling rock caused Bernice to plead with her son to come down. But poking around the cliff-face, pockmarked with small caves and odd-shaped niches, was more important to him than a mother's panic. The more ledges he succeeded in climbing, the louder and more insistent she became. Seeing that her scolding seemed only to force him higher, she wisely turned her back and joined Reva and Charles for their proposed hike.

Rock outline of the miniature golf course built by Oscar Langford near their old dugout.



They hadn't gone far when Donald's voice echoed, "Come back! I've found something!" To his family's dismay, they saw he had worked himself onto a small ledge high above them. He was cautiously removing pieces of the "something" from a chest-high niche. From where they were standing, far below, it looked to them as if Donald were pulling his booty from an invisible nowhere!

Inside the mouth of an "L-shaped" cave he had found small slabs of hardened clay, each inscribed with drawings etched into one side of its smooth surface. The slabs were stacked inside the protective cave like books on a shelf!

To get the pieces down, Bernice climbed to the ledge below Donald, Reva to the ledge below her, while Charles waited within arm's reach of Reva. One by one the pieces were handed down the human ladder, from one set of hands to the next, leaving Charles to gingerly make the remaining downhill descent into the creek bed where he stacked the pieces into a fast-growing pile.

The climbers, following the last piece down, crouched around their puzzling discovery. Charles, an avid photographer, took color slides of their find which proved to be invaluable eight years later.

The pieces fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle, forming one complete tablet. Over seventy characters of what seemed to be an unfamiliar language had been written into a thirteen-line inscription. Again Charles took slides of the tablet, as a whole.

The tablet was stacked inside what had been a cardboard lunchbox, and within an hour of its discovery, the excited family carefully delivered the artifact into the hands of the park department. Unfortunately, the Ranger on duty eyed the tablet and its finders with a rather jaundiced eye, as if maybe a joke were

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being played on somebody. He even suggested they keep the tablet. Bernice and Charles couldn't take it; they were heading back to Alaska. And Donald and Reva felt it belonged to the park.

The strange symbols, the tablet's apparent age, and the manner in which it had been concealed seemed to rule out a hoaxster waiting around for a good laugh. He could have had a terribly long wait! Donald and Reva sensed the tablet's importance and insisted on leaving it, since it *was* park property. The Rangers would have a safe place to keep the tablet, and as the park was staffed with men who had various "ologists" in their respective titles, they and their associates outside the park could better solve the tablet's riddle.

Wanting to continue their brief vacation, the Uzzells left their name and address should anything of interest develop from the study made of the tablet and its inscription.

THE NICKLES returned to Alaska, and the Uzzells returned to San Marcos. Within a few months a letter did come from the Ranger stating they had been unable to learn anything from the "man" who had inspected the tablet pieces. Years passed, each one lessening the interest once felt by the tablet's finders.

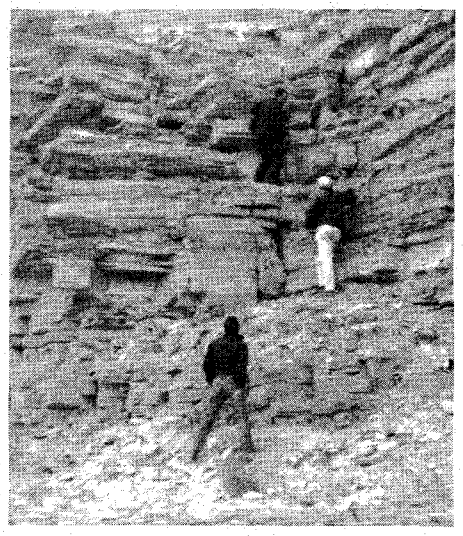
Bernice and Charles contacted Lewis R. Church who had written an article on ancient writings found in the United States. He, in turn, presented the letter and color slides to Dr. Phillips of the Classical Languages Department at Brigham Young University. Both men agreed that several of the characters were similar to a very old Greek alphabet.

The Nickles had returned to Texas in 1964. As Texans and finding the artifact on Texas soil, they turned to a great Texas historian for help. J. Frank Dobie was contacted by telephone. They discussed the Big Bend discovery, but Mr. Dobie, because of his health, was not able to undertake such an investigation.

In October 1969, the Nickles read our story of Scandinavian runes discovered on five Oklahoma stones ("Runestones and Tombstones," *Old West*, Winter 1969). They took us seriously when we requested information from readers knowing of any unusual writings. Written on October 12, a letter from Charles Nickles told us of the intriguing circumstances surrounding the tablet's discovery, its generous inscription, and his complete lack of knowledge after a long seven-and-a-half-years wait! If we were interested, he would send a color slide of the tablet and inscription.

"Interest" could hardly describe our reaction to his letter and the promised color slide. If authentic, this Big Bend Tablet found in Texas would add another link to accumulated evidences of exploration found elsewhere along the Rio Grande. The ample inscription, if translatable, could provide the identity of these anonymous adventurers.

The written message, once the alphabet was recognized and deciphered, might provide the name of the person or per-



Above, Donald Uzzell (at top), Ranger Ro Wauer (mid-way), and Jack McGee, on the find-site bluff above Tornillo Creek. Uzzell is cleaning the debris from the floor of the small cave. Below, (L to R) Henry Moore, Bernice McGee, Bernice Nickles, and Charles Nickles.

sons who wrote the inscription, the purpose and length of the stay, and perhaps give an exact date. However, even without a precise date, experts proficient in ancient languages can identify and categorize alphabets according to the time when such script was popular. Alphabets are dative.

The first thing to be considered was the integrity of the tablet's finders. Their long search for help proved sincerity; their turning over the tablet to park authorities proved their honesty.

Encouraged by what we saw on the color slide, when compared with our file on archaic alphabets, we contacted Dr. Cyclone Covey, Department of History, Wake Forest University. Along with our still-scanty information, we submitted the color slide and suggested that even our limited knowledge of ancient languages seemed to show evidence of a bilingual inscription.

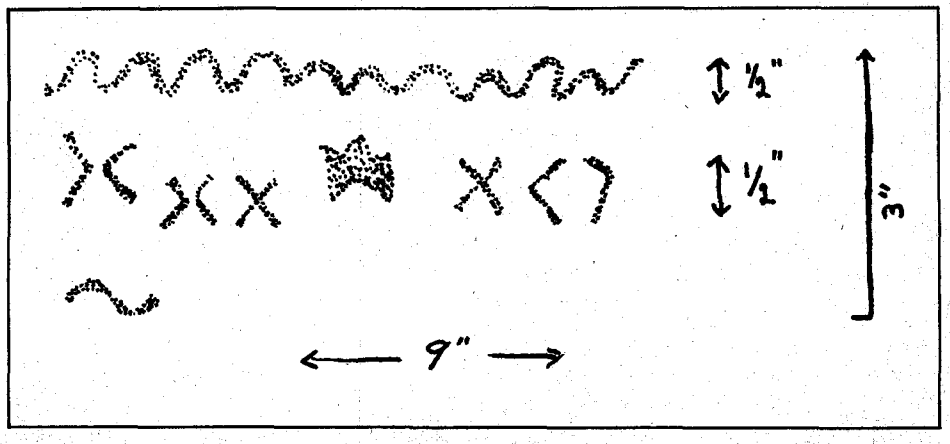
At the same time we began the second phase of our investigation. For obvious reasons we needed the tablet! A letter was quickly dispatched to Big Bend National Park Headquarters. Chief Park Naturalist, Roland H. Wauer, took an active interest in our inquiry, but nowhere in the park records could he find mention of the tablet. Only a few people presently employed in the park had been there in 1962. No one knew of the tablet, yet we had been told that all items of this sort were usually accessions to the park museum. This disappointment could mean the tablet had been sent outside the park for study by qualified students of primitive and classical languages. Letters of inquiry were sent to Austin's University of Texas and the Texas Memorial Museum. They knew nothing of the tablet, but hoped we had better luck elsewhere.

Sul Ross State College is located in Alpine, threshold of the Big Bend and close by and accessible to the park staff. We tried contacting the Department of History but received the same frustrating answer. Yet our letter did not stop there. Miriam A. Lowrance, Chairman of the Sul Ross Art Department, had read our article on Oklahoma Runestones and was given our correspondance inquiring about the elusive Big Bend Tablet. She offered her experience of a three-year research on rock art in Brewster, Presidio and Fort Davis Counties. Under her supervision, drawings and color slides from eighty-four sites of Indian rock art have been recorded. Her help proved invaluable in the months that followed.

AT LAST when we received news of the Big Bend Tablet, it came in the

Facsimile of Miriam Lowrance's petroglyph find in 1968.

Courtesy Miriam Lowrance



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form of an obituary notice. Chief Park Naturalist Ro Wauer had located the Ranger with whom the tablet had been left. Relocated in Nevada, the Ranger vaguely remembered the clay tablet incident, but couldn't state any details positively. He claimed the tablet was not made of clay, as the Nickles had thought, but was made of sun-baked mud which had peeled from a recently soaked mud-flat such as occurs along the Tornillo Creek after a flood. The tablet was not weathered at all, indicating it was of recent origin. When he first saw it he thought the people had made it themselves the day before—but now, apparently not.

"It lay in my office in the Maintenance Building for many weeks. I showed it to any and all who might be able to shed some light on it. Everyone agreed it had no historical significance. It disintegrated from handling, and the move down to the new Administration Building turned it into a pile of dust.

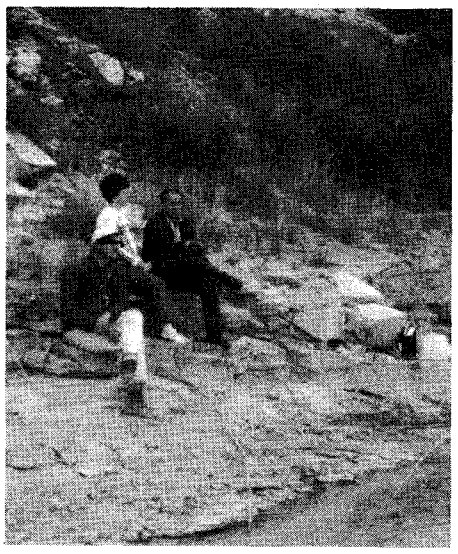
"Anyway, as long as we were able to hold it together, no one who saw it believed it had any antiquity. The concensus was that a Mexican goatherd had sat and doodled in the mud with a stick."

We felt sick! The photographs Charles had made at the find-site were exceptional in clarity, but photographs could never replace the tablet. The Ranger's letter did substantiate the Nickles' story, however. The tablet had been found in the Big Bend, and it had been turned over to the National Park Service. As we expected, Wake Forest's dynamic Dr. Covey lived up to his name of Cyclone. By January 30, 1970 his first report announced the inscription was "surely Greek" but added that "a lot of non-Greeks, both pagan and Christian, wrote Greek, including Jews, Irish monks, Phoenicians and Egyptians of many eras. (Hellenistic, Roman Coptic, Eastern-Orthodox.)"

By February, eight years after the tablet's discovery, he expanded: "If in fact the inscription had been classical Greek I surely could have translated it. Professor John Andronica and another classical-language professor, after an initial hour's puzzling, said you were right; there is another language mixed in the Greek letters, something which at first blush resembles Hebrew, but they were unwilling to commit themselves further for the time being."

He later posed the question, "Have you considered that the Big Bend Tablet might represent the terminal phase of an expedition that sailed *down* the Rio Grande from Los Lunas, New Mexico, instead of *up?* In that hypothesis, the main migration which went up the Alabama River at Mobile, established forts on mountain heights in Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee in the Chattanooga area (dropping Roman coins), battled at the falls of the Ohio near Louisville, proceeded to the Mississippi, the Arkansas, etc., could have been the same who (splitting into separate parties) sailed down a series of rivers in fresh-built boats?"

This thesis could account for the Greek tombstone found in the Rockies near



Resting on Tornillo Creek bank after the climb. (L to R) Chief Park Naturalist, Roland H. Wauer, Reva Uzzell, and Donald Uzzell.

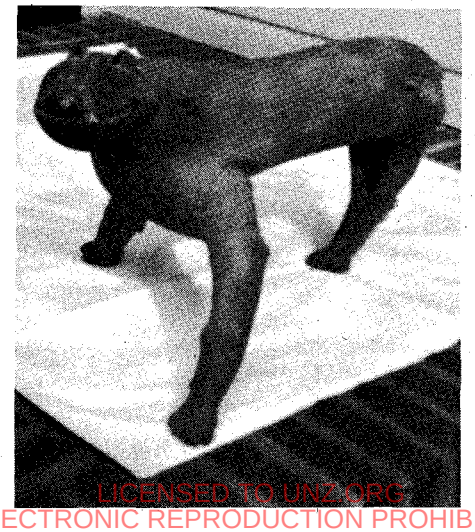
Cripple Creek, Colorado, not far from the Arkansas River and only a matter of miles north of the Rio Grande.

As the Rio Grande drops southward through New Mexico, it gives us reason to ponder New Mexico's inscription rock of Los Lunas. Discovered in the fall of 1946, the Los Lunas Inscription is a composite of Greek, Hebrew and Phoenician. Its text? The Ten Commandments! Its location? A large rock overlooking the Puerco River, not far from its juncture with the Rio Grande.

NOW that the Big Bend Tablet had been acknowledged by the Ranger in question, and now that Dr. Covey and his colleagues had confirmed our suspicion that the language was not "Mexican goatherd," it was time to heed the Siren's Call.

To re-stage what had taken place at Hot Springs eight years before, we began making preparations for an historic flashback to 1962. With full cooperation from everyone concerned with the tablet, a meeting was scheduled *within* the park, *at* the find-site, *under* park supervision.

The wooden animal carved by Oscar Langford and used for many years as a doorstop in the trading post. It is owned by Mrs. Paul Rogers, San Marcos, Texas.



Expedition members would begin funneling into the Big Bend National Park from all over Texas. The rendezvous date was October 18, 1970.

The Nickles and Uzzells would leave from Brenham and Bastrop; Miriam Lowrance from Alpine; and we from Fort Worth. Chief Park Naturalist, Ro Wauer, would give up his Sunday off to be of assistance. His active interest over the previous ten months had given a big boost to those of us who had little faith in the Park Service after the tablet fiasco some eight years before.

Miserable weather was a constant companion from Fort Worth to the Big Bend—dreary skies, rain, and pavement-hugging clouds were our escorts. Near the tranquil entrance to the park we again were reminded of Ancient Greece. The gateway city into the Big Bend Park is called Marathon. Only now did we appreciate the connection. We recalled an historical description once given Grecian Marathon: "Marathon stretched along a curved plain, edged with mountains . . . nearby, a rushing stream."

Our "rushing stream" was soon within sight and sound of our base camp. The Rio Grande Village Campground near Boquillas Canyon had been chosen as home for the next seven days. It was located near the Hot Springs, and the fact that it is one of the loveliest scenic spots along the Rio Grande was pure happenstance!

We were first to arrive. Camp was barely set up when the Nickles appeared. Though working together for a year, none of us had ever "howdied and shook," so recognition of one another was made possible by description of camping rigs. Donald and Reva pulled in at a sleepy 4:40 a.m., and Ranger Wauer drove down from Panther Junction Headquarters at a very punctual 9:00 a.m. Thirty minutes later we were standing in the cliff-shadowed bottom of Tornillo Creek. The desert air was cool; the sun, bright and warm. The people? Expectant and jittery! The first move was Donald's. Only he could identify the find-site cave.

Eight years had passed since he had climbed Tornillo's cliffs. Now, a little bit older and wiser, he looked up at the fragile wall and wryly remarked, "I don't remember the cliff being so high!" Hands jammed into his jacket pockets, he paced up and down the creek. Occasionally he would stop, look up, squint at the countless fissures, then repeat the process of pacing, stopping, squinting and probing the cliff with his eyes. Soon he climbed to the first ledge, then the second. Deciding he was too far upstream he began working his way back toward the Rio Grande.

A slammed car door echoed down the canyon. Miriam Lowrance had arrived. With her was Wayne Weimers of Marfa, Texas, who assisted Miriam in her relentless search for Indian rock art of the Big Bend. The youngest member of our party showed up in the form of a pint-sized cowboy named "Sam," Miriam's grandson. (He, too, assisted his grandmother by testing how far pebbles could be thrown across the creek, seeing how

(Continued on page 42)

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The Troubled Life

By
WELDON D. WOODSON
Photos Courtesy Author

The only fame Annie was cruel—for

In most of her numbers Annie Sylvester wore tights, but this one called for a bustle dress, obviously not the ideal attire for easy cycling!

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# of a Bicyclienne

Sylvester ever knew was atop a spinning unicycle, but the symbolism nankind's oldest instrument of torture was the wheel...

IN 1885 in San Francisco, a 5'1", 105-pound curvaceous young beauty in pink satin tights rode a unicycle, or the one wheel, to the applause and delight of spectators. Until then, no woman had ever attempted it.

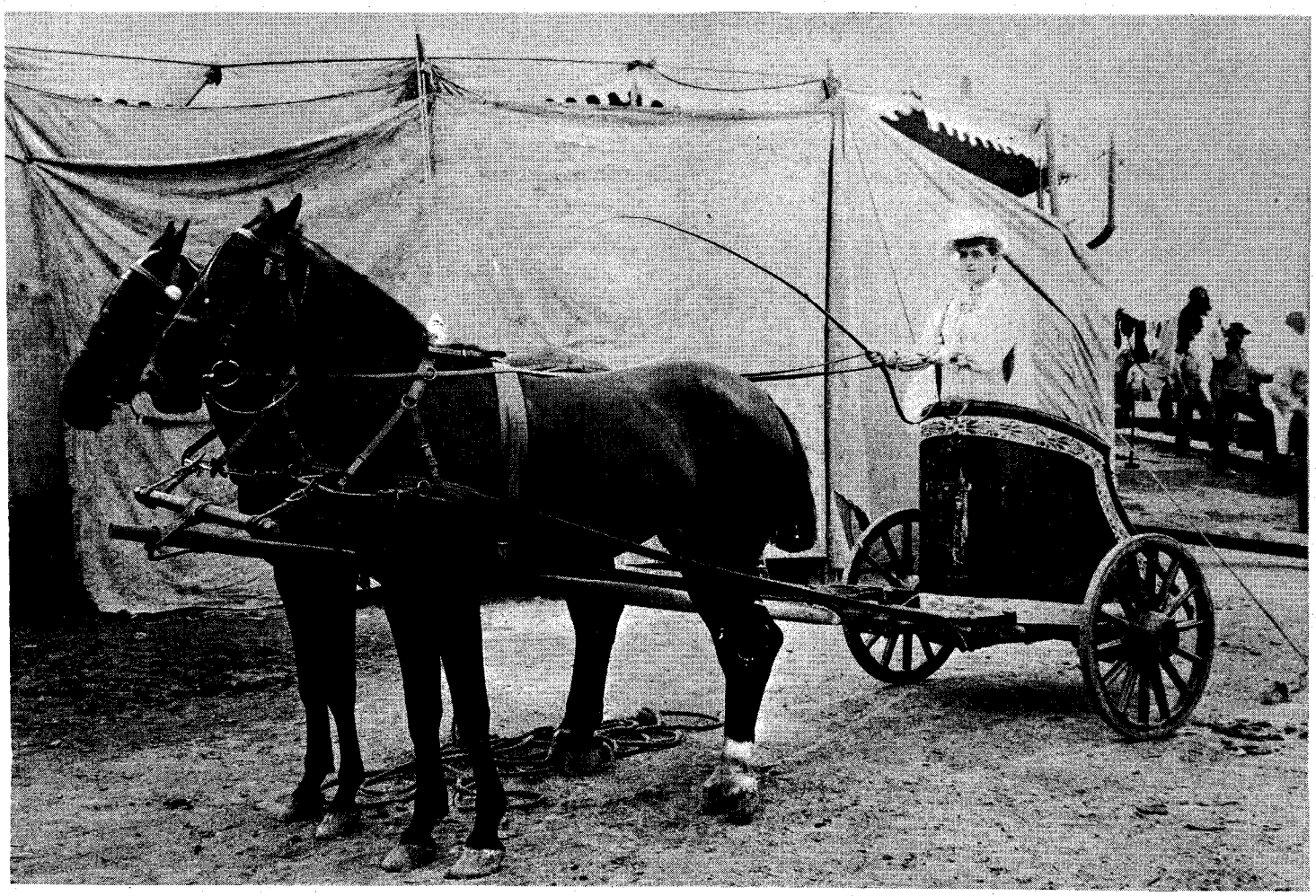
Dismounting from her wheel, improvised by removing the backbone from the handlebars of a 48-inch Columbia bicycle, she bowed, smiling graciously. On this occasion she received a diamond-studded gold medal from the San Francisco and Oakland Bicycle Club as the "World's Champion Trick and Fancy Bicyclienne." No girl before or since has approached her in hazardous acrobatics on the bicycle.

Later her repertoire would include a 12-foot pyramid act, with both feet over the handlebars. One manager, lusting for more sensationalism, encircled her with six lions, the leader of whom, Nero, had killed a man. One misstep and she would have been their meat.

Triumphant as this girl was at the moment, however, her life would be marred by repeated tragedy. She would be in the worst circus train wreck on this continent, in which cries of dying men mingled with roars of escaped jungle animals. She was to be wed four times, three of the marriages ending in bitter divorce; one, when she killed her husband with a Colt .45 she kept cached under her pillow.

In 1885, Annie already had tasted the dregs of marital strife. Growing up on a farm near Florissant, Missouri, a suburb of St. Louis, at sixteen she married Fred Baltz, a local German youth her own age. She had a twelve-pound son by him, but the baby died when a year old. With his death went whatever affection she had for Baltz. Other than her accusation, "He was cruel to me," she

Annie brandishes the whip from her chariot while with Walter L. Main's circus.



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never divulged the cause of their estrangement.

Divorced, Annie boarded a train for Chicago to hunt a job. Scanning the want ads, she spotted an insertion by Captain Frank E. Yates in which he wanted to hire three girls "of fine form and fine physique" to ride a bicycle. They were to apply at the Leland Hotel.

Annie puzzled over the requisite of "fine form," though she knew the meaning of "fine physique." She was full-breasted; her thighs and legs proportionately contoured. Perhaps that was what he meant, she naively reasoned. As for riding a bicycle, she had never seen one, let alone performed on one. But the need of a job drove her to the hotel. Already, scores of girls milled in the lobby; shortly, several hundred would throng there. Captain Yates winnowed two, one of whom was Annie.

He put them to work at once rehearsing in a hall on Wabash Avenue. The practice room was interspersed with large, round, feather pillows. Before the week ended, Annie could maneuver around the pillows; her pedals would just graze the floor. Another week and she could throw one foot over the handlebars, then both feet; do a sidesaddle, then swing on the side while the wheel spun full speed. Newspaper reporters came, watched, drooled over her work.

ANNIE first appeared in Montrose, Pennsylvania, at the fair and roller skating rink. Returning, she worked at

Above, a line cut from an advertisement featuring Annie's act.

Below, in 1885 Annie Sylvester was acclaimed the first female to master the unicycle. She is shown wearing the diamond-studded gold medal awarded her for the feat.

Pullman, Illinois at the Regetta. Then it was back to Chicago at the GAR Reunion, followed by a stint at the state fair and roller skating rink in Des Moines. She repeated this pattern until her performance in 1885 in San Francisco.

Annie's parents were devout Catholics, who raised twelve children; six their own, a like number adopted. Her religious heritage influenced her choice of stage names. Born Annie Elizabeth James, she changed it to Sylvester, after the saint by that name.

After the San Francisco show, she again worked the Midwest, where for street dress she wore a beaver-trimmed suit, a beaver cape and a beaver muff. For protection she carried a hair-trigger, Colt .45 hidden in the muff, a silk handkerchief over the muzzle. Prior to appearing in the ring, Annie would hand her gun to her manager. After the show he would pay her forty silver dollars which she scooped into her muff. The manager would then hand her the Colt before a lobby full of gaping men. Annie would position the gun in her muff in the usual manner.

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When she could, at night, she would hail a carriage for transportation to her hotel. Often none was available; she would walk alone. Annie hugged the middle of the road, tensed to shoot should a passerby make a threatening gesture. But knowledge of her and her arsenal disseminated so widely that no one dared molest her.

Above, Annie performing.

George Clayton, conductor on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, knew of her and her bicycle act, but he did not know that she went armed with a .45. Once she boarded his train and he failed to call her station, throwing her more than a hundred miles out of her way. She was furious. They argued over this and he, cursing and demanding to see her ticket, grabbed her arm. She drew her .45 and pulled the trigger. At that instant he flung his hand under the hammer, which saved him from death. Annie threatened to sue the railroad company but didn't.

In Atlanta she performed in a show being put on in a city park. Each day at 4 p.m. prior to her bicycle act, she paraded through the streets in a chariot with an inscription in boxcar letters: "Harry Silverman Cigar Store." She thus advertised both the show and Mr. Silverman's tobacco business.

Although her mainstay was her bicycle riding, Annie had broadened her act to embrace almost anything linked with entertainment, including snake charming. A five-foot rattlesnake with fifteen rattles, whose fangs she personally extracted, was permitted to wrap himself around her neck. When Annie left Atlanta she sold the snake to a Mr. and Mrs. Ready for their museum. She graciously explained to Mrs. Ready how to remove the fangs.

Some months later a letter arrived lamenting the ignominious demise of the snake. Mrs. Ready wrote that one day she and her husband had quarreled about who owned him. With the wife holding on to the head-end, the husband, the tail section, they continued their tug of war for several minutes. Suddenly Mr. Ready grabbed his straight-edge razor from the dresser and sliced the snake half in two—two-and-a-half-foot portions for each. Annie never learned who got the rattles.

FROM the roller skating rinks, fairs and GAR reunions, Annie progressed to circuses, then vaudeville, playing the leading theaters in the United States. While with Walter L. Main's Circus she enjoyed her peak moments—but also suffered shock and became bedridden.

Not only did she do her bicycle act under the Big Top, she drove in the two- and four-horse chariot races, the three-horse tandem race, and the flat races. As a bonus she did fire-eating in the concerts and worked some of the wild animals, including the lions.

On May 29, 1893 the show put on a performance at Houtzdale, Pennsylvania. At two o'clock the following morning, the circus train left for Lewiston, where it had scheduled an exhibit for Decoration Day. As Annie recalled, the train consisted of ten flat cars, three stock cars, a combination car, and three sleepers. The flat cars contained the wagons, calliope, other vehicles with the caged animals, the combination car, and a lunch counter. On board were over 300 people, all associated with the circus.

"The run was made without incident," Annie recounted, "until in the vicinity of McCann's Crossing, four miles north of Tyrone on the Tyrone and Clearfield branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At 5:30 a.m., there was a terrific crash and the forward cars left the track, those in the rear with their heavy freight piling rapidly upon and around them."

The engine became detached from the train, Annie said, and did not leave the track. The heavily laden combination car swung around and directly across the track, forming a barrier against which the sleepers came to a standstill, the occupants receiving a severe jolt but suffering no further injury.

"Not so well, however, fared those who occupied the flat and stock cars," Annie recalled. "These cars, wagons, stock, wild animals and men were thrown in all directions. An awful silence followed the crash, then we heard the cries of the wounded, the rush of the unrestrained animals and the crackling of timbers."

Donning her robe over her nightgown, she plunged out of the sleeper barefoot. Her feet hardly touched ground before she saw through the haze a crowd that shrouded the ticket wagon where Frank Train, the treasurer, had been sleeping when the train crashed. Annie joined them.

A beam against Train's chest pinned him underneath the wreck. Conscious, he gasped to those removing the timbers

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that he would not survive. Just as they lifted the beam from him he died. Also dead were William Heverly, brakeman, and three laborers. Another laborer, Louie Champaign, received internal injuries and was taken to a hospital, where he died June 1.

Tyrone physicians arrived early. They asked the women to assist, but only Annie and two friends, Inez Palmer and Mrs. James Stowe, volunteered. The others shunned the sight of blood. Annie carried the injured out of the sun and laid them under the shade of trees. She secured water to moisten their parched mouths.

Besides the human carnage, sixteen animal cages had broken open, and the released beasts were killed, maimed or had escaped to the fields and woods. As Annie administered to the wounded, three lions she had trained stood by her side like family dogs, and remained there for two hours before wandering into the forest back of her. One of these subsequently was killed; the other two, captured.

A Bengal tiger was also captured, but another made his way to the farm of Alfred Thomas where he killed a cow and was himself shot by Thomas. A silver tip panther remained at large until the night of May 31, when he was shot. One of two elephants was injured; the other safely withstood the wreck.

Main owned 180 head of horses, 52 of which were killed, including the pair of black beauties Annie drove in the two-horse chariot race. Snowflake, valued at $20,000, the intelligent leader of Joseph Berris' six-horse team, died from injuries, as did all the horses used by Tony Lowande, the principal rider.

The tracks were cleared by mid-afternoon, when a special train carried the wounded to a hospital in Altoona. At 5 p.m., a relief train took the survivors to Tyrone. The strain had been so much on Annie that she was hospitalized there for two weeks.

IN ALL, Annie Sylvester played with fifteen large and small circuses, beginning with the W. W. Cole Circus out of Cleveland. Others were the Main Company, Miles Orton's Circus, Adam Forepaugh's Circus and A. Gardener's Circus. While with Gardner, Annie sailed to South America, where she performed in Caracas, Venezuela.

Wherever she worked, she was not without beaux. One, Charles Bachtel, a cornetist who led the band of the circus with which she traveled, coaxed her into

(Continued on page 39)

Annie poses on her high speed bicycle.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Anderson

I am hopeful of reuniting my mother-in-law and her brother who have been out of contact for sixty years. He would be eighty-three and she is eighty-two.

His name is Fred Anderson. He was born in 1888 around Wheaton, Minnesota. Their parents were Charles Thelander and Charlott Christianson. Both parents were born in Sweden, and were married February 18, 1888. They divorced in December 1890.

Fred and Selma were adopted in June 1891 by Charles and Tilda Anderson in Wheaton. They lived on a farm not far from Graceville.

Their mother Charlott Thelander married Nils Olsen in January 1891 in Wheaton. It is believed they lived around Jamestown, North Dakota about 1910. Of this marriage were born three girls—one named Nancy, and a boy named Peter (?). Fred had located and visited them. It is thought they went to Canada.

Fred is supposed to have worked in a coal mine in Wilton, North Dakota at one time. He lost an arm in a threshing machine. He went to Portland, Oregon and drove a laundry truck and then was to go to Bend, Oregon to run a donkey engine.

My mother-in-law's name is Selma Anderson Johnson. She married Arvid Johnson in Alexandria, Minnesota in December, 1910.—Mrs. Norman Johnson, 19508 Damson Road, Alderwood Manor, Washington 98036

Mathews

I would appreciate any information on Hillary F. Mathews or descendants. This family lived until about 1887 in Morris County, Texas, then moved to parts unknown. Hillary F. Mathews was a veteran of the Civil War who lost his right arm in battle, and while in Morris County was a dry goods merchant. The family consisted of Josie, his wife, sons Josiah D. and Augustus, and daughters Julia and Eulah in 1880. It is possible there were more children born to the couple after 1880.

Any person having knowledge of where this family might have moved or of any possible descendants now living, please write.—Wm. H. Mathews, Jr., 1206 Walnut Street, Texarkana, Texas 75501

McAfee

I would appreciate corresponding with descendants of William L. McAfee who lived in Baltimore, Maryland. He married Caroline Corbell in 1854; she died March 12, 1874, leaving children, the youngest being Grace, twenty-six months old. William married again June 29, 1875 to Kate Dorman.

William had three brothers: Alexander, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania who was married and had children; George, who was wounded through the left shoulder at the Battle of Bull Run, Virginia; Robert, who served in Kearny's army during the Mexican War and after being mustered out settled in New Mexico.

Robert McAfee was my grandfather. I have letters written to him by his three brothers, 1871-1883. They often mentioned their sister, Eliza Carr, who lived at Leiperville, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, twelve miles from Philadelphia. If anyone knows of this family, I will appreciate hearing from them.—Mrs. Mabel Means, 2171 Ogden Street, San Bernardino, California 92405

Wilson

I am seeking information on my grandfather's family. My grandfather was Richard Dayton Wilson, better known as Bulls--t Wilson and also called just plain B. S. Wilson. As best I have it he arrived in Seattle, Washington, by train immediately after the great fire. The town was still smoking and they were putting up tents to house the people.

He was born in Brookville, Pennsylvania where his family was evidently in the logging business. He never returned nor corresponded with his family and prior to his coming to Seattle he had traveled extensively around the country. I can barely remember stories he used to tell about logging camps such as the Big Standard, etc. He was one of the last few men to run the large logging camps in the big timber country.

Occasionally he would mention some of his past experiences "back East" around places such as Oil City, Erie and Chicago, which indicated he knew some pretty rough-and-tumble men.—Frederick Wilson, 710 Metcalf Road, Kingman, Arizona 86401

Williams-Brewer-Hughes

Moses Williams was born in 1800 in Hawkins (or Hancock) County, Tennessee. He married Nancy Wilder about 1819 and lived near Sneedville until about 1842 when he and his family moved to Kentucky, locating in Owsley and Jackson Counties. About 1870 they moved to Madison County, Arkansas and settled in Dutton Township. Moses and Nancy had twelve children born in Tennessee or Kentucky. The children's names, birth years and marriages were as follows: Riley, 1810, married Lavina Brewer; Matilda, 1821, married Enos Brewer; Sampson, 1825, married Lydia Brewer; later Orlena Brewer; William A., 1828, married Sarah Ann; Nathan, 1829, married Louezar West; James M., 1832, married Sarah Helen Hughes; Lydia, 1835, married James D. Bowles; George B., 1839, married Clara Helen Hughes; Nancy Ann, 1843, married Samuel Evans; and Absalom M., 1845, married Mary Wilburn.

Many of these children settled in Arkansas and raised large families in Madison, Benton, and Newton Counties. William A. and some of his relatives moved on to Oregon in 1908. He died in 1919 at Pleasant Hill. Nathan and family moved to Oklahoma and settled in Custer County. In addition to the above names we find many descendants with surnames of Beam, Moore, Harris, Reynolds and Knight.

Any person who is, or believes he may be, a descendant of Moses Willams is invited to write me.—Charles E. Beam, 3809 S.W. 44th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73119

Ledbetter-Tadlock-Crisp-Meador Holsenback

A few years ago there was an article in an Oklahoma newspaper about Jim Ledbetter who was either a sheriff or deputy marshal, probably around Ada and vicinity, though it could have been elsewhere in Oklahoma. The article included a picture of him. Does anyone have a copy of the old newspaper? The Ledbetters came to Texas from Georgia, settling about 1850 in the Kaufman and Hunt County area.

Can anyone help me on the Tadlocks who came from Kentucky to the Hopkins and Cooke County area before 1850? James Tadlock married Martha Crisp about 1827 and had the following children: Louis, John, James, Louisa, Margaret, Mary, Franklin, Nancy, Martha, and Susan. The youngest girl, Susan, married Welborn Ledbetter.

Also would like information on the Meador family. George W. Meador was born in 1813 in South Carolina and moved to Ellis County, Texas about 1851. The family lived in Arkansas from about 1845 until 1851. One of his sons, Charles, married Nancy Holsenback. Would like to know where in South Carolina George came from and if he had brothers and sisters. Will appreciate hearing from anyone interested in these lines and will answer all letters and exchange information.—Mrs. J. W. Meador, Box 6382, Odessa, Texas 79760

Goodenough-Bell-Franz

I am seeking information on the family of Andrew Goodenough. He was born around 1837 in Hillsdale, Michigan. He married Mary Ellen Bell from Des Moines, Iowa. They had ten children. In 1865 they were living in Corinne, Utah.

(Continued on page 66)

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MASON'S CATTLE DRIVES

By STELLA GIPSON POLK

Photos Courtesy Author

"So much gold and cattle changing hands—never before, never since, and never again!"

THE SAGA of Mason County's cattle driving days could not well be told without bringing in the names of three men who helped make that central Texas county the cattle kingdom which eventually it became: Koock, Ranck, and Wheeler.

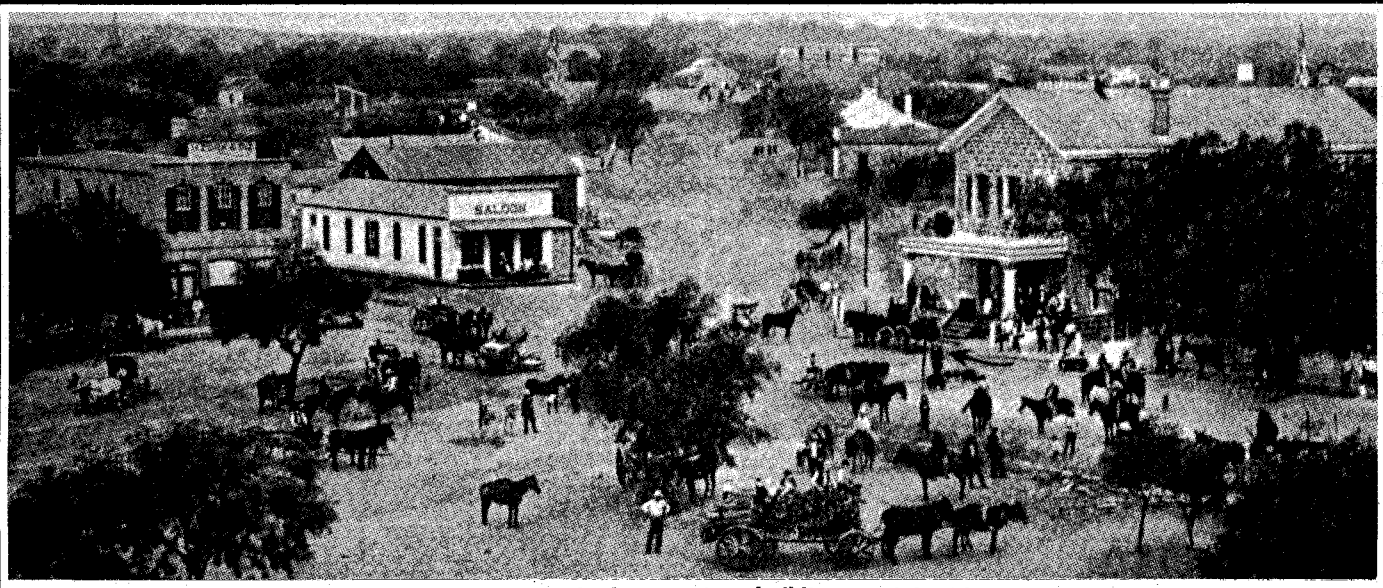
At the close of the Civil War William Koock, a young man under twenty-five years of age, built a one-room log house just two miles west of the town of Mason. Here he brought his new bride, Minna Jordan from Fredericksburg. Together they built what became the community of Koocksville. At first their one log-room served as home and store; then the family grew and the mercantile business expanded. Koock built, and built again.

Koock's third store, a two-storied house of native stone some 25′ x 100′, was constructed to last many generations. It still stands, its 2½′ thickness of wall a symbol of flawless masonry.

During the Civil War most ranchers were in the army and their cattle ran wild, drifting by the thousands into the Texas Hill Country. Later, with prices on the bottom, little or no effort was made to collect these vast herds. Eventually Mexicans and a few whites began killing the cattle for their hides. Thousands of hides were hauled to Koocksville monthly, for William Koock possessed a magnetic personality along with a shrewd mind for business—a combination which appealed to both Mexicans and whites.

An upward trend of cattle prices, plus a few laws restricting cattle skinning, caused the hide business to play out after a while. Then the cattle drives began, and William Koock was happy. Although he had expanded his trade over a wide portion of the state's frontier, Koock had not approved of the hide boom.

Koocksville was on the big cattle trail leading from south and east Texas onward to markets north and west. William Koock built rock corrals, each sufficient to hold about a thousand head of cattle. These corrals were for cowmen moving herds through Mason and Koocksville



Mason, Texas around 1887. The James Ranck store is the two-story building at right. The man in the street driving several hogs (see arrow) is identified as James Ranck himself.

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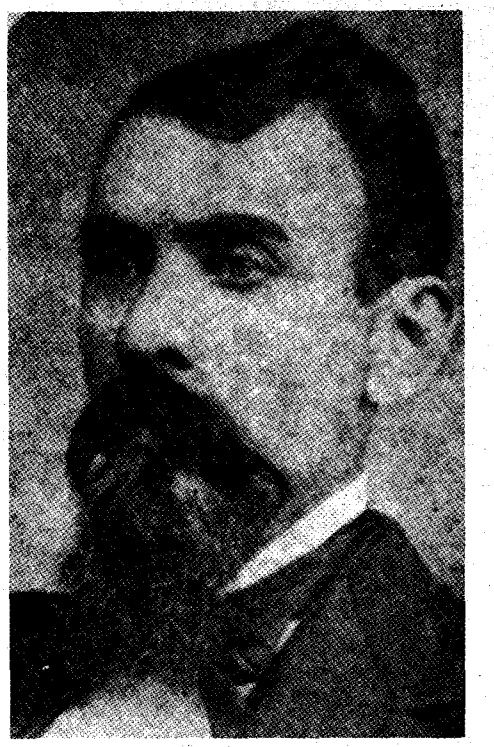
At left, William Koock, founder of the community of Koocksville, a short way from Mason. His business sense helped both his town and Mason to flourish. At right, James E. Ranck, known as the "Father of Mason." Ranck took a great interest in the then struggling frontier town and led the way in any enterprise he felt would benefit the community. Below, W. E. Wheeler, pioneer rancher of Mason County, as a young man.



Courtesy Mason County News

to the Kansas or New Mexico markets.

The late Mrs. Ernest Hofmann, daughter of William Koock, often recalled the adventures associated in her childhood with those big drives passing through Koocksville. She described the thousands and thousands of bellowing, pawing cattle which passed through, day after day, from four o'clock in the morning until dusk. Especially did she paint a vivid picture of the cowboys whistling and singing after dusk to keep the herds from stampeding. "They were mean old cattle," she remembered, "and when they were going by, we children had to be rounded up and kept inside."

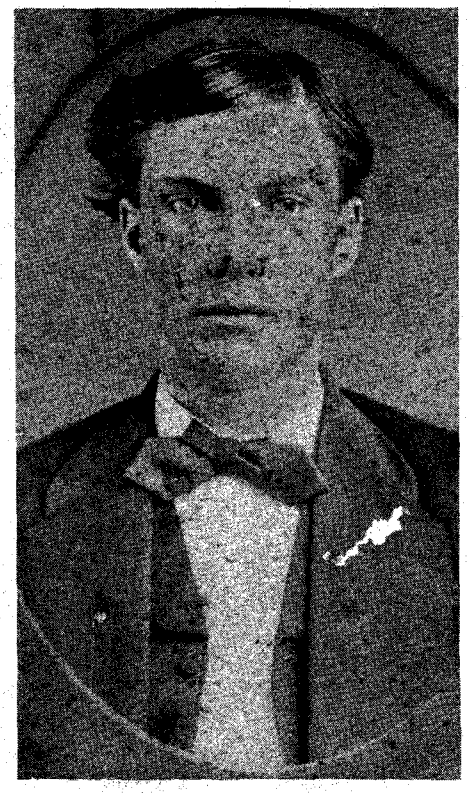
When wealthy cattle buyers began arriving from the East, Koock's store became their headquarters. They bought cattle by the thousands, had them delivered to Koocksville, paying for them with gold they carried in pouches. Some left their gold with William Koock and as they rode about the county, buying select bunches of cattle here and there, they gave orders for their money to be paid out at the Koocksville store.

Though legend credits William Koock as possessing a huge safe for keeping the cattle buyers' gold, Mrs. Hofmann told me before her death that she had no memory of any such safe. She took me to the stairwell below the stairs and opened its trap door to show me the depth inside. "I just know," she said positively, "that this stairwell was Papa's safe."

Regardless of where William Koock kept his customers' gold, thousands of dollars of it accumulated. Thus Koock, who had received only six months of formal schooling but who was fluent in English, German and Spanish, then took on the heavy burden of bookkeeping involving the deposits and withdrawals of many accounts. All this was done as an accommodation, for Koock took no money for his acting as banker.

When too much gold accumulated, Koock would take it to San Antonio or to Austin, the responsibility for its safe transportation solely his. He always kept a complete record of this money in order to be able to hand over immediately any amount the owner needed, should he happen along unexpectedly. Thus William Koock's expert bookkeeping—under the most primitive conditions—did much to advance the great cattle drives of the 1880s.

On the day the workmen laid the cornerstone for a new home he was building for Minna, Koock noticed that his son Hugo was having difficulty bringing in a calf which had broken from the herd and taken to the brush. "If I'm not back when the workmen finish, Minna," he said, "be sure you serve them and everybody else plenty of wine and some of your good German cake." With that he jumped into the saddle and rode off to help Hugo with the herd. On the banks of Burkes Creek he failed to see the overhanging liveoak limb under which his horse ran. His death three days later, on May 14, 1880, cast a pall of grief over the Texas Hill Country.



In writing of Mason's cattle driving era the late historian Marvin Hunter said, "Never before, never since and never again will there be as much gold in the country as there was in Koocksville from 1886 to 1888."

JAMES E. RANCK was known as the "Father of Mason." A bachelor, he came originally from Indiana and settled in Mason shortly before the Civil War. Ranck believed there was a great future for this straggling little frontier town and threw his abilities as a leader toward building it up. He opened quite a mercantile business in a picket building at the northeast corner of the square. Like William Koock, he bought hides heavily during the boom of that business; also like Koock, he was glad to see that era close.

About 1875 he built the two-storied stone structure known as the Ranck Building, which still stands and is occupied.

Ranck was credited with having taken the lead in just about every enterprise which he thought would further the progress of the town. He owned cattle ranches and farms, one of his partners being the late Wilson Hey.

Some idea of the low value of cattle immediately following the Civil War is brought out in the story of Ranck's "Red Bandana Herd." He had bought a herd of cattle, paying for them with merchandise from his store. The cowboy's coveted red bandana handkerchief was the accepted price per head! These cattle Ranck bought were mavericks, two-year-old cows or steers.

Ranck drove his Red Bandana Herds from Mason County, planning to take them by way of Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos then up the river to market in

(Continued on page 62)

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STORY OF AN EMIGRANT BOY

Fort Mason,

By E. H. BOGUSCH submitted by K.N.A. TAYLOR

I WAS born of German parents in Biala, Galicia, a Polish province in Austria, in 1864. I was one year old when the family moved to Krakow, Poland, where my father engaged in the carriage manufacturing business. Owing to the death of my mother, and reverses in business, when I was seven years old the family scattered to all points of the compass.

Three of my brothers finally landed in Texas, U.S.A. A few years later, in 1876, they sent tickets and money to bring us (my father, sisters and myself) to join them in the New World.

We shipped from Bremen in steerage space, where the only privacy afforded was that families, single women and men, were bunked in segregated zones. Mattresses were furnished but as to the rest, everybody used what bedding, shawls or wraps they had brought along.

I stayed on the open deck where the air was more livable, and the crew was tolerant enough to let me curl up wherever I found a place to lie down. At times I found myself staring through the skylights at the white linen and silver of the first-class dining salon below, wondering if I ever would be rich enough to eat in a place like that.

It took us three weeks in an old steamer called *Frankfurt* to navigate the distance from Bremen to New Orleans, from which latter place we were conveyed by rail to Morgan City, Louisiana. After a few hours waiting at that point we were trans-shipped to an old cattle steamer plying between that port and Galveston, Texas.

Steamers of this kind were used in those days to transport wild longhorn cattle from the Texas plains to market and we furnished the profitable human cargo for the return trip. Built especially for the cattle business, little concern was taken for the comfort or pleasure of passengers and the only concession made to us for sleeping and resting purposes were long rows of wooden benches in the cattle holds. In this manner we spent the day and night run to Galveston.

Unaccustomed to a hay diet, and there being no way to provision hundreds of men, women and children, we were thankful for the cup of coffee made available to us by the boat's management.

On our arrival in Galveston we were entrained on what is now called the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, which had just been completed to Austin. One kindly old gentleman distributed nice red apples to us youngsters as the train rolled out on its way to the interior.

I don't know how long it took us to get to our destination, but I do know there were jolts, hard jerks, and endless stops along the newly built road, and I remember particularly the prairie fires we saw at night.

Arriving at Castell, Texas, where my brothers lived, we found ourselves about 100 miles northwest of Austin, on the Llano River. Freight teamsters with ox wagons, commissioned by my brothers, had picked us up at Austin.

We seemed to be already destined for a close relationship with the Texas longhorn family. The ox wagontrain we embarked with consisted of four covered wagons, each drawn by three pairs of oxen and loaded with freight sundries for Fredericksburg, Texas.

The trip would require from one to four weeks, dependent on the condition of the roads, the weather and the intervening rivers and creeks. At the campfire at night my imagination was stirred by the teamsters' tales of scalping Indians that had roamed this section of the state only a few years before and of which I had found evidence in picking up their dreaded arrowheads. The effect on a young tenderfoot can well be imagined. I could see an Indian behind every bush.

In addition to these tales of Indians, I heard described the fate of Indianola, Texas, which had been swept off the earth by a cyclone and tidal wave and of tornadoes flattening out the heavy iron tires of wagon wheels and razing the hair off the backs of oxen.

AT CASTELL we found the home which my brothers had built for us—a cabin of split post oak timber, also a shop where my father [Joseph Bogusch] could follow his profession of making and repairing sturdy farm wagons instead of the fine carriages he had manufactured for the Polish nobility in Krakow.

My sister [Mary], older than myself, having left to engage in domestic work, I was advanced to the position of *Chef de cuisine* and the charge of all household duties. At the age of twelve I could make as good bread as anybody in that neighborhood. I helped to supply the larder by shooting rabbits, squirrels, and ducks with an old reconstructed musket.

I walked to school, two miles away, where I was tutored by an old German professor, Hans Von Werder, a nephew of the well known German general of that name. At the age of sixteen my time had come for a start in the world. I got a job on a farm at seven dollars a month, working in the field and at other times teaching the children of the house. A few months afterward, my brother—a blacksmith—asked me to work in his shop as helper. One day in his absence I tried my skill shaping a horseshoe, a job that looked easy to me. I did it so badly that in disgust I threw my lamented first effort into the river to hide the evidence.

At last came my opportunity. My brother-in-law elect sent word to me that

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he was about to quit his job as a clerk in a general store and that I might get his place if I applied for it. I hesitated not a moment but started for the neighboring town of Mason in which the store was located.

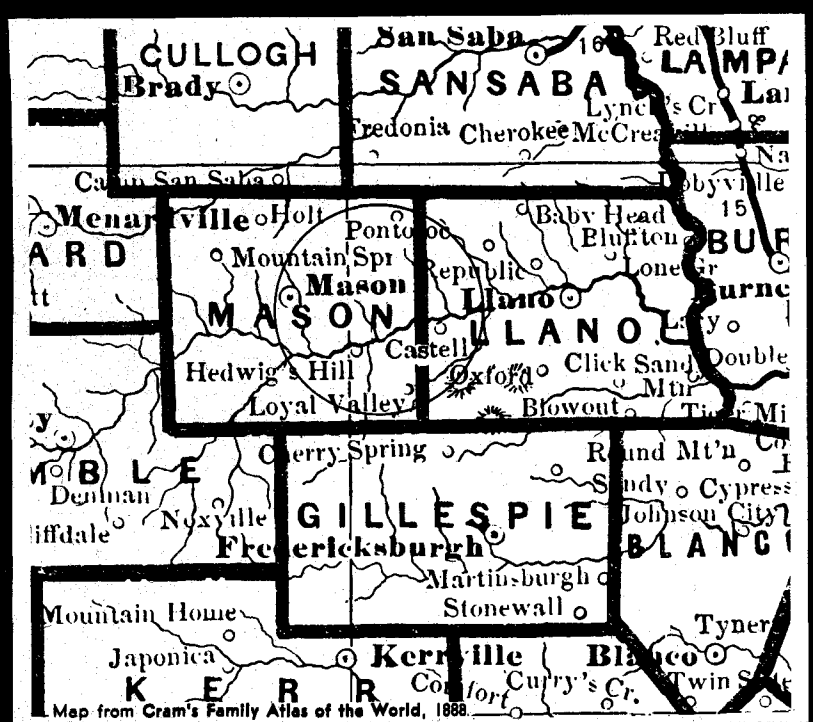
Fort Mason, Texas, as it was then called, was built as a check for marauding Indians. Many notables had been assigned to military positions here and one of the visiting military authorities acting as inspector was Robert E. Lee, whose name has been reverently preserved.

The store was owned by James E. Ranck, a leading pioneer. He promptly made me an offer with $100 as wages the first year, $200 for the second and $300 for the third, bed, board and laundry thrown in.

I accepted at once and become the junior member of the sales force, whose job it was to sprinkle and sweep the splintered floors, clean and fill the oil lamps, dust the counters and shelves and do the little chores through which one gradually learns the business.

The store carried everything in dry goods, groceries, hardware, lumber, furniture, farm implements—even coffins—and bought up all that the country produced. Working hours were unlimited as to time. If a wagontrain of freight happened to roll in late from the railroad, 100 miles distant, we had to unload and pack the goods if it took until midnight to do it.

Store business was carried on differently, as was natural in those days and surroundings. Coffee was sold green and roasted later. Sugar, salt, beans and dried fruit were scooped out of barrels. Coal oil was sold in five-gallon cans or out of a tank into a customer's container, for home lighting. Horseshoes, chewing tobacco and Bull Durham were bought by men; trading Ralph's Scotch snuff for eggs was a daily routine with women. If a lady wanted to be sure of the color of calico she would ask for a sample to chew to test it. A cowboy would spend an hour trying to get a No. 7 foot into a No. 5 boot.



Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888.

Texas, when trails to market led east and south

I WAS FAST getting experience, but what worried me most was how to budget my princely salary of $100 to cover my seventeen-year-old wants. It was true the girls weren't spoiled in those days. We walked them to church, prayer meetings and singing bees, which of course cost little, and then there was the Mollie Bailey circus which came to town once a year that required a splurge.

At the end of the first year I managed so that there was seven dollars left to my credit and at the end of the third year I had saved enough to pay my way through the Lexington, Kentucky, Commercial College, with my transportation and keep there and return.

That trip almost ended my career. I fell in with some other Texas boys going to New Orleans. There, after we had turned in for the night, the hotel clerk came rushing to our room which he found filled with gas. One of the boys, the last one in, had blown out this new fancy light, the gas jet, but the alertness of the clerk, in detecting the odor of gas, saved us all from an unexpected and unpleasant death.

We had previously got into trouble with our hackman. The leader of our Texas crowd had made a trade with the driver who agreed to take the five of us to our local hotel for a dollar and a half. In settling, the driver claimed $1.50 for each passenger. We were short of cash but long on punching and it is easy to guess how the bill was settled.

After completing the business course and returning to my hometown with a diploma, I waited for an opportunity to display my added talents. Luckily for my finances I received a letter from my brother [Robert] in Old Mexico citing as follows: "My superintendent has been waylaid and killed and I have been promoted to his place. The bookkeeper was assassinated a month ago and if you want his job I will be glad to have you come."

The post to which my brother had succeeded was as mining superintendent and the letter informed me that the man who had occupied that position, together with his twelve-year-old son, while on their way to the mines were ambushed and shot by bandits who supposed the superintendent was carrying a payroll.

The bookkeeper had been murdered while in bed, his throat cut by unknown parties intent on robbery, supposedly Mexican friends.

The prospect was anything but promising but I made up my mind to go as I had unbounded faith in my brother's ability to cope with any situation. Answering my reply to his letter he promptly mailed expense money to me and wrote: "In case I cannot meet you at Villadama (the nearest railroad station) you will find my trusted Mexican guard there with a Winchester for you to take with you to the mines."

Leaving the friendly United States border at Laredo and arriving at Villadama, Mexico, I felt less than happy in seeing dusky faces, the low adobe houses, and the deserted streets of this bleak Mexican town.

At the station I sorely missed my brother but was glad to grasp the hand of the Mexican guard who handed me a Winchester rifle.

The portly mistress of the hostelry

(Continued on page 54)

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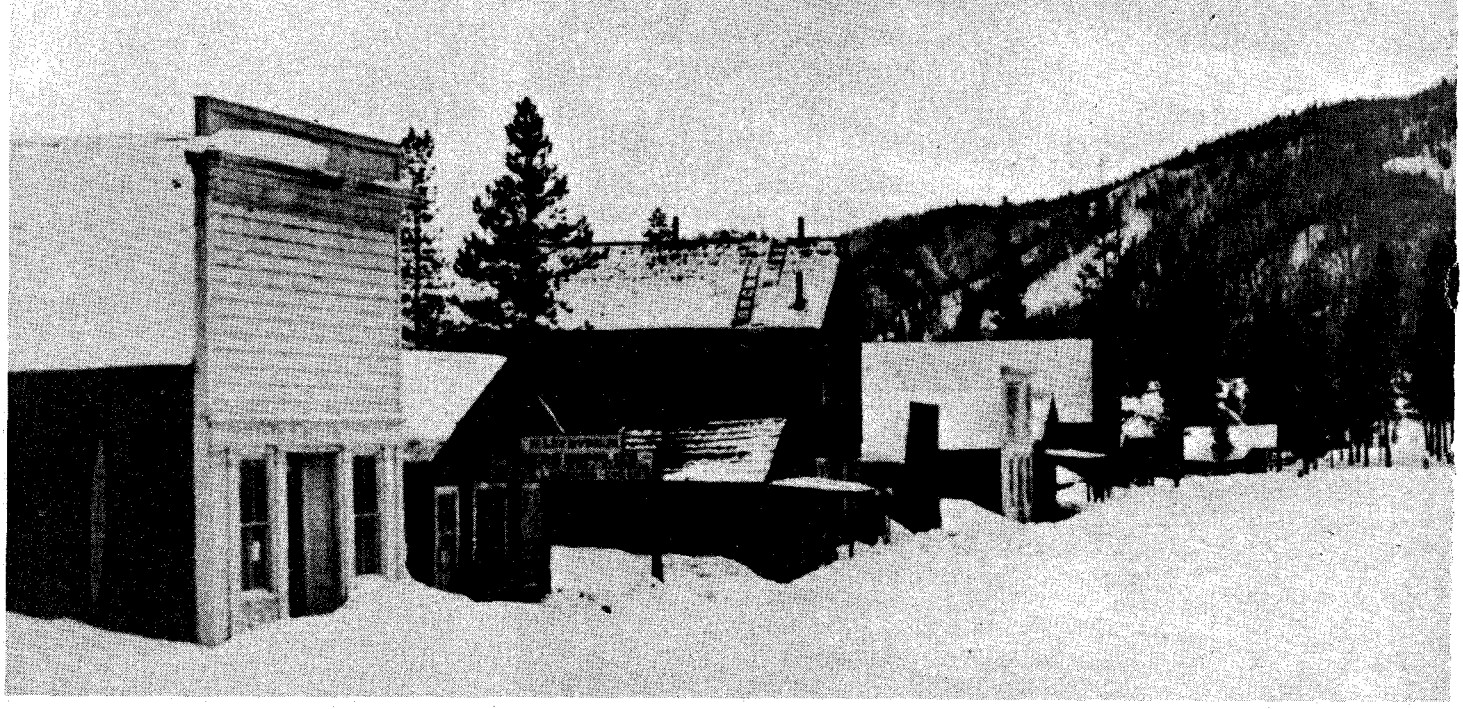
It cost the government a passel of money, and the army three months of misery and 1,200 miles of aimless marching. Who touched off the trouble isn't clear, but it was

IDAHO'S LAST INDIAN



By ETHEL KIMBALL

MATUTSE'S dark Oriental eyes sparkled as he finished his chores and headed for the communal gambling house to join his fellow Chinamen. This would be his lucky day! He could feel it in his bones.

Gambling was the only recreation of these men who worked so hard digging virgin gold from Loon Creek, a tributary of the Middle Fork of Salmon River, in Idaho's famous mineral fields. As sole occupants of the lonely settlement of Oro Grande during the winter of 1878-79, they were also isolated from any other human contact by the deep snow that lay on the Salmon River Mountain Range surrounding them. The closest town was Bonanza, a mining camp on Yankee Fork, over the mountains to the southeast. However, the resourceful, frugal Chinamen were making money, and were therefore satisfied with their existence until such time as they could return to their homeland.

Whether or not they were aware of an unseen danger threatening their safety that winter, is not a matter of record. But it is likely they did know, because uneasiness hung over most of that section of Idaho. It hadn't been long since Chief Joseph and his Nez Perces had made their terrifying march through the Lemhi valley near Salmon City, and it was only the summer before that the Bannock War had been fought. Hate and bitterness filled the breasts of the Bannocks who had lately returned to the Lemhi Reservation following the close of that war. It was general knowledge that some of the Bannocks had butchered many of the white men's cattle and cured the meat, then had disappeared into the protective mountains, presumably joining renegade Sheepeater bands who were wintering in the deep canyons of Middle Fork country.

Indians were not the only renegade occupants of those mountains that winter. A small party of rowdy, tough white men had also moved into the Middle Fork section to spend the winter prospecting, trapping and hunting. The settlers had been glad to see them go, for they were considered a bad lot.

Nevertheless, if the Chinese at Oro Grande had been warned, they certainly had not been frightened away. Limbering up for action, Matutse flexed the strange double thumbs he had on each hand, and smiled confidently as he closed the door of the gambling house and greeted his friends in their liquid sing-song language. And before long, the building rang with their shouts of laughter.

Suddenly, the door burst open! A chilling war cry split the quick silence that had fallen, and a band of warriors swarmed into the room, dealing death with every step.

In the bloody pandemonium that followed, Matutse dropped to the floor,

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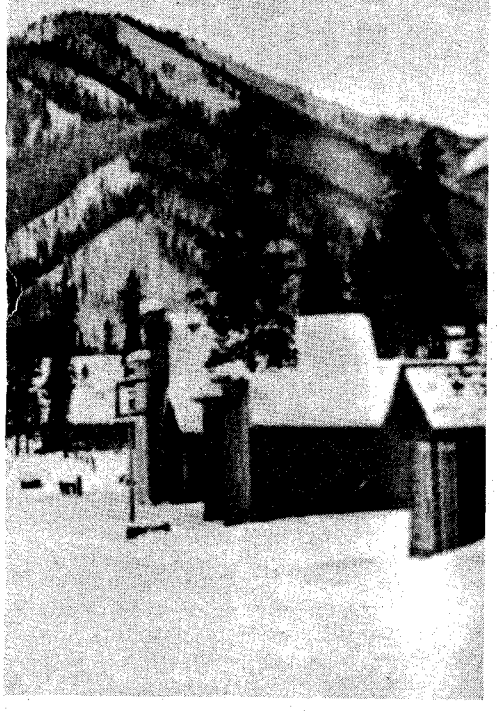
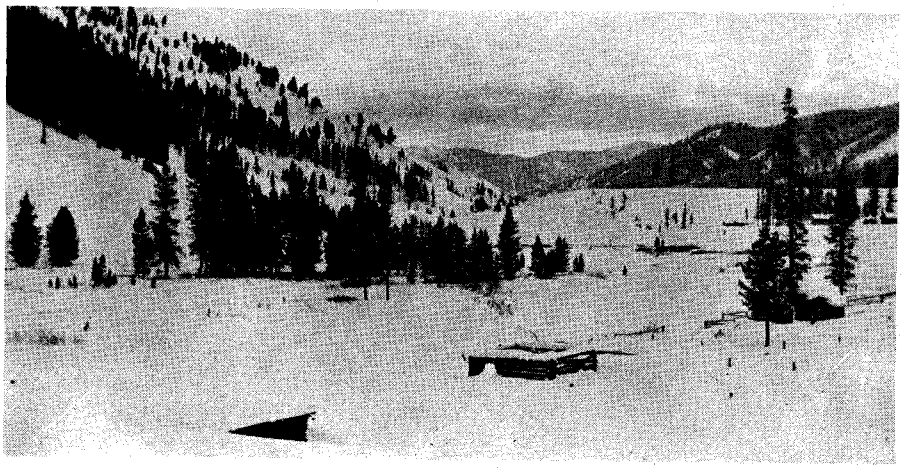
SCARE



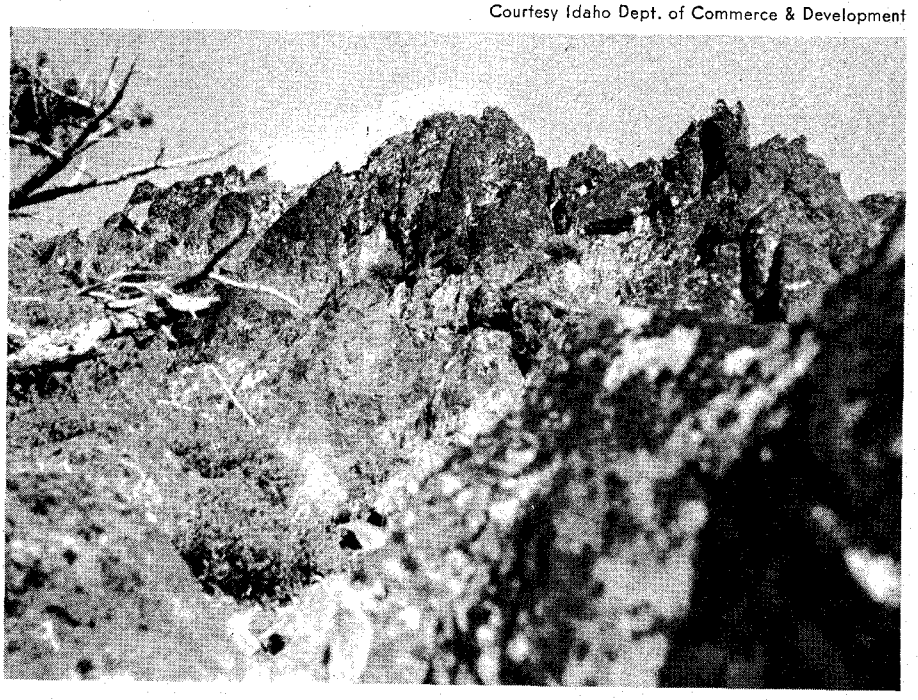
Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Above, the Valley of Yankee Fork with buildings of Bonanza visible at right in distance. At left, Bonanza, Idaho in the 1870s. Below, Sheep Rock as seen from below.

Courtesy Idaho Dept. of Commerce & Development



working his way on hands and knees through the flailing legs around him, and slipped unobserved through the door. His queue streaming behind him, he ran as fast as he could, driven to superhuman speed by the piercing screams coming from the gambling house behind him.

Exhausted and hysterical, Matutse finally struggled into Bonanza, where he poured out his tale of slaughter. Captain Varney, well known in the mining camps, and John Rohrer listened to the story with horrified anger, then quickly set about organizing a posse. As soon as they could outfit themselves, the men headed for Oro Grande. But it was a useless journey. All of the Chinamen had been killed with unbelievable savagery, the mutilation of their bodies giving mute testimony of Indian atrocities.

FEELINGS ran high in Bonanza and news of the massacre spread throughout both mining camps. There were others who pointed out that it very easily could have been the renegade whites roaming the mountains, disguised as Indians and practicing mutilation for deception. Perhaps the Chinamen's gold had been too great a temptation.

It was finally agreed to send private investigators into the mountain area. Two exceptionally brave men, Dave Ketchum (for whom the town of Ketchum, near Sun Valley, was named) and Wilson (Wils) Smith, an early pioneer in the Leesburg country, volunteered.

The snow was very deep on the mountains, but both men showed confidence as they set out, each with a small pack on his back and traveling on snowshoes. They headed cross-country to Silver Creek where some placer miners were wintering, then pushed on down to Camas Creek and across the mountains to the now deserted Oro Grande. From there they trailed back, going down into the Middle Fork Canyon country, risking encounter with Indians who were still in winter camps there.

When at last they returned to Bonanza, they reported they had investigated all white men wintering in that section, and had also trailed Indian-used paths in the canyon. The two men's conclusion was that Indians were guilty, for their trails proved they had been up to Oro Grande and had returned down to the Middle Fork. This verdict was generally accepted, although doubts about the white ruffians were never wiped out completely. And the Chinamen's gold was never found.

The late George E. Shoup, writing about the massacre, stated he had personally known the leader of the accused white men and considered him to be of too high character to be involved in such a brutal affair. He further stated, "I am of the earnest belief that somewhere in this canyon section, near the old

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trails below Loon Creek where numerous Indian writings are known, there are writings in detail that tell of this event."

In the early spring of 1879, there were other hostilities, definitely committed by Indians, as far as the upper Payette River country. These were attributed to an outbreak of the Sheepeater tribe. But it was believed by those in the best position to know, that the angry Bannocks who had infiltrated the Sheepeater camps were the agitators and aggressors. As to this, Shoup wrote, "I found and translated and read an Indian writing made by a Bannock and giving directions to all other Indians (Sheepeaters) to congregate in hostile engagement. Another writing in the same canyon neighborhood defines a preparedness for and an actual engagement with the enemy. It is presumed that these two writings, though a few miles apart, are relative."

To the people opening up rich lode claims at Bonanza and throughout the Yankee Fork Basin, it didn't make any difference who was guilty of the terrorist attacks—what mattered was who might be the next victim. They relayed their fears to the officer in command of Fort Boise at Boise City, telling of the Chinamen's massacre and of the situation in general. In response to their request the department commander ordered out cavalry troops from Camp Howard and from Boise Barracks. Captain Bernard, who was quartered at Boise, was given command of all military units involved.

Bernard was also ordered to take his own expeditionary force from Boise and proceed to Loon Creek—but the time set to depart was not until the first of June. Residents of the vulnerable town chafed at this long delay, not realizing what was involved in readying and outfitting for such a campaign. Possibly the worst handicap was the lack of knowledge about the Middle Fork terrain; government maps defined all of that vast interior mountain country as unexplored.

JAKE BARUS was hired for the march, with a train of about 125 good mules carrying two months' rations for the sixty enlisted men who at last started out with Captain Bernard. Jake was a veteran packer who had hauled many cargoes in Lemhi and Custer Counties, but he had never run up against what they now encountered with each new day. His stout mules floundered in deep snowdrifts; they became hopelessly entangled in down-timber; they were knocked off their feet by the rampaging water in streams they had to ford. (Each creek was swollen to the size of a river by the spring run-off of heavy snow.) And the company was stopped cold time and again by the scouts' failure to find passable trails in that merciless land.

The farther the pack train traveled, the more mules were lost, crippled, drowned or killed. Many of the survivors' loads had been torn from their backs and swept away while crossing the treacherous streams. It seemed almost certain that the party would lose several of the hired packers, too, for they grumbled unceasingly about the way the "greenhorn" army was running the operation, and threatened to quit after each new misfortune. By the time the weary troopers reached Oro Grande it was apparent that more provisions would be needed if they were to continue the mission. Bernard sent a scout back to Boise City to bring in another pack train to replenish supplies. Waiting for its arrival proved to be the best thing that had happened so far, because it gave the battered mules a chance to recuperate on the lush spring grass, and the breathing spell also did a great deal for the morale of the men. It even gave beleagured Captain Bernard a chance to do some planning.

Obviously the thing needed most was a scout who was familiar with the country. Men who did know something about it were few, but the scouts who had been serving him were complete strangers to the area they were obliged to lead through. One can imagine Bernard's relief when he learned of John S. Ramey, who had been over the trails between Boise City and Lewiston and who was then living at Bonanza with his family. Ramey had previously been a tax collector and deputy sheriff in Lewiston. He had become familiar with what few trails existed when his duties had taken him to the booming gold town of Leesburg to collect taxes for that portion of Idaho that lay east of the Middle Fork.

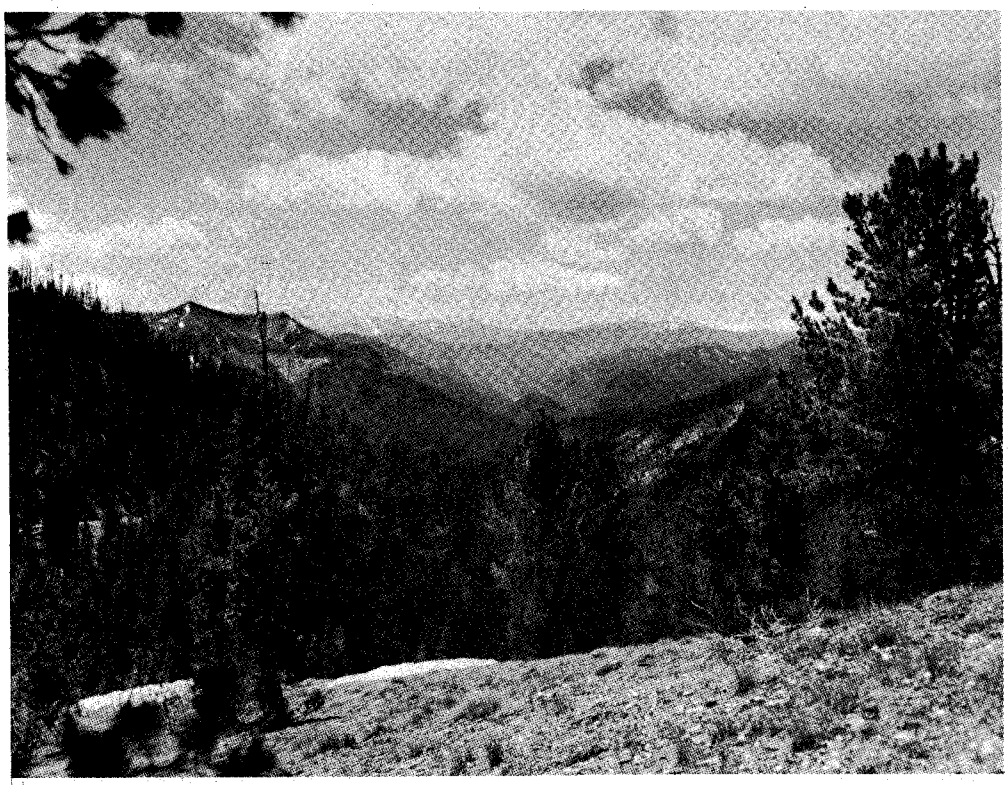
Bernard talked Ramey into scouting for the expedition, and the search for Indians east of the Middle Fork was finally begun. None was found as far as the Camas Creek area. To Bernard this meant that the Indians must be on the other side of the Middle Fork, so the logical thing to do was to cross over. He issued orders to drop down into the deep canyon along the river and follow it upstream until a safe place to ford was found.

What a tragic mistake in judgment that was! There were no trails there—the country was too difficult for even a man on foot. The main body of troops spent hour after hour trying to break trail for the heavily loaded mules. Other men went ahead, scouting for passable terrain or to find natural footings. Where trees could be felled across unfordable tributary streams, bridges were constructed wide enough to permit horses and pack mules to cross. Many of the burdened mules were lost where bridging was not possible, and more were lost in the deadly slide rock when cliffs, knifing into the river, had to be climbed or skirted.

Eventually the canyon won its battle against the soldiers, and Bernard had to surrender. The expedition turned from the Middle Fork and climbed eastward to the head of Rapid River. Here at some sulphur springs camp was made to rest the men and animals.

A little more than half the time originally allotted to rounding up the renegade Indians had already elapsed, without a single sign of one. And, considering the condition of the men and their stock,

(Continued on page 50)



Courtesy Idaho Fish & Game Dept.

The view towards Loon Creek from Loon Creek Summit.

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HARD LUCK IRON MULE

By MARTIN COLE
Photos Courtesy Author

IN 1874 the quiet solitude of the prairies south of Dodge City, Kansas, was broken by the rhythmic 'chuff-chuff' of a gigantic apparition, lumbering and shaking the earth at a top speed of three miles per hour. Gray smoke, spewing from a single stack, trailed in a long plume over a string of white-topped wagons in tow. Birds and ground animals scattered; hide hunters —riding the plains in search of buffalo —paused and squinted their heads in wonder. One grizzled rider shifted the tobacco cud in his cheek and spat. "By George," he exclaimed, "it's a steam engine."

Indeed, it was a steam traction engine for land use, one of the first of its kind, and significantly, as history now reveals, this primitive machine in a sense was the granddaddy of the millions of tractors and trucks since built and used. And thereby hangs a tale.

Estimates vary as to the total number of buffaloes that ranged from Mexico to Canada; some say 100 million, but the more conservative figures were somewhere above 10 million, perhaps about 15 million. Many of the stories hardly would be credited by historians today, were they not attested by reliable eyewitness accounts. For example, Major Richard Irving Dodge in 1871 drove twenty-five miles through an immense herd consisting of small bunches.

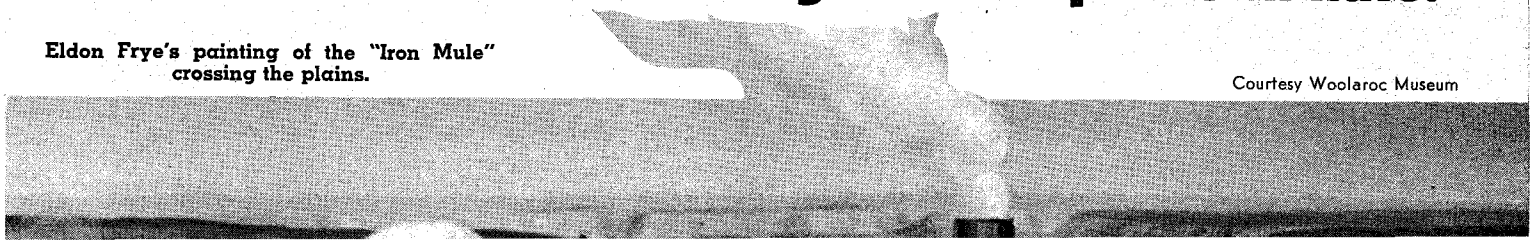
What brought about the great slaughter of buffalo in the 1870s was not a concerted effort to solve the "Indian problem" but, rather, an economic one based upon a tanning process perfected in Philadelphia whereby serviceable leather could be made of buffalo hides. A dry hide became worth from $2.50 to $3.00 in Dodge City. An experienced hunter could average $150 a day. With that kind of money in sight, no law (or treaty with Indians) could hold back the army of reckless men.

Some idea of the extent of the slaughter that followed can be gained from the fact that from Dodge City alone, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, in the first three months following its arrival there, carried away 43,029 dry hides. As the carnage mounted, the average daily kill can be estimated as somewhere close to 5,000.

As those herds closest to the railhead were wiped out first, the hunters moved southward into the Texas Panhandle.

(Continued on page 60)

As things turned out, the "mule" was as doomed as the buffaloes it had been designed to help exterminate!



Eldon Frye's painting of the "Iron Mule" crossing the plains.

Courtesy Woolaroc Museum

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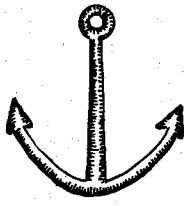
The Girl Who Waited at Seaman's Rest

By ROWENA L.
&
GORDON D. ALCORN
Photos Courtesy Authors



"I'll come back to Tacoma," promised the young sailor...
"Maybe not," sighed the wind...

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Note: Mrs. Birgitte Funnemark and her daughter Christine were longtime friends of Rowena Alcorn's mother, Mrs. Edward B. Lung. All the records of the Tacoma Seamen's Rest are now in the possession of Mrs. Alcorn of Tacoma, Washington. Mrs. Lung often assisted the Funnemarks at Seamen's Rest and was present the night Captain McBride of the *Atalanta* challenged Captain Lever of the *Imberhorne* and Captain Thompson of the *Earl of Dalhousie* to a race from Tacoma to Cape Town.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON had the longest grain loading docks in the world during the era of "Windships." Hundreds of deep sea vessels—full rigged, barks, barkentines, brigs, brigantines and schooners—came here to transport wheat to European and South African ports.

In mid-September 1900, the full-rigged iron ship *Cabul* from Liverpool arrived to load wheat for Dublin, Ireland. Her First Mate was a handsome young Englishman, Henry R. Howe. During the next fortnight, Howe went every day to the non-denominational Seamen's Rest in Tacoma's "Old Town." The Waterfront Mission was maintained by two dedicated Norwegians, Mrs. Birgitte Funnemark and her daughter Christine.

The Seamen's Rest was opened in December 1897 at 2802 North Carr Street, but by the spring of 1899 a larger building at 311 North 11th Street was obtained. Until the Mission was closed in December 1903 several thousand lonely men of the sea had sought comfort there.

In September 1900, sixteen grain ships were in Tacoma's harbor: *Cabul, Glenard, Carnedd Llewelyn, Forteviot, Rimac, Imberhorne, Mount Stuart, Rhuddlan Castle, Clan Macpherson, Safola, Dominion, Adderly, Yola, Durhan, Ancana,* and the *Dunstaffnage.* Captains, officers and seamen from these ships signed the Visitor's Register at Seamen's Rest. No collection was ever taken; funds to maintain the Mission were voluntary contributions.

One evening at Seamen's Rest, Henry Howe heard his friend Captain Lever of the *Imberhorne* tell about the 1898 tragedy when Captain McBride of the *Atalanta* had challenged him and Captain Thompson of the *Earl of Dalhousie* —all wheat carriers—to a race from Tacoma to Cape Town, Africa. The *Atalanta,* tacking in too close to Oregon's treacherous coast, had struck the reef off Alsea Bay, with all aboard lost except three seamen.

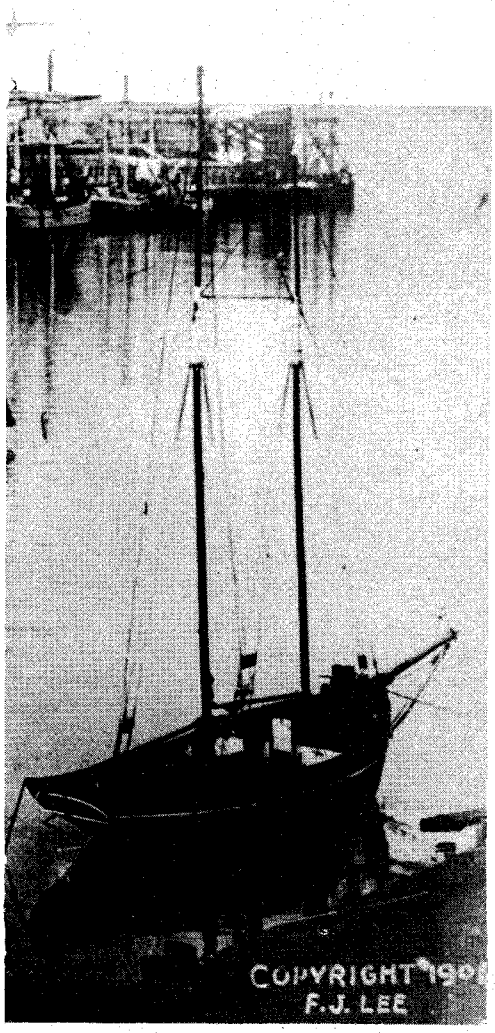
WHEN Howe arrived in Tacoma a letter was waiting from Nellie Barry in England, breaking their engagement. Her excuse was that he would "be away at sea too long at a time." Mrs. Funnemark was very understanding, having been separated for a year sometimes from her own sea-faring husband. After Captain Albert Funnemark went down with his ship *Axellius* in the terrible North Sea storm of 1884, his widow had brought her two children, Benjamin and Christine, to America from Norway.

In 1900, Christine was twenty-one years old. She was pretty and vivacious and had a melodious voice. (Her aunt Elise Korn was an opera singer.) Howe found himself strongly attracted to Christine and told her that after he arrived in Ireland he planned to return to Tacoma on the first steamer. The night before his ship sailed, Howe gave Christine two photographs of himself and a painting of the *Cabul.* Christine gave him her photograph and a bundle of religious pamphlets for the people of Pitcairn Island, where the *Cabul* was scheduled to deliver some mail.

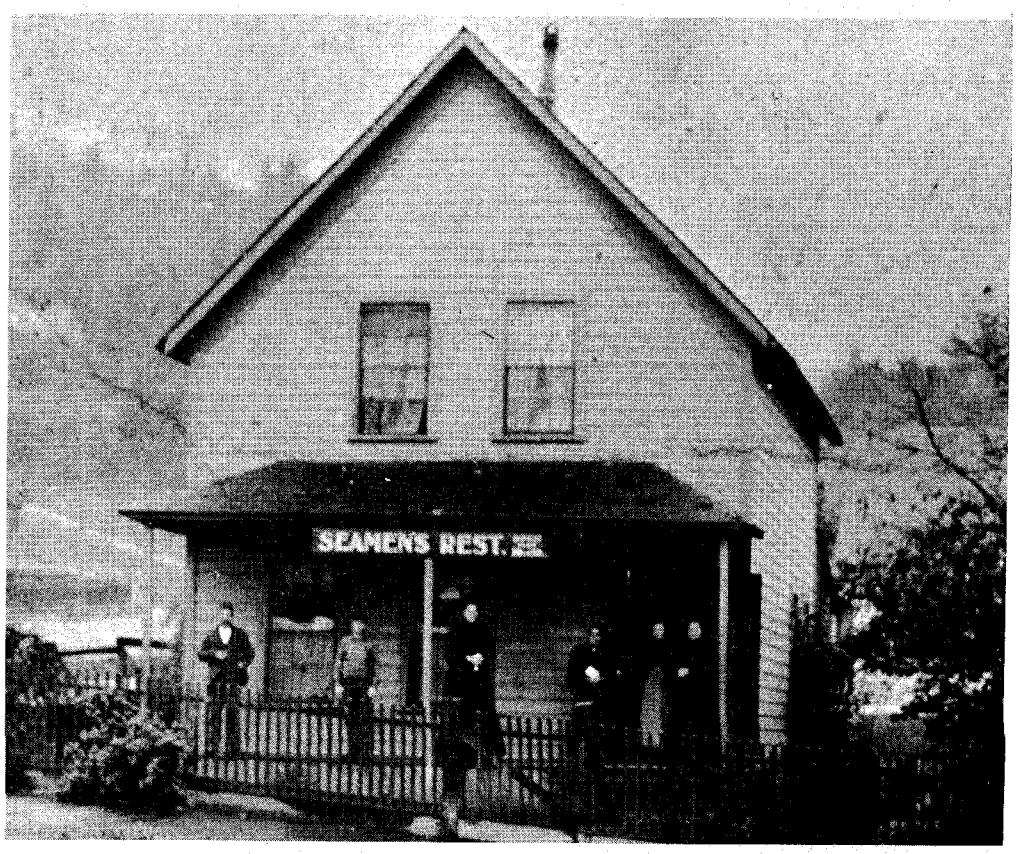
A few changes were made in the crew. Mr. Gale, Second Mate of the *Cabul,* decided to remain in Tacoma, and was replaced by a Mr. Stewart. The *Cabul's* Sailmaker suffered from chronic chills, so "Old Scott" from the *Imberhorne,* who had decided to retire from the sea, was persuaded to make one last trip. There was also to be one passenger mentioned only as "John."

The Tacoma, Washington waterfront of 1905, showing wheat warehouses along the wharf.

Courtesy Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma



Seaman's Rest. The first location of this mission was at 2802 North Carr Street in Tacoma. Mrs. Funnemark at far right on porch, daughter Christine next to her. The boy is Benjamin Funnemark.



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Christine Funnemark at age 18.

Having completed the loading of her cargo of wheat and enough supplies for the five-month voyage around Cape Horn to Ireland, on October 6 the *Cabul* was towed up Puget Sound by the tug *Tyee* and on the 8th crossed out beyond Cape Flattery.

Henry Howe had promised Christine he would write one letter each week and then mail them to her when he reached Dublin. Excerpts from those letters follow:

Ship "Cabul" at Sea
Monday, Oct. 8th, 1900

Well here we are two days out & becalmed within 60 miles S.W. of Cape Flattery. How I wish I was back in dear Old Tacoma . . . .We let go the Tug Tyee at 5 a.m. on Sunday morning having a nice fair wind off Flattery. Since noon today we have had light variable airs and dense fog, just at present you could cut it with a knife. It is very tiring to walk the poop in a thick fog—you require so much to push through it. I miss Mr. Gale (2nd Mate) very much. The ship is so very quiet without him. I cannot imagine what he will turn his hand to. He is not the sort of chap to settle down in harness.

Sunday, October 14, 1900

What a lovely day this has been, a clear sky, light southerly breeze & smooth sea, a nice ending to a good week's run. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday we were fairly booming along with the wind well aft & a high sea running. We were averaging ten knots an hour. I am afraid the ship will be very "dirty" this passage with the sea we had during the week. The decks were afloat continually, a more than fair share of it being in my cabin. The hands seem to be a fairly good crowd, far better than I expected. There has been only one fight since they came on board.

John the passenger & "Old Scott" (the Sailmaker) are getting along very nicely—John is no trouble at all. Baird, our cook, is a very disagreeable & disobliging man at sea. The Old Steward & he are at loggerheads already. I got snapped at today for trying to smooth matters for them.

HOWE'S NEXT LETTER, dated October 21, 1900, told of entering the N.E. Trades and having passed through the Horse Latitudes. He had received a blacking of his right eye when hit by a rigging screw. "Stewart, the 2nd Mate," wrote Howe in this letter, "has one peculiarity & that is he does not sleep more than two hours out of the twenty-four. How he stands it I can't imagine."

October 28, 1900

After a week of very unsteady & variable Trade winds we have at last got into the "Doldrums", the wind fortunately holds from the Eastward, with heavy squalls accompanied by heavy rain. We have managed to refill all our water tanks with good fresh rain water. We have to be very careful with our water as our tanks are not of regulation capacity. With the utmost care we can only make it "spin out" 120 days so we have to catch at every opportunity.

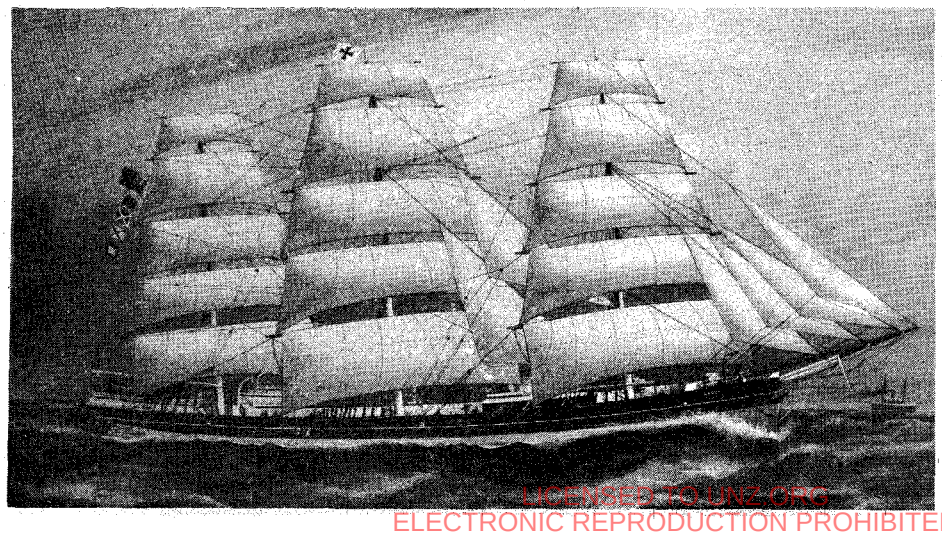
I do not know what weather the Glenard has had, but judging from the weather we are having these last few days, I should say she must have shaved a cyclone pretty closely down here. There has been some serious atmosphere disturbance and she was only a week ahead of us.

What a lot of fish we are catching this week. We have had Dolphin twice. Mr. Stewart (2nd Mate) is a great fisherman. This afternoon he caught a tremendous big shark. We have saved the tail, but no one will nail it on the end of the jibboom. You know the old superstition has it that "the man who nails out the tail is sure to be drowned in quick time."

I used to be very superstitious, but since the day we left Tacoma I have discarded the amulet I had used to wear around my neck. Of course I know it was foolish, still I always thought it brought me luck.

Henry R. Howe, First Mate on the ship, Cabul.

A painting of the Cabul by a marine artist, while en route from England to Tacoma by way of the Cape of Good Hope.



November 4, 1900

We are creeping along very slowly this week, averaging only fourteen miles per day. The Captain is getting his crazy fits again & today Baird the cook is trying to cause a disturbance among the men about the flour. I hope we shall have enough to cook the Christmas dinner. The Kerosene oil we must be very careful about or that will not spin out.

November 11, 1900

Well at last we have crossed the Equator, so I suppose we can say the first

(Continued on page 58)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

A NOBLE RIVER

Snake River Country (Caxton Printers, $30.00) by Bill Gulick with photography by Earl Roberge is a magnificent spectacular of the Snake River Basin from the foot of the Grand Tetons in Wyoming to the Blue Mountains of Oregon. The nine parts are titled: River of Exploration, 1773-1813; River of Empire, 1813-1830; River of Settlement, 1831-1842; River of Desert, 1843-1860; River of Treasure, 1861-1868; River of Life; River of Transport; River of Power; and River of Controversy. As the last major wild river in the Northwest, the Snake is now receiving wide attention from all interests. Gulick with detailed research by his wife, Jeanne, has presented the existence, discovery, commerce, settlement, wars and controversies with feeling and clarity. Oh, to have studied history books such as this when in school back in Idaho. Roberge's photographs, all in color, further reveal the beauty and diversity of this great land. No wonder so many varied interests are jousting to determine the future of the basin. As Gulick says at the end, "If this book inclines those charged to favor quality rather than quantity, to encourage wise development rather than special-interest resources, than I shall have accomplished my aim in writing it." One error, the captioning of yellow rabbitbrush as sagebrush in bloom on page 41 is regrettable, but soon forgotten.

GHOST TOWN LORE

In the annual crop of books on the West, the subject of ghost towns fills at least one bin. A recent contribution worthy of note is *Lonesome Walls* (Exposition Press, $7.50) by Tom Barkdull. Subtitled "An Odyssey Through Ghost Towns of the Old West," *Lonesome Walls* is the story of Southwestern ghost towns which had disappeared by 1900. Barkdull, an avid Western buff, writer, and lecturer, located the towns on U.S. Quadrangle Maps of 1900, researched them, visited them and wrote this book. In reconstructing information about the physical towns themselves, Barkdull also reconstructed their colorful histories, ludicrous citizens, and finally their sometimes abrupt endings. Gold seekers were little interested in anything but to "get rich quick" and move on to better diggings. "Towns often were little more than camps, 'lying loose' all over the mountain." If riches persisted, civilization congealed a little more firmly with buildings, churches, banks and schools. Goldfield, Nevada; Zonia, Arizona; Kokoweef, California; Bradshaw City, Arizona; Alexandria, Arizona; Old McCabe, also in Arizona; and many more are the relatively unfamiliar place names which Barkdull brings to life. In some the Mexicans made the first strike only to be driven out by the Anglos who were in turn replaced by the Chinese when the pickings got too light. The text and photographs make one of the best books on ghost towns in some time.

WILD HORSES

The Mustangs (Steck-Vaughn, $2.95) by J. M. and Wilfried Roever is a picture book for all seasons for youngsters. The young reader is introduced to the American origin of prehistoric horses that migrated across a former Bering land bridge to Asia and became the ancestors of our modern horse. America's first horses died from unknown causes and none was here until reintroduced by Spaniards in the fifteenth century. African donkeys and zebras are offshoots of the horse family. Indians stole horses from Spaniards, and red men, thus mobilized, became facile buffalo hunters and warriors. Escaping horses thrived and multiplied in the grasslands and became the famous western mustangs. Discussions include the herd life of horses, ruling influence of stallions, horse colors and distribution. The map showing present location of mustang herds is greatly exaggerated. The kids will like this one.

SPANISH EXPEDITION

Spanish explorations in the Southwest have always had a magnetic pull for this reviewer. And we are not disappointed with Richard F. Pourade's *Anza Conquers the Desert* (A Copley Book, $12.-50). Of charming quality, this slick paper publication is handsomely illustrated with colored and black and white photographs, original paintings, drawings and good descriptive maps. Trailing out of Mexico to south of Tucson, Anza and troops on the first expedition worked west to Yuma along the Mexican border. From there they employed local Indians to help ferry them across the Colorado River before starting their weary trek to San Gabriel and San Francisco. Excerpts from the diary reports of the expedition are quoted in English as translated from the Spanish. It is from such on-site observations that we are able to reconstruct the truth about early Indian culture, desert survival methods, vegetation, game and small animal life. Most of the starting troopers and settlers of the second expedition survived the daily endurance tests which were aggravated because of dry waterholes, long marches in desert heat and mountain snows. These first California families had never before seen snow, which was particularly distressing to the children and wives. A mobile commissary, composed of a herd of cattle, provided meat that warded off severe hunger and threat of death. Very good.

CUSTER TO THE BLACK HILLS

A U.S. Government treaty with the Sioux gave the Indians sole rights to their sacred hunting grounds in the Black Hills where plenty of water was available and game abundant. A few venturesome and persuasive miners were sure gold could be found in the huge quartz beds exposed in the center core of the fountain. In 1874, the government sent an exploratory expedition under General George A. Custer to search for precious metal. Donald Jackson's book *Custer's Gold* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.75), a reprint, describes Custer's march south from Fort Abraham Lincoln to test placer and lode sites for commercial quantities of pay dirt. Rich deposits were discovered on the head of French Creek, and started a white stampede for the Black Hills. The U. S. Government reneged again on its treaty with Indians as miners flocked in for the kill. The book is an example of superb historical reporting, and the text is amply supported with maps and contemporary pictures made by Custer's photographer.

DEER!

If Deer are to Survive; How to Meet Food and Cover Needs (Stackpole, $4.95) is a Wildlife Management Institute book by William Dasmann. At a time when deer population numbers are at an all-time high, it seems strange to this reviewer that Dasmann chose a title which almost suggests that deer may be on the endangered animal list. The author is also somewhat inconsistent in his foreword by crediting wildlife management with present deer numbers on one hand and then stating that we can no longer rely upon accident to produce the natural environment that is needed to support deer on the other. But as Dasmann points out—"deer are among the most adaptable and manageable of wild animals . . . ." Then he proceeds, in a lucid way, to outline how to manage for deer. The book is a "how-to-do" management handbook based on proven principles and research. His chapters on elements of the deer range, cover, water, nutritional requirements, characteristics of forage, supplemental feeding, predation, competition, and habitat management are down to earth and easy to understand. The 184-page reference bibliography, index, pictures, tables and charts increase the book's usefulness.

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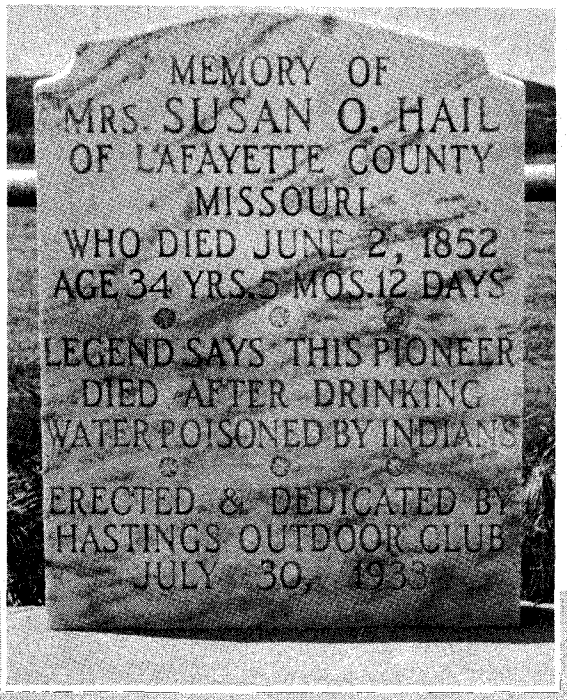


By BILL SOLE
Photos Courtesy Author

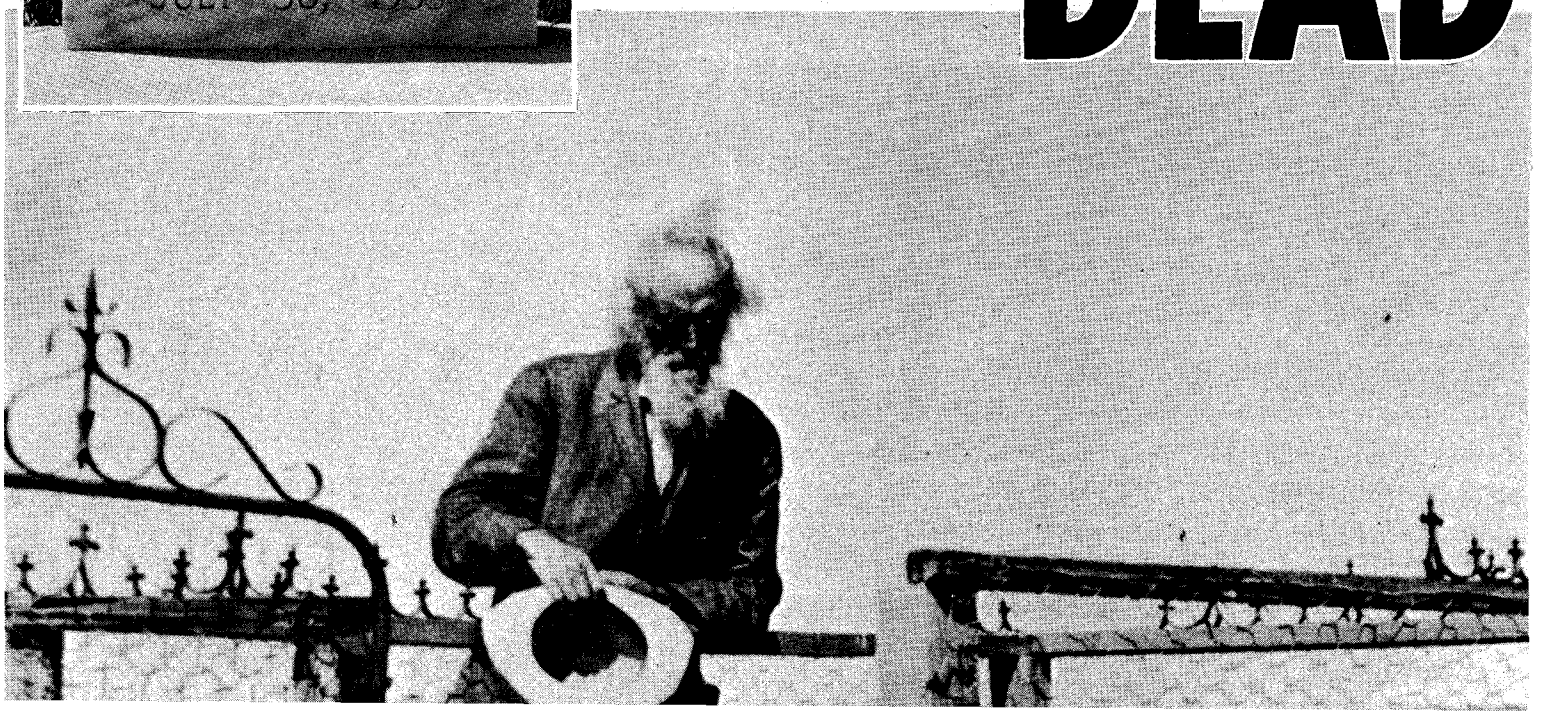
At left, the present-day monument to Susan Hail along the old Oregon Trail route. Below, Ezra Meeker visits the grave of Susan Hail on August 4, 1910. This shows the second headstone erected in 1900, that had practically been destroyed by memento hunters and vandals. Meeker urged that a permanent marker be placed on the grave.

Courtesy Hastings Museum, Hastings, Nebraska

DEAD

TRAVELERS on the Oregon Trail soon found that the route was determined not only by the easiest terrain, but also by the availability of water. Portions of the Trail between waterholes were often dry, and a serious effort was made to reach a source of water at least once each day. Across one stretch of central Nebraska no water supply existed between the point where the Trail left the Little Blue River and crossed to the Platte, over twenty miles distant.

In 1849 an enterprising individual, perhaps surmising that not all gold was to



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be found in California, dug a deep well midway along this arid stretch and began selling water to travelers for themselves and their livestock. The well was dug by hand, one hundred feet deep, and lined with logs hauled overland from the banks of the Little Blue. So sturdily constructed was it that the well remained in good condition even after the surrounding country was completely taken up by homesteaders. This particular well was located about two miles southeast of the present town of Kenesaw, in section eleven of Wanda Township, Adams County, Nebraska.

Covering a stretch of twenty miles in one day was considered a very long trip when horses or oxen pulled heavily loaded wagons. Consequently travelers crossing the divide between the Little Blue and Platte Rivers found the well a refreshing stop and an ideal camping place.

During the summer of 1852 in a Pawnee Indian attack the operator of the water station was killed, and according to legend the well was poisoned by the Indians, perhaps to discourage the flood of white gold hunters crossing their land. Following his death, there also were rumors that he was tossed down the well, and the site became known as "Dead Man's Well."

Earlier that year (1852) a young couple living in Lafayette County, Missouri, a Mr. and Mrs. Hail, determined to journey to the California gold fields to try their luck. Joining a wagontrain at St. Joseph, they started the long journey, unaware of tragedy that lay before them.

The train arrived at Dead Man's Well

MAN'S WELL

Was Susan Hail its victim? Whether she was or not, she made the site immortal

This cement slab marks the site of Dead Man's Well. Susan Hail supposedly died after drinking water from it. Soon after, the well's maintenance was taken over by the U.S. Army, and it became officially designated as Government Well.

on June 2, only a few days after the proprietor's death. Water from the well was used, and as the day progressed many of the party became violently ill, including Mr. and Mrs. Hail. Everyone later recovered from the effects except Mrs. Hail, who died that night in a camp about six miles farther west.

Although the popular story is that the well had been poisoned by Indians, there are many who question this. It is possible that Mrs. Hail fell victim to the dread epidemic of Asiatic cholera which plagued overland travelers from 1849 to 1853. This disease was so severe that many of its victims died within a few hours, and the fear of contracting it was great among the gold hunters. The casualty rate was high—forty to fifty per cent.

WHATEVER the cause of Susan Hail's death, the remorseful husband made a coffin for her out of the lumber of his wagon. On a low knoll one-fourth mile east of the Oregon Trail he buried her in a grave commanding a view of the Platte River valley. Hail then bade the rest of the wagontrain farewell and set out for Omaha, Nebraska with his horses. Arriving at Omaha, Hail sold the horses and used the proceeds to pay for an engraved marble headstone.

Then, having neither horses nor money, Hail procured a wheelbarrow and with this vehicle set out on foot, pushing his wife's headstone before him. From the Missouri River town of Omaha to the grave along the Platte, he pushed the wheelbarrow across the prairie. On the little hill he set the stone on the grave, happy that the final resting place of his young wife might be fittingly marked. Hail then joined another wagontrain as stock tender and continued his journey to California.

Seven years later when Justus L. Cozzad, Deputy Surveyor for the United States government under special contract No. 272, dated April 29, 1859,

(Continued on page 67)

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Wild Old Days!

Above, "The American Boy Scout Troop" of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, the first Boy Scout troop in the nation, donned its British uniforms to pose for this photo outside the Episcopal church, headed by Rev. Mitchell. The members' names are listed in the following order:

Rev. Mitchell	Lee Copeland	Joe McQuire	Roland Blanc
Douglas Foote	Cliff Ferguson	Clyde Wilson	Alex Tinker
Jack Hutchings	Thomas Leahy	Dick Millard	Jack Coffey
John I. Johnson	Walter Johnson	Spider Hinkle	Roger Leahy
Robert McGuire	Tim Leahy	Clemmer Curtis	Roland McQuire

Below, the Reverend John Mitchell, British Episcopal Minister from Liverpool, England, who formed the first Boy Scout Troop in America.

Photos Courtesy Robert McGuire

PAWHUSKA'S VETERAN SCOUTS

By C. H. McKennon

IN 1909 Pawhuska, Oklahoma was a frontier village replete with false-fronted store buildings and a dusty main street cluttered with horse and wagon traffic. Silent, blanketed Indians stood on street corners; cowboys, their spurs jingling and their Stetsons perched on the backs of their heads, milled restlessly on wooden sidewalks.

Then one April day all street activity suddenly halted. The town's citizens were startled to hear a most nonwestern tune—the strains of "God Save The King"—caroled forth from the interior of Pawhuska's Episcopalian Church by a horde of boyish voices. The sudden debut that day of the British national anthem was the audible result of the first Boy Scout Troop in America.

The United States marks 62 years of Scouting, but Robert McGuire and John Johnson of Buena Vista, Colorado count 63 years since that day when they were initiated into the Pawhuska Troop. It all began when the Reverend John Mitchell was sent from his native England to the pulpit of the Episcopal Church in Pawhuska. Reverend Mitchell was a friend of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the father of Scouting, and the idea of the Boy Scout activity interested him immensely. When Mitchell arrived in Pawhuska on that spring day in 1909, his duffel bag was crammed with Boy Scout literature. The activity was then a year old in England.

Typically British, complete with derby hat and umbrella, the young clergyman was not dismayed by his surroundings so different from his native land. Only two years had elapsed since Oklahoma statehood and the area had lost none of its Indian Territory color. In addition, the great oil boom had erupted, providing even more alien scenes for the British sky pilot to behold. Mitchell theorized that all boys, regardless of nationality, were the same. He devoted all of his spare time to describing Scouting to the sons of his church members.

THE BOYS of Pawhuska justified the Reverend Mitchell's theory, and enough youngsters endorsed the Scouting idea to form a troop with three patrols—the Beaver, Quail and Wolf. Some of the parents expressed concern when their boys learned the British national

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anthem (the group had been organized according to British rules); however, no one could really find fault with the grand old song despite the patriotic feelings generated by the recent status of statehood.

Mitchell ordered Scout uniforms from England and while awaiting their arrival formed a drum and bugle corps. Two boys tackled the bugles and another pair worked at mastering the drums. By the time the uniforms were delivered the group was ready to make an official public appearance.

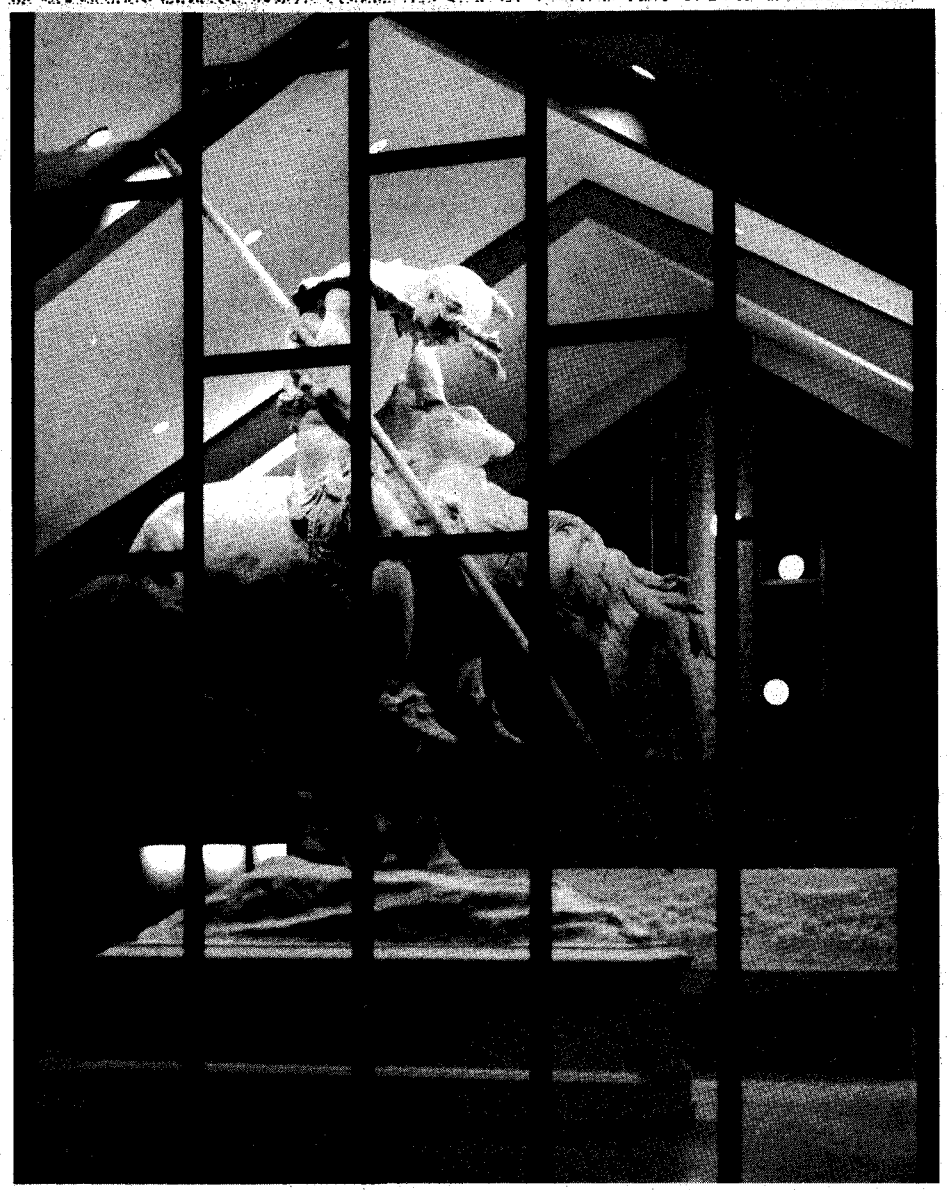
To inaugurate the big event a hike was planned, with the town of Bartlesville as the terminus, thirty miles away. A few horses and a wagon were obtained to carry tents and camping equipment, and the group commenced its initial safari.

Eventually the dog-tired boys saw Bartlesville on the horizon. Not admitting their weariness, the troop reformed its lines, and Mitchell ordered the drum and bugle corps into action. What a triumphal entry that town must have witnessed!

The weary but proud Scouts swung along the main street with a smart, arm-swinging British hiking gait, the rattle and blare of the drums and bugles keeping lively cadence. The olive drab uniforms and campaign hats—each with one brim flattened against the crown in snappy fashion—aroused the envy of every boy in Bartlesville.

Robert McGuire and John Johnson recall another "high point" in the adventures of the fledgling Boy Scout Troop. "The philosophy of 'doing a good turn' fascinated us," McGuire said. "We heard that a kitten was trapped in a ledge of rocks near town. We went out and freed the animal, but it turned out to be a skunk. We rode back to town in the wagon that we usually took along on outings. Our clothes, including Reverend Mitchell's, were buried back at the site of the animal rescue."

In 1910 the Boy Scouts Of America was officially organized in Philadelphia and the Pawhuska group promptly affiliated, casting aside the British handbooks and uniforms. Robert McGuire and John Johnson mark each anniversary, although they are "one birthday candle ahead."



Courtesy National Cowboy Hall of Fame & Western Heritage Center

Famous symbol of the frontier's end, the monumental, 25-foot-high "End of the Trail," by the late James Earl Fraser, is exhibited at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame & Western Heritage Center in Okahoma City.

END OF THE TRAIL

THE HISTORIC "End of the Trail" sculpture, the late James Earle Fraser's heroic monument to the American Indian and the sad end to his free-roving days, has come finally to the end of its long fifty-six-year journey involving thousands of miles, three years of restoration, mold-making, and casting at a cost of over $100,000. The famous portrait of the exhausted Indian atop his weary pony has been cast in bronze for display in Mooney Grove Park, Visalia, California, but not without suffering some of the trials endured by the Indians it portrays.

The new bronze cast, a 17,000-pound masterpiece and the largest cast bronze in the U. S., was formally dedicated on December 19, 1971, with officials and staff of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center on hand to formally present the work to Tulare County, California for its park.

The bronze cast was shipped to Los Angeles in June in time for a July Fourth dedication, but sat on the dock for months because of the West Coast longshoremen's strike. In October the strike ended, and truckers were called in to move the "End of the Trail" 200 miles inland to Visalia. But just as in the previous three-year acquisition, restoration, and casting process, the statue was beset with difficulties in reaching its goal. Cast in two pieces—the Indian torso and the pony—the bronze when crated weighed 17,000 pounds. The two crates, each thirteen feet wide by sixteen feet high, were loaded on a low-bed trailer and the trucker was given elaborate routing instructions to travel highways without overpasses.

The truck ran into problems after Bakersfield, California; it left Los Angeles on a Wednesday morning and about noon the next day Tulare County Parks Superintendent Merle Harp and Cowboy Hall assistant director Bryan Rayburn and Art Director Richard Muno, worried that something had happened to the shipment, met the truck and led it back onto the prescribed route and on to Mooney Grove Park.

A crew of eight workmen worked most of the night uncrating the statue, and on Friday, the next morning, it was lifted by crane onto the new pedestal in the center of the moat and tree-lined walkway setting.

"The End of the Trail" is a popular

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favorite with hundreds of thousands of people from its depiction in souvenirs, prints, statuettes, and post cards from the 1915 Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. where it was the Exposition's Gold Medal art work. Fraser created the first "End of the Trail" at the age of seventeen. As a small boy in South Dakota he heard a trapper talk about how the Indians would eventually be pushed into the Pacific Ocean. Fraser translated the idea later into one of great American art treasures of all time.

The statue's immediate appeal started James Fraser on a brilliant career creating monumental works for buildings and parks all over the country. Fraser created several versions of the subject, but the twenty-two-foot plaster original now at the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City and its cast in Mooney Grove Park are the largest.

After the Exposition. the statue was sent to an art graveyard because casting was not possible during World War I. In 1919, W. P. Bartlett and Thomas Jacob of the Tulare County Board of Forestry purchased the work for Mooney Grove Park for $190.00. It was displayed there for more than fifty years. With the increasing frequency of repairs on its plaster over wood and wire composition, Tulare County park officials feared it would collapse.

In 1968 under the leadership of Dean Krakel the Cowboy Hall signed an exchange agreement with the park board to obtain the original "End of the Trail" for the Cowboy Hall of Fame exhibits in exchange for a casting for the park from the restored original. Mr. and Mrs. Dean A. McGee and the McGee Foundation, Oklahoma City, made the restoration and casting possible.

Restoration was carried out in 1968-69, with removal of the layers of paint obscuring the details of Fraser's masterpiece, repairing the wire framework, and retexturing the plaster surface. About 2,000 pounds of plaster were required in restoration, carried out principally by Leonard McMurr, an Oklahoma City sculptor, and Caesar Contini, the mold craftsman who worked with the Frasers on most of their monumental pieces. Another year was spent (1969-70) with making molds of the restored work for use in the casting process.

Contini created 957 individual piece molds from the original. The molds were shipped in late 1970 to the Lieri Foundry at Pietra Santa, Italy, where the casting was produced. The bronze was completed in May and shipped to Los Angeles. It arrived in June, only to sit on the dock before it could be returned to Mooney Grove Park. The wait was worth it—the finished bronze now displayed in the park ranks as one of America's greatest art treasures.

MYSTERIES OF THE McDOW WATERHOLE

By J. E. Fitzgerald

Originally published July 18, 1924

IF YOU ever lived in Erath County, Texas, or if you lived in Comanche or Hamilton County several years ago, you have doubtless heard of the old McDow hole of water on Green's Creek, east of Dublin. Around this old hole of water hover more haunt tales, probably, than around any other hole of water in the country. Also there are many romances connected with it.

On the bank of this waterhole a large pecan tree stands. About twenty feet from the ground it sends out a big limb. This limb extends some twenty feet from the body of the tree, almost horizontally. This old tree was there fifty years ago. I myself saw it thirty-five years ago and it seems the tree was as large then as now.

When this tree first came into the limelight it was not because of the large pecans it bore, but because of a gruesome burden it once held. Fifty years ago Texas was noted for horse thieves. The load this pecan tree held up was seven horse thieves who had been hanged there by people who had horses stolen. And they were hanged by their necks until they were dead, or until the citizens thought they were dead. The streaks of moonlight shone down on seven swinging forms as the vigilante committee rode away. With such a load as this it was natural that this limb should bend, and the man on the farther end got his feet on the ground. Pretty soon his hands were loose from behind him, a knife came from his pocket, and the rope was cut.

The fellow did not want his companions to die and he cut them down, too, but they were already dead. Imagine, if you can, how that fellow felt, there in the shadows with six dead men around him! This man made his way north. I am told that he is still alive in Oklahoma.

But this is not the only tragedy of the old McDow waterhole. Some years before the hanging, a woman and her baby were cruelly murdered by the Indians. When her husband found their bodies they were buried in the silt near the edge of this deep hole of water. About twenty years ago the ground was washed away from their bones and they were removed to a graveyard nearby.

Naturally, around this hole of water with its tall trees and dark shadows, all sorts of legends and haunt stories would spring up. I have heard many of these stories. There was a fine pasture around the old McDow hole. An early settler built a cabin near it in order to look after his flocks. I was personally acquainted with this man and at that time if there was a braver man in Erath County I do not know who he was. He lived in this cabin a short time and abandoned it on account of ghosts. I have heard him tell of his experiences around the McDow hole. I was only a boy then, but after hearing these tales I was almost afraid to go to bed at night.

One time a party of our neighbors was made up to go and "sit up," as they said, with the haunt at the McDow hole. They picked for their leader a man who was here when the present prosperous town of Stephenville was not on the map—a man who had fought the Comanches away from his home. These men went under the shadows of the big pecan tree. They listened to the shrill song of the katydid, the "who-who, who are you?" of the owls and the bark of lobo wolves. Along after midnight, when all was as still as death, they began to hear sounds and see visions that they never had heard or seen before. The teeth of some of the men began to chatter. Then the leader said: "Boys, let's go!"

FORTY YEARS AGO, before the farms were cleared up on the head of Green's Creek, the McDow hole of water was very deep. It had a rock bottom. It was supported by springs. At that time it was never known to go dry. That was before we had the deep wells in this country and dozens of people went to the McDow hole for water when we had a drouth. Not so long ago I talked with a man who hauled water from this place. He said that one day he worked until nearly night, then he and his wife went after a barrel of water. They drove their team out in the water and he was standing on the wagon hub dipping up water while his wife was pouring it in the barrel. All you fellows who have ever hauled water know how this is done.

Well, a little after sundown this man says that a woman walked down the bank of the creek with a baby in her arms. She got to the edge of the water and stood and looked at the man and his wife. When they spoke to her she turned and walked away among the trees. The man who told me this does not believe in ghosts. He says he might have concluded he was out of his head when he saw this apparition, but his wife also saw it. There was no one camped on the bank of the creek and it was a mile to the nearest house on that side. The old gentleman says he has never been able to explain what it was or, if a woman, how she came there.

The land that the old McDow hole is on is now owned by Will Jones. Mr. Jones is a mighty good friend of mine. He does not believe in ghosts and says that there is nothing to the ghosts around McDow hole. At the same time he says some very peculiar things have been seen around there.

Just the same, he came very near getting his house wrecked about four years ago on account of this ghost. Fourteen men and boys came out from Dublin to sit up with the ghost. Along after midnight, when all the Jones family were sound asleep, they thought a tornado had struck the house. The men down on the creek had gotten scared. They didn't take time to wake up Mr. Jones by calling him, but ran through the doors and windows. Jones says he thought for a minute all the ghosts on the creek were after the fellows. One man climbed upon the bureau, another crawled or ran under the bed Jones was sleeping in. He was scared so badly that Jones could not persuade him to come out and had to take him by the foot and pull him out. They could not tell what they saw—they just got scared.

Some two months ago two men went to the McDow hole to fish. They had the opportunity to see the ghost. The men ran across the creek and up into a cotton

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patch, where they stayed all night. They say they would not go back there again with fifty men. I could write all day about the many things that have been seen around the McDow hole. Forty years ago it was a real beauty spot. It is surrounded by immense pecan trees, as I said before. The place is now a fine swimming hole and many people go there these hot days, but few let the sun go down while they are in the shadow of its trees.

The Troubled Life of a Bicyclienne

(Continued from page 20)

marrying him. She showered him with gifts, including a cornet with his name inscribed on it. But this marriage, as had her first, went on the rocks. There was incessant haggling over how much each should contribute to household expenses.

Annie, in a huff, packed her bags and vacationed with her parents in Florissant. Her mother had taken in twenty-five-year-old Louis W. Holladay as a boarder. Holladay immediately fell for Annie. He pleaded that they get married at once; threatened to commit suicide if they did not. Annie pointed out that that was impossible for, after all, she was still married to Bachtel.

As he courted her, Annie learned that his father, Jesse W. Holladay, was a Chicago millionaire. His mother, Louvine, was from the fabulously rich Ewing family. The father administered the Ewing estate in his office at 26 North Clark Street. Louis had two brothers, Ben and Tom, and a sister Maude, familiarly called Babe. The family lived lavishly in their mansion at 536 Dearborn Avenue. Marrying into such wealth could mean retirement for Annie, although she attempted not to let that fact influence her.

Playing in Chicago she met his sister Maude backstage. When Maude presented her with a bouquet of American beauty roses, whose attached card read: "With love, Mother and Babe," it did not take much persuasion for Annie to accept young Holladay's proposal.

Louis, marshaling his money, obtained top legal counsel, and Annie's divorce from Bachtel was granted in Boston in October 1897. That same day, she and Louis married in St. Louis.

Within less than a week, the new Mrs. Holladay discovered that her husband was an alcoholic, in disfavor with his parents due to a long train of dissipations. Although the distaff side of Louis' family had encouraged the marriage, his father unbeknownst to Annie had fought this mesalliance with a "variety actress."

The elder Holladay cut Louis off from the family and divested him of any competence. But his mother supplied him with clothes and set up a monthly allowance of $40, to be paid him by Alexander Young, a St. Louis attorney. The money came directly to Louis, who spent it for liquor to the last cent. Not only that, he took to morphine and began drinking absinthe.

Resignedly, Annie went on the road with her bicycle, to support both of them. Wherever they went, it was the same story—his getting crazy drunk upon receipt of his remittance. At such times he would spew out to her the vilest names. Once he advanced upon her with a razor, swearing that he would kill her. She escaped only by flight.

In December 1898, she was playing in Houston; Louis had gotten his stipend. As usual, he boozed it away. Cursing uncontrollably Louis pommeled Annie with his fists until she slumped unconscious.

Louis Holladay sobered up in jail and begged his wife to get him out. Despite her efforts, however, the court bound him over to the grand jury. Annie caught a train to Chicago and pleaded with his mother to help, who in turn appealed to the father. Through his influence, buttered with money, the father finally was able to free his son.

WITH ANNIE trapped under the roof of the Holladay mansion, the mother reproved her, saying that the family felt her nomadic theatrical career created part of the trouble. If Annie would accommodate herself to some other occupation, then things would better. Annie remonstrated that there was nothing she could do but ride a wheel.

At last, daughter-in-law and mother-in-law came to terms. Annie agreed to relinquish acting, and operate a theatrical hotel. She and Louis leased a boarding house in the extreme west edge of St. Louis adjacent to the suburb of Wellston. The lease contract showed the front porch and dining room located in St. Louis County; their bedroom in the city. The hotel sat on a terrace across from streetcar tracks fronting the back gate of Suburban Garden, a swank theater specializing in minstrel shows.

Annie pawned her jewelry to pay for the lease. For Louis' contribution, his mother in his behalf ordered seven large dry goods boxes from Marshall Field heaped with the finest linen—sheets, pillow cases, napkins, tablecloths, bed-

In Atlanta, Georgia, Annie drove this chariot down the streets, advertising both the show and a sponsoring cigar business.

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spreads, towels and throws for the dressers and washstands.

After hiring two Negro servant girls, Bessie Lewis and her sister, the Holladays opened for business in mid-May 1899. By nightfall of the first day their place was full. This auspicious beginning, however, gave little encouragement to Annie, for Louis never relinquished the bottle. On one occasion he brandished a razor, which Bessie witnessed; he frequently bickered with the tenants.

On Friday night, July 14, Annie, distraught, sat on the rail of the porch; Louis, having received his check that morning, had anchored himself on a stool at the corner saloon. She pensively stared down into the myriad of lights at the Garden, and became melancholy at the sound of its music. Dropping to her feet, Annie retreated to her bedroom, undressed, slipped into a new flannelette Mother Hubbard nightgown and turned her night lamp low. She crawled under a sheet and lay there, brooding.

Within a few moments, Bessie bounded into her room and warned, "Oh, Mrs. Holladay, Mr. Holladay's coming and he's awful drunk. Will we give him his supper?"

"Haven't you got his supper in the warming oven?"

"Yes, ma'm, I have."

"Then put it on the table. If he speaks to you and your sister, answer him. Then go to your room."

Later Annie could hear him talking to them, since the dining room opened into her bedroom. Louis repeatedly cursed her by name.

At the earliest opportunity, Bessie's sister withdrew to her room, next to Annie's. Bessie would have followed, but she remembered she had not taken the breakfast order. With pad and pencil, she stole into Annie's room.

Having gorged his fill, Louis groped to his feet and clattered dishes against the floor; banged furniture against furniture. Terrified, and not having a phone in the house, Annie told Bessie to tell her sister to run to the back gate of the Suburban Garden and call the police.

In a few minutes the sister darted back and sobbed to Bessie that the guard at the gate refused to come; neither would he call any of several policemen stationed about the Garden. He barred her from going through the gate, for the theater drew the color-line. Informed of this Annie instructed Bessie to tell her sister to hurry to Wellston for help.

By this time, Annie heard Louis' heavy footsteps lurching toward her room. She held him back at the door, saying, "Louis, I'm awful sick. Lie down in another room."

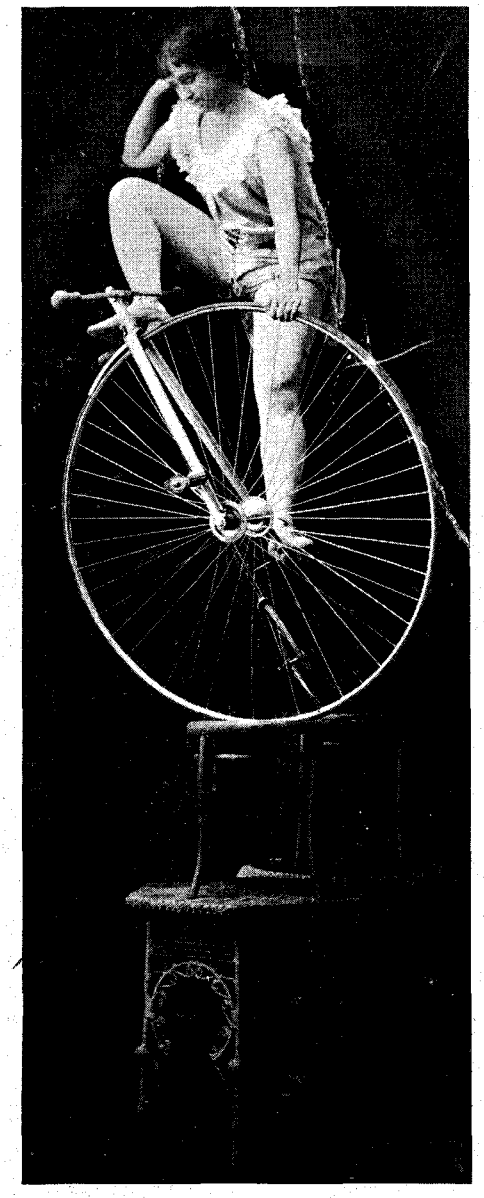
"I want blood; I want to see blood. I want to kill some s-o-b," he answered, flinging his arms around her neck.

Bessie sprang upon a chair by the bed and screamed. This brought no one, for the tenants were at the theater. Annie and Louis wrestled; he clawed her throat and began to choke her. If only the Negro girl would return with the police, she prayed.

Bessie's sister had started down the cinder path between the streetcar rails, as there were no sidewalks. It was 9:30, and pitch dark. Soon she encountered a young men on his way to Annie's place to borrow a lamp, his sister suddenly having taken sick, which necessitated extra light. He accompanied the maid to Wellston, but they were unable to find a policeman. Frantically he phoned Brad Station on Easton Avenue. "Send a patrol as quick as you can; a man's murdering his wife and will have her dead!"

In the meantime, Louis and Annie continued to struggle. When he threw her on the bed, half conscious, she fumbled under her pillow and found the Colt .45 she had concealed there. Dragging her again to her feet Louis embedded his fingers in her throat; it was then Annie pulled the trigger.

The bullet passed through the flannel nightgown, igniting it. Bessie put out the fire. The bullet had coursed under her breast and through her left sleeve, grazing her heart. It tore through Louis' midriff and the gaping wound was exposed to Annie's view.



Above, Annie performing one of her stunts, a 12-foot pyramid act.

"I'm shot!" Louis cried, careening to the porch. "Annie, please come help me," he pleaded.

And she went and held his head, sobbing as his mind cleared from the fog of liquor and he begged forgiveness. "The fault was mine. Don't worry, dear; don't worry. And don't leave me."

Bessie's sister and the police arrived, but they saw they were too late. One dashed to the Garden and phoned for Dr. G. W. Thompson.

Hearing the shooting, the show at the Garden closed for the night. The cast swarmed up the hill. In the vanguard were Al Blanchard, a singer, and Walter Abeling, an actor. They overheard Louis absolve Annie of guilt, first to her, then to Dr. Thompson.

It was decided to take Louis to the Baptist Sanitarium, the nearest hospital. A streetcar was chartered. To reach it from the terrace home, Louis, on a cot, had to be taken down steep steps.

He clung to Annie's hand. "Louis, turn loose. I can't walk by your side; there's no room," she implored. So he hung his arm over his head and gripped her hand as she trailed behind him. When those bearing him reached the streetcar, they attempted to thrust the cot through the door, but it was too narrow. The cot would have to be shoved through a wide window. Louis still squeezed Annie's hand. "Louis, turn loose. I can't climb in here. I'll come right in and fix your head on the pillow."

Annie got on the car; so did Dr. Thompson and several consulting physicians he had summoned. Reporters, now on the scene, also scrambled on.

For the first time, Annie, blushing and ashamed, realized that nothing but a nightgown clothed her. Louis again grasped her hand; begged her to accompany him to the sanitarium.

"I can't, Louis. I'm in my nightgown and barefoot."

"Don't mind these doctors and reporters. Come with me; you're my wife."

"I just can't. I'll come to the sanitarium as soon as I get dressed."

The conductor started the car and had gone three blocks before she could pull loose. Annie walked back on the cinder path in her bare feet.

She found the hotel packed with people, mostly strangers. A policeman elbowed an aisle for her to get to her bedroom. After she dressed, he allowed her to cross to the Garden and apprise her mother-in-law of the shooting by telegraph. He then placed her in a patrol wagon. Annie spent the rest of the night as a prisoner at the Sixth Street Police Station.

WHEN the papers hit the street that day, they were all for her. Typically began the story in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch:*

"Louis W. Holladay, profligate son of a millionaire, is slowly dying at the Baptist Sanitarium; dying as he lived, a prodigal away from his family, estranged

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from relatives, unmindful of his dependents and reckless of his own life.

"Holladay is dying from a gunshot wound inflicted by his young wife, who fired in self-defense. The bullet that ploughed its way through Holladay's vitals prevented him from being a murderer, if the threats made by his whiskey-soaked brain at the time can be believed. So it may be that death at the wife's hands prevented his death on the gibbet."

Annie's brother, David James, visited her on Saturday morning. He introduced her to John I. Martin, an attorney he had hired to represent her. Martin briefly conferred with his client.

All day Saturday Annie sat in the little cell at the station house and mourned over her deed. She lashed herself unsparingly for shooting her husband, even though she did it in a moment of panic when he was on the verge of killing her.

Louis' mother telegraphed Dr. Wickes at the sanitarium that she would be unable to come to St. Louis, but asked that she be kept posted of her son's condition. She was informed that Dr. Paul Y. Tupper, attending him, was doing everything known to surgical science to save his life.

That night a storm, which had been brewing over the city all day, broke. Lightning flashed across the great clouds that lowered close to the earth. Louis, in the sanitarium, was told someone was there to see him. It was his brother Ben, accompanied by attorney Alexander Young. Ben had been summoned from Cape Girardeau, Missouri, by the news of the shooting.

Louis looked up at him and forced a smile. Ten minutes later, he was writhing in agony. "Goodbye, Ben," he whispered, "I'm dying, but Annie was not to blame." With that, Louis Holladay died—a few minutes before 9 p.m. Ben, steadied by Young, left.

The *Post Dispatch's* night editor sent a man to interview Annie at the jail. He told her, as gently as possible, of her husband's death.

Putting her head down on her knee, Annie wept softly. "Oh, if they had only let me see him! I asked and asked to be allowed to see him today, but I suppose it was against the rules.

"Did his mother come? I hope she did. She should have come. He would have liked to have seen her so much. I sent her a telegram last night so that she might get here as soon as possible."

Annie sobbed a long time. "I suppose they will take him to Chicago to bury him. They won't consult me. I would like him to be buried where I could be buried beside him when I die.

"Oh, if I had only let him kill me! If I had only known, when he wanted to kill me, how I would feel after I had killed him, I would have let him kill me. It would have been better."

NOW A WIDOW, the impact of her own peril surged upon her. She feared what the Holladays would do; felt nervous over the action the court would take.

To be sure, nothing that the mother and the sister had done warranted this unease. In one of several telegrams, Annie's mother-in-law wired: "In my great sorrow, I cannot forget your suffering. You have my sympathy and forgiveness."

Later, she wrote Annie that she must always feel as welcome as a mother or sister to visit the grave. But Annie never did; she always suspected that the family thought she didn't care. She was afraid of Ben. He threatened to kill her. Mrs. Holladay had requested him to accompany his brother's corpse to Chicago to the family burial ground, but he shifted this chore to another brother, Tom, and tarried in St. Louis, hoping to influence the coroner's court to mete out a murder charge against Annie.

She was uncomfortable, too, because of the antagonism shown by the father, although he had not publicly vented his feelings since his son's death. On Saturday morning, in his North Clark Street office, he had told a reporter: "I know nothing of the affair. I have had nothing to do with my son for several years. He is what you might call the 'black sheep' of the family. I would rather not even talk of him, but now that the unfortunate thing has occurred, I suppose something will be said anyway.

"Yes, his marriage was one of the things which persuaded me to give him up. His conduct generally, though, had been bad. I know nothing of his wife. I do not care to discuss her or him."

The coroner's inquest began at 9:45 a.m. on Tuesday, and lasted an hour. With her attorney, John Martin, Annie sat inside the railing, attired in widow's weeds provided by her brother.

Dr. Thompson told how he had attended Louis and of Louis' telling him Annie was not to blame. Al Blanchard, the Suburban Garden singer, and Walter Abeling, the actor, each testified of going up to the house and hearing Louis affirm her innocence. Several other tenants detailed his quarrelsome ways. Letters from his mother exonerating Annie were read.

The key witness was Bessie Lewis, the Negro servant. She told of the razor Louis once had tried to use. She described the trouble before the shooting and the killing itself; identified Annie's nightgown, powder-burned and bloody.

When Annie was told that she could take the stand if she wished she said, "At the advice of my attorney, I have decided to make no statement."

Not a word against her had been uttered. The jury went out and in ten minutes returned with its verdict: "Justifiable homicide."

Attorney John Martin shook hands with her; the crowd that filled the space inside the railing did likewise. A larger group outside the railing pushed and shoved, craning necks to see the widow. Annie appeared pale; the heavy black veil almost hid her face; her raiment, entirely of black, accentuated the paleness.

Then Officer Kickham tapped her on the shoulder. Heading a procession of the curious, she went back to the Four Courts, while her attorney moved for, and won, bail for his client. The next

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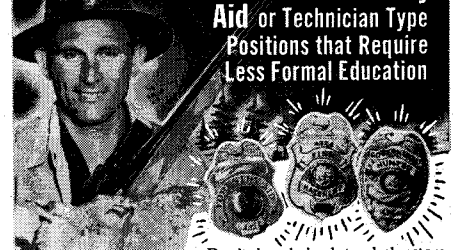

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logical step in this case would have been the refusal of Colonel Dick Johnson, warrant officer, to issue a warrant, which would have given Annie the freedom *de jure* that she now had *de facto*. But, mysteriously, Bessie Lewis went to Colonel Johnson and conferred with him. On hearing her statement, he said: "I shall issue a warrant holding Mrs. Holladay for murder in the second degree."

Just what the girl said he would not repeat, nor could she be found. Even her motive for going to him was obscure, for her testimony at the inquest was really what cleared Annie. Bewildered and worried, Annie questioned if Ben could have instigated Bessie's seeming double-cross.

At mid-afternoon, Colonel Johnson announced that after perusal of the testimony at the coroner's inquest, he had decided that there were no grounds for prosecution. (In October, the grand jury received the evidence, but it declined to issue an indictment.)

ANNIE decided she would not return to the stage, but would remain in private life and try to live down the notoriety which the murder had brought her. She spent a while in Florissant with her parents, to refresh herself and get her moorings. She hoped to obtain a dower, as Louis had told her that should he die first, he wanted her to have his part of the estate. So Annie waited, anticipating that her mother-in-law would institute measures in her behalf.

Arrayed against her, however, loomed truculent Ben, who brought attorney Alexander Young to Chicago to induce his father to prosecute Annie, although God only knows what the charge could have been. The senior Holladay, having better sense, turned Young down flat. Now reconciled toward Annie, he maintained that Louis would have desired that her trouble cease, and that she had been a "good wife."

Annie needed more than beneficent words, however, to feed her stomach, and since no money was forthcoming from the Holladay side, she went back to pedaling a bicycle.

The zest and fire, that in Annie's heyday had zoomed her to the crest of her profession, was lacking. The long years passed, and in 1935 she was living alone in a little seaside cottage she owned in Redondo Beach, California.

Victor Frank Cody, as he was known professionally, had courted Annie when they both traveled with Miles Orton's Circus in 1895. When they met again, he proposed. Annie asked if he still thought the same of her as in days gone by. He said he did, so she agreed to marry him. In Pasadena they got a license and waited out the required five days.

To accompany them as a witness, they picked up a "thick-lipped, ignoramus of a woman," as Annie later depicted her. This woman bought a tie and put it on Cody; threw her arms around his neck and kissed him after the wedding ceremony. Annie thought nothing of it, though avowedly annoyed. But when the woman offered Cody a car she had in storage, together with a quarterly income of $100 she received, Annie realized a rival warred against her. Four days after their marriage, Cody, whom she upbraided as "skunk" and "devil," left his wife and she never saw him again.

Three years later, Annie, her face furrowed from age and heartaches, was still living in the Redondo Beach Cottage and was still alone. An assortment of ailments plagued her, including a condition of her hands which induced excruciating pain that awakened her at night; she barely could write legibly. On September 13, 1938 she died.

Life had mercilessly robbed her of lasting happiness. And yet, through all the strife, Annie held to the thought that at her zenith she stood as the world's foremost female trick and fancy bicycle rider. Most of all, she was the first woman to ride the unicycle.

"And," as Annie would remind her listener with a smile, "there can be only one 'first'."

Mystery Tablet of the Big Bend

(Continued from page 15)

deep his boots could sink in the mud, and finding the water's temperature when flipped with a stick!)

All persons were now present and accounted for. Ten people, loaded with briefcases, notebooks, cameras, pebbles, sticks, and other necessary paraphernalia, cluttered the muddy creek-bottom. Our prime objective for that day was to relocate, examine and record the find-site.

IT WAS HOPED that when Donald had removed the tablet from its resting place, small fragments and residue from its weathered edges might still remain on the cave floor, thus adding more proof of the tablet's being found where they claimed. With the loss of the tablet, we had nothing to analyze in determining its composition, leaving open to question: Was the tablet made here, from material native to the Hot Springs area, or was it made elsewhere, and brought here?

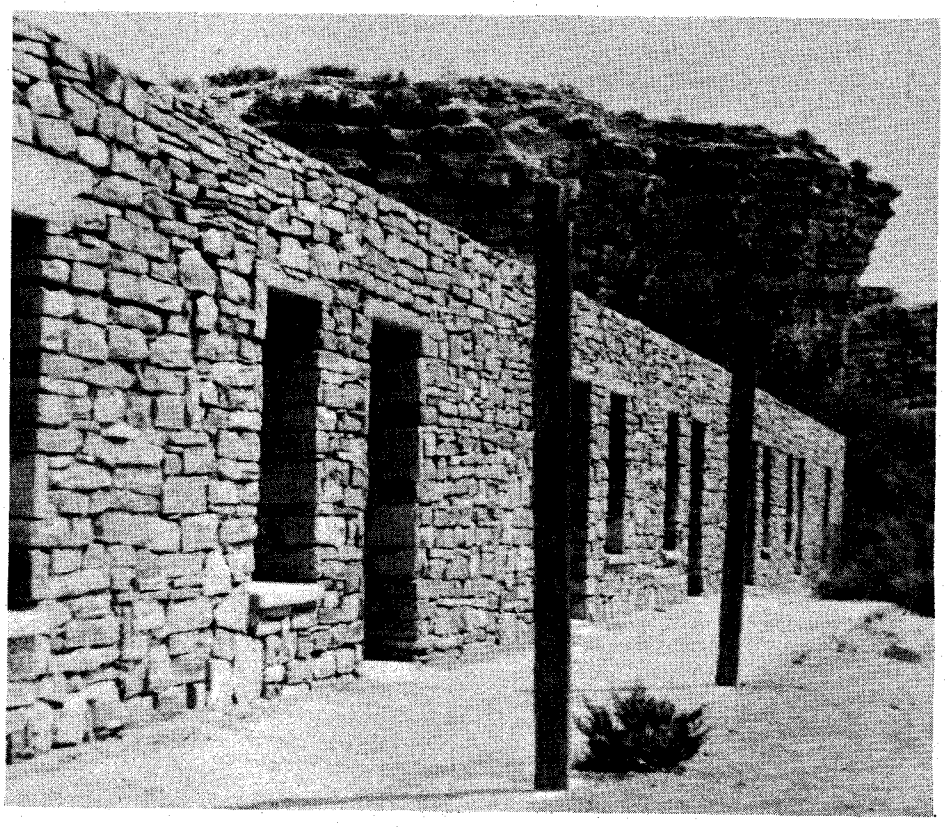
Testing the cave-floor residue against samples of surrounding soil deposits would provide one of the answers we were seeking.

Until this morning we had no idea of how far the find-site might be in relationship to the Rio Grande. But now seeing Donald work his way back and forth along the ledges, we knew it would be closer than we had dared hope.

While most of us waited nervously in the creek-bed below, Charles, Ro, and Jack McGee began making anxious searches of their own. A half-hour had passed with no sign from Donald that he recognized the discovery cave. Of course, it hadn't occurred to any of us that he might not be able to find it again. Unless you were there to see what damage four men's feet were doing to the frail network of ledges, you would fail to understand just how possible it was for Donald's cave to have slipped off into the creek below.

Sixteen hands and feet were causing that many landslides per second, in quick avalanches only equaled in the snowbound Alps. Loose sand and thin slabs of shale came pouring off the cliff in a waterfall of noise and danger. For each step gained, the men slid back two, each slide

Hot Springs motor court, Big Bend National Park, Texas.



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costing them precious hand and toeholds!

In less than an hour Donald called down that he had found the correct cave. Now we knew what his eyes had been probing for. Once seen, the small cave could never be confused with another. Without any doubt, this was the cave he had found eight years before. Its strange formation was like a small stone castle perched on the end of a rounded ledge. A stone colonnade sat up front, separated from the cliff-face by two tunnels surrounding it like an empty moat—one tunnel alongside the colonnade, the other behind it. The exposed opening can be seen from Tornillo Creek, its small mouth square and black. The dark hole runs back into the bulky cliff twenty-two inches. Here it makes an abrupt ninety-degree turn to the left, forming the back tunnel. The mouth of the hidden tunnel is behind and to the side of the stone colonnade, therefore it cannot be seen from any place along the Tornillo.

It was in this nineteen-inch tunnel that the tablet pieces had been stacked. The four by nine-inch opening would have protected the pieces from wind, sun and rain. This could account for the Ranger's statement, "The tablet was not weathered at all." However, the tablet-slide did show wear on the outer edges.

Donald was soon flanked by Ro and Jack as observers and catchmen. One was below, the other above him. The family's guess as to the cave being up "14 feet" had turned into a factual "30 feet." A covered sample-box was relayed up the cliff where Donald gathered everything he could reach. A measuring tape documented the find-site. Photographs of the entire operations were being taken from below, using three cameras.

Permission granted by my husband, I tried for the find-site ledge. Some ledges were separated by a distance of five feet. More curious than frightened I climbed poor Jack like a ladder, stepping on legs, shoulders, and head until, "wrist-locked" to Donald, I was hoisted up to join him on a ledge big enough for one.

Inside the cave, whitish walls were smooth and even, as were the ceiling and floor, and so perfectly squared-off inside, a mason's chisel couldn't have made an improvement.

Talking with his hands, Donald described how the tablet pieces had looked when found. We had misinterpreted his description, "stacked as books on a shelf." While on the ledge Donald explained they were stacked one on top of the other, not upright, as books are placed.

Along the back tunnel's entire length was a crack too small for Donald's hands to explore. My hands, being much smaller, were able to reach a new level of fill which might have sifted down from the tablet. Small slivers of light-colored shale were mixed with fragments of a porous material and a loose, dry, grayish substance.

Ro Wauer, on the ledge above, was careful not to move. Moments before he had shifted his weight to try for a new

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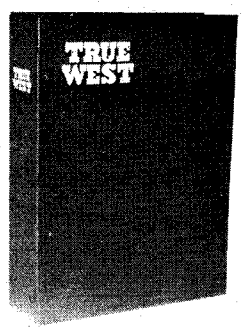

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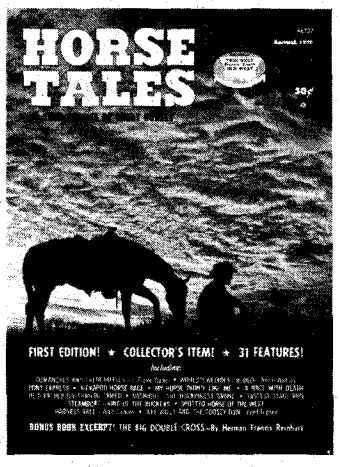

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vantage point. The three people below him tried welding themselves to the cliff-face as what seemed a never-ending torrent of sand and needle-sharp missiles showered past.

PHASE ONE completed, the four climbers crashed and slipped their way downward to the safety of Tornillo Creek. We laughed at the idea of a new expedition returning to the cave site years in the future—to find evidences of human blood, flesh and fingernails. To keep those future records straight, the grisly remains belong to the hands of Donald Uzzell and yours truly!

Ro and Donald continued to search other ledges in the immediate vicinity of the find site. Perhaps other evidences remain hidden in the pock-marked cliffs, but such openings number in the hundreds. The area in not only dangerous, but a complete search could take years. Ro Wauer did uncover several caves some of which extended back into the bluffs at least ten feet.

Miriam Lowrance had watched the proceedings with interest. Now she waited to show pictographs and petroglyphs she found in 1968 on the bluffs near the Hot Springs. As she had promised, they were unusual. The pictographs, though painted with the same red, yellow and black pigments found at other sites of Big Bend rock art, were completely void of the ubiquitous Indian paintings of animals and handprints. And the mescal-inspired Shamans also were curiously absent. The geometric designs lean more toward a form of primitive writing. (These characters can be studied by those wishing to follow up the controversy, as shown on Plate 85, Page 128, in *The Rock Art of Texas Indians;* paintings by Forrest Kirkland, text by W. W. Newcomb, Jr., University of Texas Press.)

Kirkland copied these paintings in July 1936, when the colors were even more vivid than they are today. And since these brittle bluffs are subject to rockslides, and a small degree of vandalism, his paintings of thirty-six years ago grow more priceless by the year.

Miriam Lowrance led us to a set of petroglyphs not shown in Kirkland's collection of Hot Springs rock art. Petrography is normally a solid-line carving of inscriptions, animals and figures incised into stones and rocks. But this set had been meticulously "pecked" into rock using a series of small dots. Miriam Lowrance thinks the pecked arrowheads on the Hot Springs bluff resembled Shumla points, as seen in *Bulletin of the Texas Archaeology Society* XXV, 1954, p. 480.

A second set of pecked inscriptions couldn't be located that day, as a dense thicket of underbrush hid what had been a clearing in 1968. Later, Miriam sent us a copy of the inscriptions she had found on a little ledge of rocks near ground level. This is what we had been hoping to find. Again, the symbols compared with primitive linear Greek. (This is just our opinion, and not yet a proven fact.)

Being unable to find other glyph-sites, we climbed the bluffs overlooking the Hot Spring resort. Up there we were able to see the find-site bluff more clearly. Looking down on Tornillo Creek, from a distance, the opposite bluff changed in perspective. The lower end of Tornillo's cliff-banks tapered down as it met the Rio Grande, the last few yards curving inward like a cupped hand. The thinly curved palm was all that separated the Tornillo Creek find-site from the Rio Grande.

The next few days would be spent measuring this distance, and searching for a clay, or soil deposit, that matched the color slide in color, texture and thickness. It was while getting the measurement between find-site and the Rio Grande that we found what is believed to be the same substance which served as a base for the tablet of our unknown scribe. To be more truthful, *it found us* and in the same manner it probably *found him!*

When we reached bluffs-end, measurements continued on across the forty yards of mud-flats to gain the last available inch of American soil. From there we could have thrown a rock into Old Mexico, just across the river!

GETTING this last forty-yard measurement was the nastiest job we have ever undertaken. The glistening mud was deeper than we thought. We stepped in over our boot-tops, and that is where "it" found us—and wouldn't let go. To lift one leg was almost impossible. Each boot had suddenly became the size of Grandma's No. 3 washtub. Each step picked up another matching chunk until I was stopped in my tracks by sheer weight. Jack was forced to continue the assessment by himself—a ball of mud carrying a measuring tape!

When it was time to collect undisturbed samples of this material, such a place was found behind a wedge-shaped promontory. The layer of thick matter was wet and heavy, being pulled apart by its own weight. The three-inch deposit cracked into all sizes, but all were basically square in form. Its bed of coarse, wet river gravel allowed the samples to be picked up quite easily—like chasing a fried egg around the inside of a Teflon skillet.

The problem of trying to get samples which were free of fingermarks or sags was solved by using slabs of thin sandstone shale as platters. Shoved deep into the gravel base beneath the sample, they could then be gently lifted straight up, carrying each piece edged by its natural crack. This must be what some of the local people called "Bentonite." The Big Bend is full of it, including the Tornillo. When wet, it becomes a quivering mass of heavy gray clabber.

Bentonite's tenacity was soon proved when we stood in a swift rivulet of Tornillo Creek in an attempt to clean up. After having spent more than an hour of wallowing in it, we were solidly encased up to the knees, with more dabs, chunks and smears as far as the eyes. The larger chunks when torn from our boots dropped into the water and lay there—neither moving nor melting. When we reached flesh, leather and clothing, it only smeared around from one spot to another. There is a definite market

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for this substance somewhere—maybe recapping tires or holding dentures! Our boots are still covered with it. It would be classed as clay more than mud.

Joseph Oscar Langford spoke of clay deposits near his homestead, and something similar to our goo must have been what he used when roofing his adobe home. He told of putting a six-inch layer of damp clay over rafters of river cane, assuring a good waterproof roof after it had dried and hardened. In this statement we certainly concur!

Phase Two ended with measurements and collecting samples of soil. Phase Three began with the known history of the Hot Springs. Using Langford's book as a guide, we began searching out many of the historical sites relating to his thirty-three years there.

In May 1909, Oscar and Bessie Langford, with their eighteen-month-old daughter Lovie and two Mexican freighters, struck out across the unfamiliar territory between Alpine and their new homestead at Hot Springs. The ailing Langford had heard of the miracles performed by the Hot Springs water, and upon hearing that the land was open to homesteading, bought three sections sight unseen. The distance between Alpine and Hot Springs can today be covered in a few hours by automobile, but for the Langford family it took almost two weeks, seeing as how their strong-willed mules decided when and where *they* would camp for the night!

Their route was by old Fort Peña and Garden Springs, to the Combs Ranch and Double Windmills on Maravillas Creek. Persimmon Gap was used then, as now, to enter what later became the National Park—the new land Oscar Langford had chosen for his family. Overnight stops at Bone Springs, the Dunbar and Wyert homesteads, the Boggs Ranch and La Noria (Boquillas Post Office) put them within seven miles of their Hot Springs destination. Their last seven miles had been triumphantly conquered by man, wagon and jackass in their struggle to overpower the Tornillo's sand, quicksand, and sometimes "wet" bottom. On foot, we reconnoitered the last mile of Langford's battle up the Tornillo. Bits and pieces of his life began falling into place as we located detailed sites mentioned in his book.

Within three-quarters of a mile from the Rio Grande, Oscar and Bessie Langford were surprised to find a dugout occupied by Cleofas Navidad, his wife and ten children. Oscar and Bessie had assumed their three sections of land were uninhabited, but since the land had been vacant, Cleofas had squatted on the same land his forefathers had farmed, and he had ten acres under cultivation. He was successfully raising melons, beans, corn, squash, and lots of healthy children, goats, chickens and dogs. Cleofas proved to be a good tenant and friend of the Langfords, agreeing to work out his rent.

STILL USING Langford's book as a guide, we worked our way nearer to where the Tornillo meets the Rio Grande —where Langford met still more of his Big Bend neighbors! Expecting solitude, and perhaps even loneliness in the Hot Springs area, unexpected company arrived even before the wagons were unloaded and camp had been set up. Without their visitors the young couple and little Lovie might have spent quite some time in the creek bottom, for their wagons had sunk to their axles in soft sand.

Tom Shakelford and his son-in-law, Earl McKinney, were camped near the Hot Spring with their families who had come all the way from Marathon for the baths and some sport from the Rio Grande's big catfish. The combined efforts of these two men, Langford, and the two Mexican freighters, pulled them out of their embarrassing fix and onto solid ground where Oscar and Bessie began setting up a temporary camp until a permanent home could be built.

The home is still there, in a beautiful cliff-shaded cleft of land, like a happy dimple between fat cheeks of hills. They found an abandoned dugout of sturdy rock, and covered its walls with a tent. In front, another tent was put up to provide a second room. For six months these two rooms were used for sleeping, eating and storing supplies.

The dugout walls remain, but we wondered about the intricate network of rocks lacing the ground in front of the old dugout. We followed some of them far down-canyon, losing them in thickets of brush and cactus. What we had assumed to be rock-terrace irrigation ditches and stone-lined gardens were later identified for us by Lovie Langford Whitaker as a miniature golf course her father had built in 1931-32—"and a pretty good one it was, too."

Sixty-one years have passed since the Langfords first saw their future "Mecca of the Health Seeker." The Tornillo still trickles water, but not in the series of shining limpid pools Langford described as reaching all the way to the Rio Grande. The hills are still cloaked with lechugilla, mesquite, prickly pear and other desert plants.

The worn footpath to his Hot Springs can still be walked. A second Hot Spring is farther downstream from the larger, well-known spring. Found outside his property line, Oscar managed to lease it from G. D. Gordon of far-off Iowa for thirty dollars a year.

Billie and Henry Moore of Study Butte, at the park's west entrance, joined us for a day's work at Hot Springs. Long time friends of ours, Henry has assisted us many times as guide and hiking companion. It was Henry who led the way to find the elusive spring. It was buried beneath a crushing growth of river cane. To see and touch the miracle water, we crawled on our stomachs beneath a shroud of brush, then stretched our arms into a black grotto of hot, silted darkness.

Soon both springs will be available to the park visitor. Plans are now underway by the National Park Service to restore the historic "Fountain of Youth That Ponce de Leon Failed to Find."

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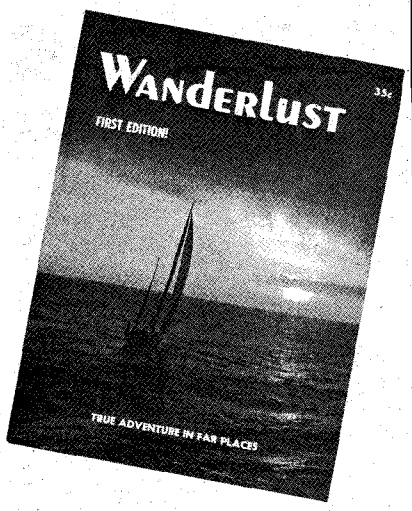

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know Langford better. His book might hold a clue. Perhaps some visitor might have been educated in the classics and languages. Eminent guests such as Henry B. du Pont were obsessed by the Big Bend's untamed beauty, as were Colonel Martin Crimmins and Commander Claude Young; but these men were devoted to exploring, charting and photographing the unknown regions of Big Bend.

Two buildings adjacent to the old Hot Springs Trading Post could not be accounted for in the research we had thus far compiled. They were west of the historic compound, across a dry wash which separated the encircling hills just enough to have been used for the wagon road into Hot Springs. Improved upon by the park department, the road accommodates the modern-day visitor of Hot Springs (with even greater improvements planned in the restoration program). We learned the two structures are to be torn down, making room for a large parking area, with a footbridge arching the dry wash.

These old houses are not part of the original Hot Springs, but should be explained since they are shown in many of the photographs. The smaller of the two houses is frame and is privately owned. It was built by the Star Route postman, Ed Hancock, during his forty years of carrying the mail between Marathon and Hot Springs. The larger rock house was built by an Alpine businessman, Charles Livingston. Its stuccoed inner walls were gaily muraled with western scenes by Etta Kock of Alpine, when she and her husband Pete operated the Hot Springs concession in the early 1950s.

These buildings accounted for, we began the search for Langford's beginnings—from 1909 to 1942, when their property was sought by the State of Texas.

With winter approaching, and a second child on its way, Oscar and Cleofas had built a one-room adobe, described as being on "high ground," with an open view of the Rio Grande to the south. On November 25, 1909 the adobe was ready. Three days later, Lucille Langford was born. The following year Oscar enlarged his homestead house with two rooms built from rock. His Hot Spring was nearby, only 150 feet away—but straight down below the bluff. Langford wrote of using a winch and bucket to haul water.

We walked the bluffs above where we thought the Hot Spring was located, but found nothing. The original dirt-floored adobe would have melted from age, but the concrete-floored, stone rooms should have survived anything West Texas could have thrown at them. Trying to find rock walls among millions of similar-colored rocks seemed hopeless until Jack's logical mind took charge of his illogical feet and marched them back to an old road we had seen in the hills behind the trading post. The ruts were rock-terraced in places where grades were steep, but decayed now by erosion and non-use, the ruts have slipped off the hillsides; those remaining have grown over with desert flora, but the trail is visible and can be walked with ease. Three ridges later Jack found the Langford homestead house. Nothing remains but one concrete floor and its southeast foundation.

Left untouched was the Langfords' view! The Rio Grande still winds its lovely way through green-wrinkled canyons, and far below, across the river, the tranquil panorama of Old Mexico is unchanged.

DURING THE WINTER of 1909 and 1910, Herman Jacobs, a neighboring homesteader and stone-mason from McKinney Hills, helped Oscar build a bathhouse over the large Hot Spring. It was made of loose stones gathered from nearby cliffsides. The spring was then capped and its water piped into various tubs plastered with cement. In early 1910 the bathhouse was ready for use.

By word of mouth, stories of the curative water brought tourists wanting treatment. In 1912 Langford was financially able to make improvements at his popular spa. Brush and cane shelters were built for those early-day bathers who stayed for the three-week treatment. Oscar then took advantage of his smaller leased spring downriver, where one tub and a crude shelter served the pariah guest who needed help curing his "social diseases."

Border bandits and Mexican revolution along the Rio Grande in 1913 caused the Langfords to temporarily forfeit their dream of building a trading post, post office and motor court. They fled to El Paso, returning to Hot Springs in 1927. The returning family had increased in size with the birth of two sons, LeRoy and Joe. Soon after their homecoming a trading post and post office for settlements on both sides of the river was built. It served Americans, Mexicans and Indians.

Nearby the motor court offered rooms to those not wishing to camp.

Inside each cabin Mrs. Guy (Mazie) Lee of Marathon painted murals which are still elegant in color and motif despite exposure from missing windows and doors, and the collapse of the cane-covered ramada which had extended over the long veranda.

Over the past century, Hot Springs has been the hub of many romantic thoroughfares. Indian and Mexican trails were worn deep when the Langfords arrived, but had widened considerably when they sold their land in 1942. In June 1944, Amon G. Carter, Sr., President of the Texas Big Bend National Park Association, delivered the deed of cession to President Franklin D. Roosevelt. A dream had come true for Texas Ranger Captain E. E. Townsend—the Big Bend National Park was now a gift from the people of Texas to the people of the United States. We wonder how many of its visitors over the years found relics that could shed light on the Big Bend Tablet. The Nickles and Uzzells should be commended for promptly delivering their find to a Ranger; for despite the law prohibiting removal of park property, it is not unlikely that some of its treasures have been found and never reported!

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Oscar Langford found a wealth of relics, and admitted a great deal to his fascination with the Big Bend lay in its tangible evidences from ages past. His search included the Hot Springs, the river trail to San Vicente, Mariscal and Chisos Mountains, and in Indian Campgrounds in the Sierra del Carmen Mountains. Bernice Nickles saw part of his collection at San Marcos, Texas several weeks before our October meeting. Originally it had been purchased from the Langford family by a professor from Rice Institute. Later Mr. and Mrs. Paul Rogers of San Marcos purchased the larger part of the Langford collection, with a smaller portion being sold to a Mr. Thompson of Flatonia, Texas.

The late Paul Rogers once visited Oscar Langford, then living in Kerrville with his daughter Lovie. He invited Mr. Langord to visit San Marcos and explain the history behind each of the artifacts, but Mr. Langford was too aged for such a trip. How many times we ourselves wished for Oscar, Bessie, and Lovie Langford! They could have answered in minutes, questions taking months to solve!

FORTUNATELY we were able to locate Michael Langford, grandson of Oscar and Bessie, son of LeRoy, and nephew of Lovie. With the exception of Oscar Langford and little Lucille, the Langford family was still together. Bessie, in her mid-nineties, is remarkably fit and her memory intact.

Lovie was able to clear up some of the mysteries; in time, perhaps will clear up all of them. From her personal recollections and her father's papers and manuscript, she has established the sites and dates of historic structures at Hot Springs, and has furnished additional information to carry on the research in coming years. Lovie Langford Whitaker is an enthusiastic anthropologist and ornithologist. Her interest in the Hot Spring pictographs and petroglyphs began in the early 1930s.

"The pictographs at Hot Springs could be seen in the bluffs that ran behind the tourist court, an area beginning some seventy-five yards downstream from that building. As I recall, these were fewer than in the petroglyphs there, and some of these picture-writings were now and again covered by steep sand-drifts in which stood heavy mesquite thickets. Here, I did some digging about on the surface, sometimes uncovering other picture writings on the face of the bluff."

From the objects seen in the Langford Collection, and described to us by Bernice Nickles, there seemed to be two non-Indian "oddities." One was a flat circular stone engraved with four arrows pointing to the four points of the compass. This stone is still under investigation. The second, and the most provocative, was a three-legged animal carved from wood. It stands twelve inches tall, on two front legs spread eighteen inches apart. From head to tail it is two feet long. The animal's tail caused speculation. Slanted eyes and pointed ears scored points for the animal's being a cat, but the short tail is more reminiscent of a dog. The woodcarver had joined the hind-legs as one. Each of the animal's teeth was inlaid from what appeared to be bone.

To this question Lovie answered, "I do know of the carved wooden animal that stands on a tripod. This was made by my father in the thirties; it was carved out of a mesquite joint that lent itself to the form of a squat and broad-chested, bull dog-like critter. It was used for a doorstop in the store-post-office for years. It was sanded and shellacked so that the natural duo-toned wood colors showed to advantage. Its face wore a broad grin, not very pretty."

As for the Big Bend Tablet? It is unknown to the Langford family. "I cannot imagine anyone 'planting' an artifact in order to make a joke. At least not 'way off down there on the Rio Grande where the chances of its being found would be so unlikely."

ONE MONTH prior to our Big Bend date we submitted the tablet slides for study by Dr. Cyrus Gordon, Chairman of Mediterranean Studies, Brandeis University. Dr. Gordon's recent assessment of the Brazilian "Paraiba Stone" inscription captured worldwide attention in 1968.

The Big Bend Tablet and the Paraiba Stone have one thing in common—both originals are missing.

Slaves found the Paraiba Stone on a plantation near Paulo Alto. In 1872 a copy of the text was sent to the Instituto Historico in Rio de Janeiro. For ninety-eight years the subject had been kicked around. One day, Professor Jules Piccus, University of Massachusetts, found the old transcript and a copy was sent Dr. Gordon for his opinion. The previous ninety-eight-year study had failed to recognize a legitimate usage of words spelled two ways. Today experts know there is a feminine and masculine form! Erudite knowledge of this kind has been a long, hard struggle, but now lends its support to authenticate the Paraiba Stone's startling message that a Phoenician sea-expedition had discovered the Americas six centuries before Christ!

"We are Sidonian Canaanites from the city of the Merchantile King. We were cast up on this distant shore, a land of mountains. We sacrificed a youth to the celestial gods and goddesses in the nineteenth year of our mighty Lord Hiram and embarked from Ezion-geber into the Red Sea. We voyaged with ten ships and were together for two years around Africa. Then we were separated by the hand of Baal and were no longer with our companions. So we have come here, twelve men and three women, into 'New Shore'. Am I, the admiral, a man who would flee? Nay! May the celestial gods and goddesses favor us well."

Dr. Gordon stresses the importance of the fact that the language used was related more to Judean Hebrew than Sidonian Phoenician. Israelites and Phoenicians had sailed together as partners for more than four centuries; one should not be surprised when their dialects form a similar partnership.

(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 47)

Two years following Dr. Gordon's success with the Paraiba Inscription, he made another startling discovery—this time closer to home. In 1885, during excavation of an Indian burial mound at Bat Creek, Tennessee, Cyrus Thomas, who worked with the Smithsonian Institution, found an inscribed rock beneath one of the nine skeletons. The "Cyrus Thomas Stone" was thought to have been written in Cherokee, or even Phoenician. No wonder it had been confusing for language specialists to agree if they were using the Smithsonian Report and photograph; it had been printed upside down! In its proper perspective the message reads that Jews, fleeing west to escape Roman persecution, had discovered a haven in America one thousand years before Columbus. Here they were safe from the long-reaching tentacles of the Roman Empire, bent on squeezing them out of existence. Their message reads, "For the land of Judah."

If anyone can break the Big Bend's language barrier it will be men like Covey, Andronica, Evans, and Gordon. Combined efforts from men like these will establish its authenticity, or see to its expulsion from America's archives of greatness. No matter what their final decision may be, we have been proud to share our work with men whose minds are open and receptive to the new evidences of America's sometimes being quite *crowded* with foreign explorations. Either by storm-swept accident, by reason of adventure to escape persecution, to crusade the world's religions, or to explore and colonize—many diverse groups have landed on these shores.

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Idaho's Last Indian Scare

(Continued from page 28)

it might have been a good thing they hadn't encountered a hostile band.

Morale was still at a low ebb several days later when the men were listlessly eating their evening meal. Ramey was most conscious of the fiasco they'd been through; of trying to fight the boulders, cliffs and tangles they had found in the Middle Fork Canyon far below the trails he had used in guiding them downriver. And Ramey, possibly more than any other man in the outfit, realized the need for diversion of some kind. With sudden inspiration he stood up and asked, "Any of you men ever hunt mountain sheep? I don't mean just going out and shooting one—I mean hunting them the way the Indians do when they want a lot of meat."

Most of the soldiers didn't even know what he was talking about, but they were immediately interested.

"Well, since tomorrow is the Fourth of July," Ramey went on, "anybody who feels like a little celebrating is invited to go with me. I'll show you how it's done. And I'll practically guarantee you'll be the first bunch of white men ever to do it."

Early the next morning the troopers mounted up and followed Ramey toward a high peak extending southward above the ridge. They rode past large game licks not far from their camp at the sulphur springs, and soon began seeing game everywhere. As they neared the peak, Scout Ramey called a halt.

"We'll split up here," he instructed. "Half of you go to the right, half to the left. When you meet on the other side of the peak, we'll all start riding in a circle, moving toward the top and drawing closer together as we near the summit."

Hardly had they started riding when they began to see the Rocky Mountain Bighorns, spooked by the men and climbing swiftly away from them. By the time the accumulated herd reached the top, milling around and nervously watching the advancing soldiers, their number was probably in the hundreds.

Suddenly Ramey held up his hand, calling a halt and shouting, "Open fire!"

The bewildered sheep, crazy with fear, exploded out of the tightly packed circle, plunging downward in all directions, racing blindly between the horses—or jumping completely over the top of them! The soldiers fired their guns, shouted and laughed in wild abandon—the first real release from tension in many a day.

The results of the kill furnished the camp with all the meat needed for a long time, and also furnished the memory of the most exciting hunt ever experienced by those soldiers! They called the place Sheep Mountain, and it still carries this name.

From there the expedition traveled south, back-tracking the same trail it had used in coming from Fort Boise to Oro Grande on Loon Creek. When they reached Cape Horn Creek the troopers made camp for about twelve days, while the pack train was sent back to Boise Barracks for more supplies.

WHEN on the move again, they followed easier country because Bernard had decided to move to the head of the South Fork of Salmon River, a circuitous route that would eventually give them better access to the country on the west side of formidable Middle Fork. On much better trails they followed South Fork down to its confluence with the Salmon. The spring run-off had lost its fury, making the receding streams safer to ford, and throughout the trek they found plenty of fish and game.

July was at an end when they reached the Johnson ranch where the Indians had killed two white men early in the season. Here they rendezvoused with the other two forces which had been sent into the mountain section from the

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north. One of these units was under Lieutenant Henry Catley with one full company and a part of another from Camp Howard; the other was led by Lieutenants E. S. Farrow and W. C. Brown, with seven troopers and twenty Umatilla Indians from their reservation in Oregon. This latter unit also had a pack train with six additional men in charge of it.

Although all forces were under the command of Captain Bernard, each detachment had been operating and would continue to operate virtually upon its own resources. Without maps, trails or any other information about the huge area to be searched, there was no chance of full cooperation under a single leader.

The Bernard and Farrow detachments scouted out the western section to the Payette and Crooked Rivers with little difficulty. Catley, however, wasn't so lucky. Ordered eastward toward the Middle Fork territory, he scouted down Big Creek, one of its tributaries, and in the canyon cut an Indian trail.

Catley followed it right into an ambush! Indian warriors, hidden in the rocks across the creek, wounded two of his men, and Catley yelled the order to retreat. About two miles back upsteam the soldiers met their pack train which had been following them, and camp was made.

Soon after, in checking his troops, Catley discovered that one of the wounded men was missing. Without even asking permission, volunteers were on their horses, clattering back toward the ambush site as fast as they could go. Miraculously they found the wounded soldier where he had toppled off his horse beside the trail, undiscovered by the Indians and still alive. They brought him safely back to camp.

The next morning, July 31, the retreat was continued but it became apparent they couldn't go far, because everywhere they looked they spotted Indians watching them from a distance. The only possible refuge was to get on high ground and entrench as best they could. This they promptly did on the nearest likely looking hill.

The angry warriors had no intention of letting the white men keep the advantage of this position, so they set fire to the grass and waited for the flames to drive the enemy out. But the soldiers counter-fired.

All that day the command was pinned down and harassed by shots from every direction. To make matters worse the heat was unbearable—and there wasn't a drop of water. In desperation the vinegar supply was brought out and the men tried to quench their thirst with it. To this day, their place of refuge is known as "Vinegar Hill."

When welcome night came at last, the full impact of their hopeless situation hit them. There wasn't the slightest chance that tomorrow would bring any change—except they would be more thirsty. All the Indians had to do was sit tight until the whites had to make a try to get water. Escape right now while they still had their strength seemed the only solution.

Much as the panic-stricken wild sheep had done on the day of the big hunt, the animal instinct for survival became a headlong stampede among the men. What supplies and equipment weren't scattered downhill were mostly abandoned in unthinking haste. And even when the troopers were some distance from Vinegar Hill they kept on going until their disorganized retreat was stopped by a messenger with orders to wait for Bernard and reinforcements of twenty-five men under Captain A. G. Force from Camp Howard.

Gratefully, though somewhat shamefacedly, the routed Catley stopped running, and was soon joined by Bernard and his men. In the meantime, the frustrated Indians attacked a place nearby, known as Rain's Ranch, killing Rain and wounding a Mr. Webber. It was here that Bernard established a base camp for his army.

BY the 12th of August all units had moved eastward and joined Bernard. This gave him a total of 178 officers and men, including scouts, guides, the 20 Umatillas, and 22 packers.

The entire command began moving down Big Creek, which they soon found to be about as rough as Middle Fork Canyon had been. Again horses and mules met with grief. The canyon walls were so steep and rocky it was often necessary to wade right down the stream, through stretches of huge, leg-breaking boulders and into deep holes that swam the laboring animals. After several days of this torture, camp was made on a high bar over the creek.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Farrow's Umatilla scouts preceded the soldiers by several hours and near the bar where camp was made, had cut fresh Indian sign. The scouts followed the tracks which led up into the high terrain to the south. Near the top the country was more open, and here they slipped up on the hostiles. Indian met Indian head on! Unprepared and totally surprised, the Sheepeaters were routed and chased for several miles by the Umatillas.

When further pursuit seemed futile, the Umatillas returned to the Sheepeater camp and found supplies that the warriors had taken from Vinegar Hill when it was abandoned by Catley's command.

The next day Bernard sent Catley and his men to await an expected pack train that would be loaded with needed provisions. Farrow's Umatilla scouts again left camp as advance guards for the balance of the command, which was to follow a few hours later. The Umatillas were to lead the way to where the Sheepeaters had last been seen after the short encounter of the previous day. When Bernard mounted up his main command, he detailed only a few troopers to stay behind as guards for the two pack trains at camp. The Captain wanted all available manpower riding with him that day in an all-out attempt to round up the renegades and put an end to this "war."

Hardly were the troopers out of sight of camp when the sound of gunfire behind them jerked them to a halt. Indian

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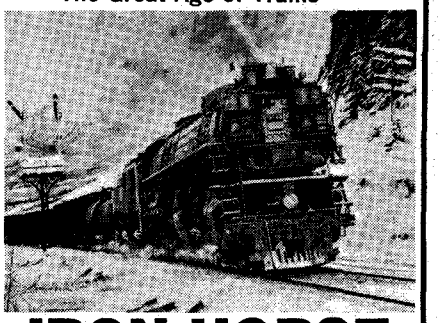

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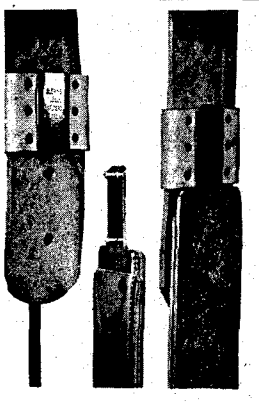

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cunning had again outwitted the whites. Sheepeaters were attacking the pack trains and their limited defenders. Spinning his horse on the trail as he shouted orders, Bernard raced back with his soldiers; but by the time they got to the camp the attacking Indians had vanished.

The surprise raid had mortally wounded Harry Egan, who was shot through both thighs. A hurried examination by the surgeon, T. E. Wilcox, revealed that the only chance Egan had was immediate amputation. Egan died during the operation and was buried by the trail. Years later the government erected a small monument at the grave. This place is called "Soldier Bar."

Camp was not moved until the next morning, when Bernard and his command resumed following Farrow's scouts as soon as they had assured themselves that the attackers had left the area for good. With this delay they didn't catch up with the Umatillas until night had fallen. Again they found Indian scouts triumphant. Proudly the Umatillas told how they had tracked the Sheepeaters who, unable to travel fast enough with their loaded pack animals, had abandoned more of their provisions and about thirty head of horses and mules in their effort to escape.

Without this burden the Sheepeaters outdistanced the soldiers, but they couldn't take time to fish or hunt and their food was running low. They didn't allow that inconvenience to slow them up, however—they simply killed and ate two horses and a mule. But the soldiers, who were begining to face the same shortages because of the huge number of men to be fed every day, weren't faring so well. And Catley still hadn't showed up with the supplies he had been sent to intercept.

Bernard expected a pack train to come from Boise Barracks to the original camp on Loon Creek, back on the east side of the Middle Fork, but that wasn't helping much at the moment. Finally he decided he'd head in that direction with his troopers, together with Captain Force and his command. They took some provisions, barely enough to last to the Loon Creek rendezvous, and gave all the rest to Farrow, ordering him to return to the camp at Rain's Ranch.

BERNARD worked his way through the mountain basins, then dropped down to the Middle Fork Canyon at Camas Creek, and then on across to Loon Creek. But he found no pack train, and lack of supplies had become a critical problem. In desperation, Bernard elected to remain at Loon Creek with his own men, but to send Captain Force and his company back-tracking across the Middle Fork to try and overtake Farrow and get enough food to last until new provisions did arrive from somewhere.

Force set out with his weary, hungry men, but never did catch up with Farrow nor did he meet Catley's supply train. So there was no choice except to keep going toward Rain's Ranch. Tired, starved and fatigued beyond description, they were a sorry bunch of men when they finally reached it.

In the meantime, Bernard had contacted headquarters, reporting the condition of his troops, and was authorized to return to Boise Barracks to rest and reorganize. He arrived in Boise on September 8. His men had gone through three months of as much torture, danger, hunger and frustration as had ever been experienced by troopers in any extended campaign. And yet—with four companies all working together under the

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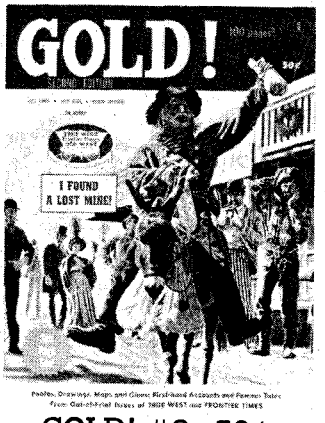

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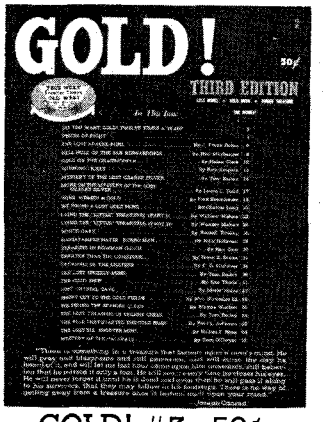

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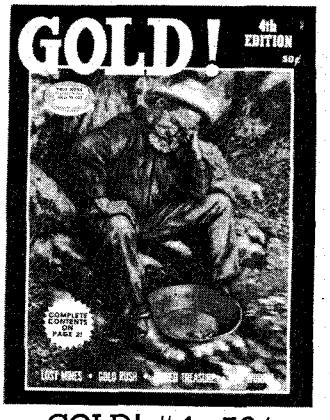

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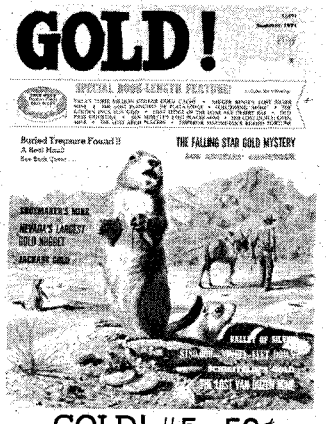

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leadership of an officer who was both energetic and intelligent—the elusive Sheepeaters, a rag-tag bunch at best, had never been brought to battle, nor were they controlled in any manner. The campaign had been a total failure—to say nothing of all the money it cost, or the loss of supplies, ammunition, equipment and seventy-five head of horses and mules killed by drowning or falling from precipitous trails. Bernard's troopers, packers and what animals had survived were very much used up. No wonder, considering they had traveled an estimated 1,200 miles since leaving the fort in June.

With Bernard out of action, the other commands eventually got back to the base station at Rain's Ranch, and held a joint discussion of the situation as it then stood. Since none of them in their various circuitous routes had encountered any of the Sheepeaters again, they were literally stalled in their mission. They couldn't fight a wraith; they couldn't defeat a shadow.

No one had any suggestions as to where to search further until someone came up with the idea that there might be one section, the country west of lower Middle Fork, that had not been scouted. At least, they had had no actual reports from that territory. Discouraged as they were, some of the men spoke out against another wild goose chase through country that was sure to be cruel, when there was a distinct possibility that the hostiles had left the area and scattered in all directions.

Final decisions had always been made by Bernard, but now each outfit was more or less on its own. Lieutenants Farrow and Brown made up their minds to cover that last unexplored region before giving up. On September 17, together with the competent and proven Umatilla scouts, they left Rain's Ranch with a force of twenty-three men and a sufficient pack train. No sooner had they reached their target area than the advance Umatillas ran across and captured two squaws, one with a tiny baby and a young boy. When the captives were brought to Farrow's camp they probably hid the terror that must have been in their hearts, stoically awaiting the fate they could expect at the hands of the enemy. Much to their surprise, however, they were treated well.

With patience and kindness, the Indian women were urged to act as mediators between the red and white camps, in an attempt to stave off the killing that surely must come otherwise. If the Sheepeaters would come to terms, their safety would be guaranteed. If they would not give themselves up, the only alternative the military had was to keep chasing them until they could force a fight. In this event the Indians could not win; they were too far outnumbered.

Under gentle but presistent urging, the women came to understand the futility of their men's running, fighting and hiding any longer. They agreed to go to their people and try to convince them to surrender. The officers kept the tiny papoose in camp as hostage while its mother went on the peace mission.

Farrow's camp during these negotiations was on the headwaters of a creek that they called Papoose Creek, and it still retains this name. Farrow Mountain, in the same region, is named for the lieutenant.

One can well imagine the skepticism these brave Indian women met in their own camp when they appeared and presented the white soldiers' ultimatum. No doubt their people looked on them as traitors, and expected the soldiers to be right behind them, following with blood in their eyes. However, in one of the few examples in American history, the white men did keep their word to the red men. If the intermediaries were followed no one knew about it; and later peace promises were never violated.

It must have been with a rather sick, hopeless feeling that the mother returned day after day to her baby, knowing she had again failed in her mission. But neither Farrow nor the women would give up. And after seemingly endless concessions and conditions and arbitrations were carried back and forth between the camps, a truce was reached.

Fifty-one Indians surrendered and delivered up an assortment of rifles and shotguns of various types and in varying states of repair, numbering less than twenty in all. There was no doubt that only the poorest of their guns were turned over to the soldiers, and that the better ones were cached where only the Sheepeaters could ever find them. And Farrow was not fooled into thinking that the Indians he dealt with were more than a fraction of the many still hidden out in that wild country—which was, in truth, too rough and impassable to make any further attempt to apprehend the tribes who would remain as untamed as their environment.

According to George Shoup's history, Indian writings in the Middle Fork Canyon "indicate that hostile Indians crossed to the east side of the river and passed up into the mountains on this east side, in the Rattlesnake, Arapaho and Cave Creeks sections."

As inconclusive as it was, this surrender ended the Sheepeater War. Historians agree that the title "Sheepeater War" is inaccurate, maintaining that the principal instigators were the Bannocks who stayed on the warpath even after the end of their own rebellion. Be that as it may, the army was able to withdraw all troops from this previously uncharted wilderness, and the captives were taken to a reservation in Oregon.

For actual accomplishments during the campaign only the Umatilla scouts could take any credit; in such country (now a part of Idaho's famous Primitive Area) no one except an Indian stood a chance against another Indian. However, the white members of the commands shouldn't be sold short. They persisted with courage during months of constant danger, in impossible surroundings, with many losses and hardships, at times weak with hunger and injuries, and running on pure nerve alone.

Scout Ramey and Jake Barus, with

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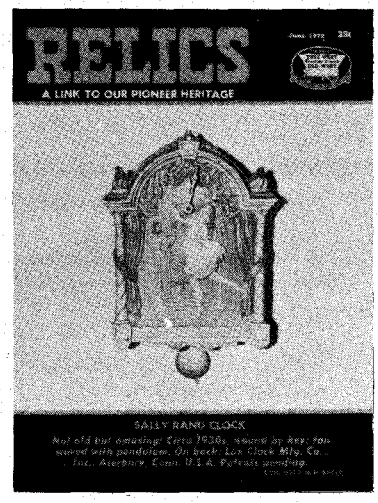

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what was left of his pack train, returned to their respective homes in Custer and Lemhi Counties, where they lived out the balance of their lives. To both men, their tribulations during that long, hot summer of 1879 were a constant source of wonder. Matutse, the only survivor of the Chinese massacre at Oro Grande, moved to Salmon City where he lived for many years. He was quiet, always friendly, and made a living selling firewood.

This so-called Sheepeater War represented the last Indian outbreak in Idaho. With it ended an unforgettable era in the history of the West.

Story of an Emigrant Boy

(Continued from page 25)

where we had lunch received me with a hearty embrace, because she said I was *hermano* (brother) of *Señor* Don Roberto, *su amigo*.

We drove forty miles, ten miles through a winding river canyon, without incident and landed in the sheltered confines of the Hacienda de Los Minas de Vallecillo, our destination.

The mines employed eight American foremen and 250 Mexicans, and produced silver lead ore. This was at the time, in 1885, before the Dias regime had firmly established itself, and large parties of bandits were still sailing under the name of *revolucionarios* and terrorizing outlying districts.

From the outlook at the top of one of our shaft's derricks we could see these armed bands taking the neighboring town of Vallecillo, looting the stores and carrying off citizens to be shot. We knew we were in danger whenever these bandits were about, but we were prepared with men, guns and ammunition to meet all odds. That the bandits were afraid of us there was no doubt, for the lure of the glittering silver dollars kept on hand for payroll purposes must have been a terrible magnet to draw them. The tensest moment I ever experienced in my life was one day when our gateman rushed in while we were eating lunch saying that a troop of armed horsemen had dashed through the gate. That was a flagrant breach, and the leader, being on unfriendly terms with my brother, we prepared for the worst.

My brother ordered all of us to stay where we were, but to be ready with our guns. He was going to meet the leader alone and would not allow me to follow him. Face to face, with only a .32 Smith and Wesson pistol in his pocket, he told the leader he would have to withdraw his band or bear the consequences. Cowed, the leader turned about with his men and we felt immensely relieved when they filed through the gate.

THERE WERE many amusing experiences with our untrained Mexican help. The houseboy, being told to blacken shoes for the first time, daubed them all over, including the soles, but left the heels untouched. One of our men, being late for dinner one day, asked the boy waiter if the soup was hot. He promptly put his fingers in the soup and said, "*Si, Señor.*" Our woman cook was surprised by us one day as we discovered her nursing at her breast a pet baby lamb.

Three years passed, and although we had many scares, nothing serious happened until one day [in 1888] my brother unfortunately met his death by falling into a mine shaft. The company wired me from New York to take charge of the mines until they could send a successor. After a wait of six months I asked to be relieved, not being a mining man, and longing (after three-and-a-half years' experience of strenuous exile) for a new environment and a change of living.

I shall never be able to tell how glad I was to get back to the good old United States, from a land where open rebellion bloomed, where loneliness brooded in the deep thickets, where friends were many and friendship cheap and where one was never safe from gloom, awake or asleep.

During my stay in Mexico I had planned to tour Europe, if I stayed alive that long, and to visit my old Home. So accordingly, in addition to native German and the English and Spanish I had acquired, I took lessons in French.

It was in 1889, the year of the Paris Exposition, that I traveled through England, France, Germany and Austria for a period of six months, seeing all I could for as little as possible. I met my first upset in Liverpool, when I was enticed to a hotel by a hotel runner, at so much a day, and was shocked to get a bill for double the amount, the hotel-keeper declaring that I had been there for so many days and so many nights. In Havre, France, they included a bottle of wine free with my meal, but charged me extra for a cup of coffee. In Paris I ventured into a Scotch restaurant and got scotched for a dollar for a plain omelet and potatoes, when I could have had, at any fixed-price French restaurant, a full course dinner and wine for thirty cents. Looking for a reasonably priced room in Paris the Madame asked me 1,200 francs until I could make her understand that I wanted a room only. In Vienna, returning after midnight to my lodgings, I was taxed for coming in after hours and the bill I got looked like a regular inventory of everything in the room. So in traveling in the countries of Europe one never knew what kind of a bargain one got until one got through.

Visiting my old friends and relations after an absence of fourteen years, I felt proud to talk about America and how unassisted, as a young boy, I had made my way there. What money I had earned I invested in education so I felt confident of my future. In returning I could eat in the ship's precious dining salon with white linen and silver, just like the people I envied when I first came over. The Goddess of Liberty would be no stranger to me, her torch the flashing beacon of welcome home, her promise the boundaries of the United States the only limit to my endeavors.

On my return to Texas I entered into partnership with my brother-in-law, under the name of the Hofmann Dry Goods Company. . . . We had little cash, but plenty of faith, to begin with. We put in a regular stock of drygoods, boots, shoes

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and furniture bought mostly in St. Louis, Missouri. There was a big San Antonio dry goods firm of P. Halff and Bros., who had a jolly salesman by the name of Lee B. Miller making regular rounds of our western territory. Coming up with two or three hackloads of trunks he would put up at the hotel and then go around to shake hands with the boys and set up drinks and play poker with them for the preliminary business rounds.

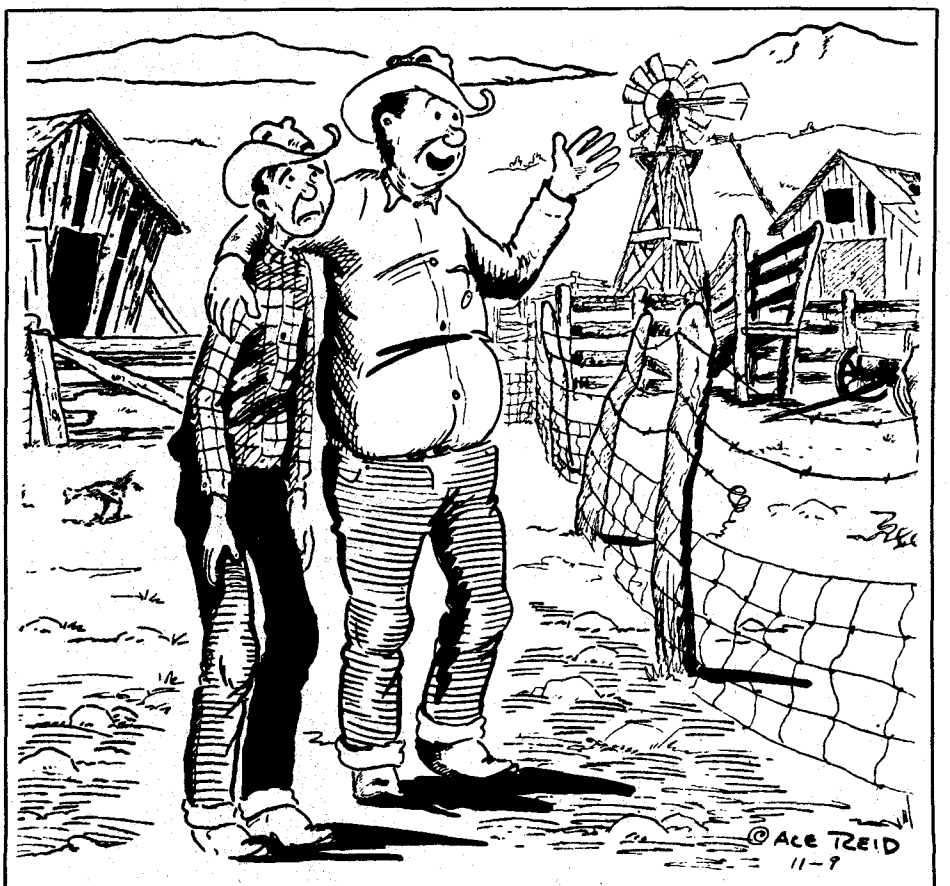
The next day, unless a fishing spree was proposed, he would get down to business, sell them a bill of Stetson hats, custom-made boots, and the whole range of dry goods that would make a present-day salesman turn green with envy.

WE HAD TO enlarge our store several times to keep step with our expanding business and we also bought everything we thought there was any money in—such as cotton, wool, cattle, sheep, furs, carloads of pecans, ranch lands and farms. We did not always come out ahead on these deals but our ledger always showed a substantial profit at the end of the year.

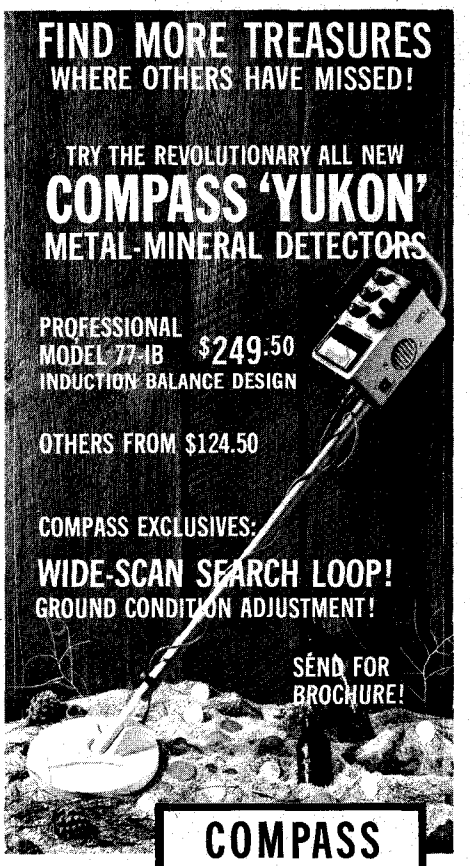
My partner, Bill Hofmann, as he was familiarly called, looked after the outside business while I looked after the store. Business was done mostly on credit, which meant that the cattle raiser would settle in the spring when they sold their yearlings; sheepmen when they sold their wool or mutton; and the farmer, when Providence was kind enough to raise a crop, settled once a year. In case of a crop failure we would extend credit for another year. In fact, credit was so liberal that a well known cattleman jokingly asked if we would sell him, on terms, six months down and the balance on time. Of course, we had a neighborly bank to back us in those days, but the loss from accounts was negligible for the amount of business we did.

During the fall season there was good-natured rivalry among the town merchants to buy the farmers' cotton. A farmer, rolling in with one, two, or three bales of cotton with his whole family perched on top of the bales, was sure to get a run for his money. The merchants, figuring how much trade of collection there might be in it for them, would bid up the cotton while the shrewd farmer would keep his own counsel.

After engaging in business as a member of the Hofmann Dry Goods Co., in Mason I married brother Robert's widow. She had a son, Harry, who later was a commander in the U.S. Navy. She had come back to Mason after my brother's death in the Mexican mine. We had six children and in time it became apparent that she had to have a change of climate and we moved to Los Angeles. Here I ran a dry goods store for sixteen years, but I never forgot Mason where many relatives and friends lived, and I went back as often as I could.



"... and just think, son, someday this will all be yours!"



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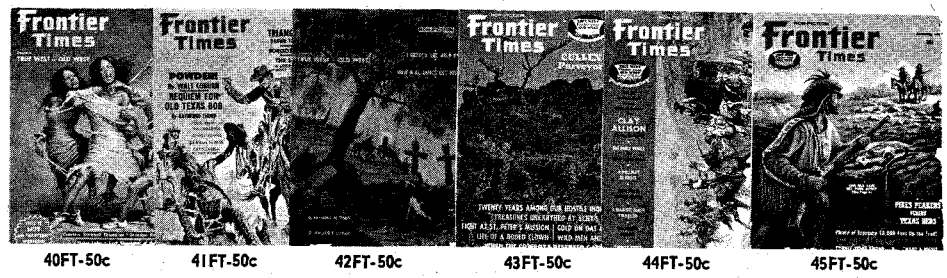

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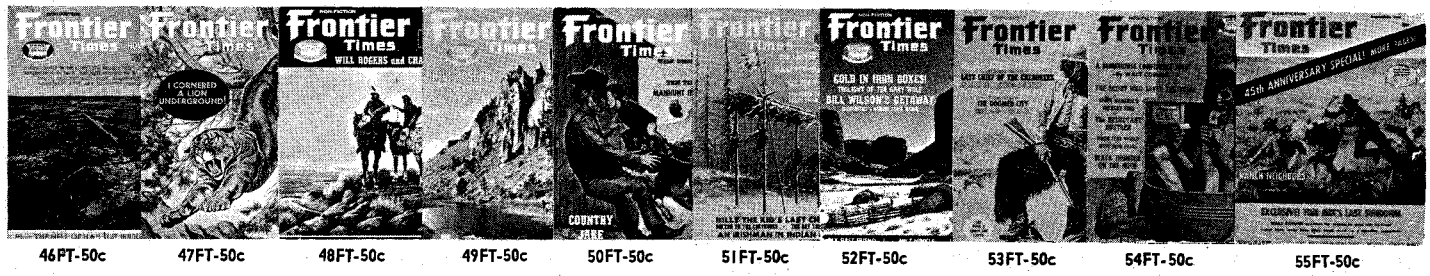

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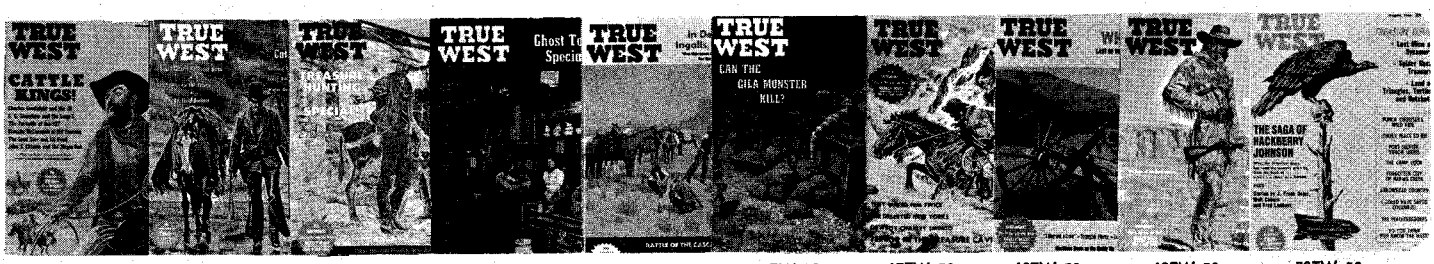

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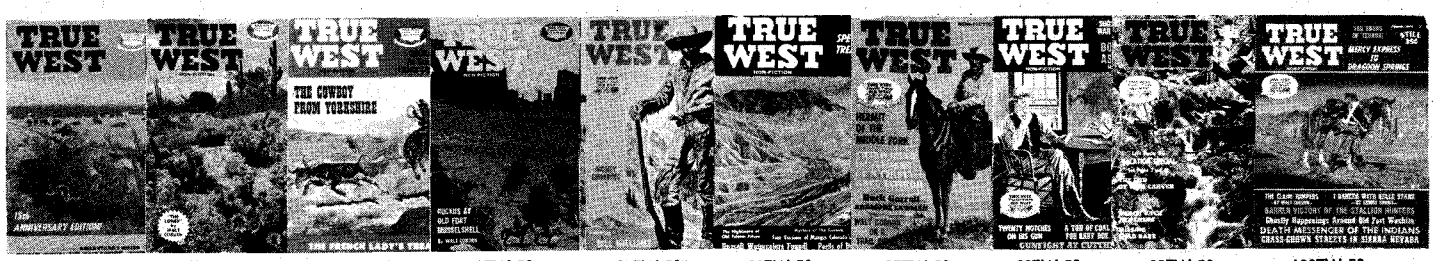

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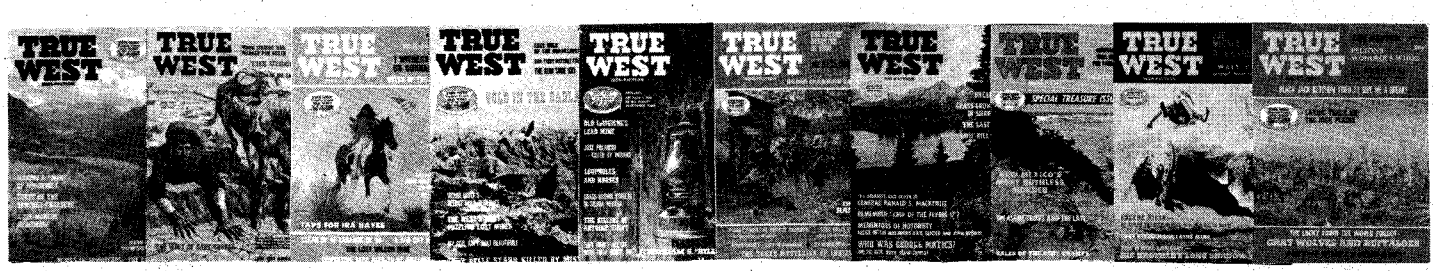

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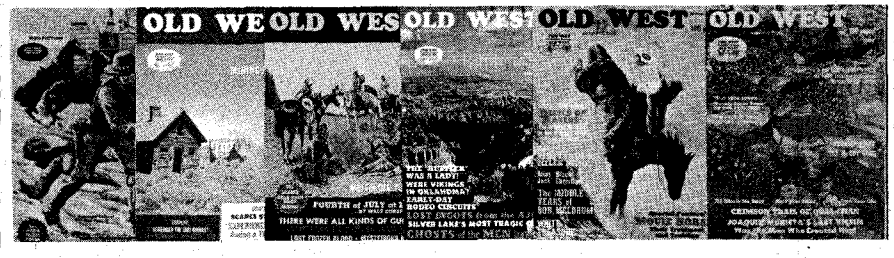

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The Girl Who Waited at Seaman's Rest

(Continued from page 32)

Stage of the passage is over. Thirty days to the "Line." The Captain does not appear to be steering for the points which insure a favorable passage at this time of the year.

I suppose you have heard of the "Rocky Road to Dublin"? Well we are on it now, for I have never before seen such a sea in the S.E. Trades. The old ship is "climbing hills" all the time . . . . The cook and 2nd Mate Stewart have commenced a blood feud over the allowance of water. One man (Brightman) has been laid up this week with saltwater boils on his arms. Another man (Rose) is practically useless and is not trustworthy at the wheel.

The "hoboy" we got is not a bad sort of lad. He was asking me this afternoon to give him four flour sacks with which to make a blanket. Evans turned him out with just one for a Cape Horn passage.

Evans ran the Sailor's Boarding House in Tacoma's Old Town on North McCarver Street.

November 18, 1900

Trouble with a capital 'T'. The Captain has been trying to pick a quarrel with me for the last week Yesterday it came to a head. He commenced to snarl at me. He clean lost his head and wanted me to fight. He admitted that he had had a grudge against me since the beginning of the voyage. It would have been better had he let me know this & paid me off in Tacoma.

2nd Mate Stewart & Steward clear away from me when they hear the Captain coming.

November 25, 1900

The air is getting quite cold now, in fact we have had a very cold passage right along. I think the world must be changing when you can cross the Equator without having real hot weather. I am sorry to say that we have passed the Pitcairn Island at a distance of over 400 miles to the Eastward.

December 2, 1900

We have had a good run this week, good northerly & westerly winds right through. We cannot complain about the weather so far, never having had the Royals off the ship yet & here we are almost to Cape Horn! We do not see any other ships—nothing since the second night after leaving Flattery & that is nearly sixty days ago now. We are all ready to snap each other's head off.

December 9, 1900

We sighted our first ship the day before we passed the Horn at 10 a.m. She is an homeward bounder & she did not come close enough for us to signal. The atmosphere is very hazy & it would have been a difficult matter to read the flags. She is a full rigged ship, double top gallantsails & Royals & painted either very dirty white or very light lead colour.

We have had a hard blow from the

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Northward on Wednesday & had the Royals furled for the first time & then only for four hours. Sixty-three days without starting a Royal sheet. I hope our luck will continue.

We have daylight the whole twenty-four hours now. I suppose the Forteviot will have left by this time. I often wonder if Mr. Gale will come home in her.

December 16, 1900

At last we have our faces turned to the Northward & are bowling along in pretty good style just now. Early Tuesday morning we developed a full fledged gale & were running under Main Upper Topsail & Foresail with a tremendous sea running. The decks were flooded continually. She shipped a "whopper" over the starboard side bursting in the door of the petty officer's room & the paneling of the poop. When the doors went in, in went the water completely flooding it & floating chests, beds, & clothes in all directions. With the next roll the chests got away, went crashing through the bulkhead into the Captain's room. The starboard side of the cabin was completely gutted . . . . The only things left intact in the Captain's room was the Chronometer. Even his Sextant got smashed up.

We got a false door fixed up in about an hour & sent the Carpenter & Sailmaker to fix it in. First of all they put up the bulkhead making it well secure, then put up the door making a good standing job of it. Then they woke up to the fact that they had fastened themselves in the room & had no way to get out. Finally the bulkhead was knocked down again to let them out & now has to be left down so they can get at the false door as it can only be taken down from the inside. We are smart!

We have seen no more ships since last Sunday. I am greatly disappointed for I expected seeing a lot off Cape Horn. We have passed the Falkland Islands so are well on our Third Stage now.

December 23, 1900

More damage! The boy fractured a rib on Friday morning just at the finish of our last gale. We have had a miserable week of it. Two hard gales with heavy squalls, rain & lightning.

The nights are getting longer now, we are getting back out of the Southern influence & we can sleep nights now.

Mr. Stewart (2nd Mate) has had a lot of trouble with the hands lately. He is ranging up alongside the Captain for protection in case of trouble.

HOWE's December 30 letter sounded forlorn. He said there was about as much "Christmas spirit" aboard the *Cabul* as one would find "in a derelict." By this time tension was growing among the hands—many were not speaking and there were several fights.

January 6, 1901

Toiling on! Yes, toiling on with a vengeance, only a little over a degree per day. It is heartbreaking. . . . I hope we have got the S.E. Trade, but I am afraid we are hardly far enough North for that as yet. Trouble! Lots of it this week All hands have been taken with a strange weakness in the arms & legs & have been struck partially dumb. They cannot "sing out" on a rope.

January 13, 1901

We have made 282 miles this week. The weather is pleasant now. The "ice cream man's" suits being well to the fore. We have been cleaning ship this week, scrubbing the teakwood & paintwork being finished & the main deck holystoned.

We sighted a Barquentine last Monday bound from the River Platte to Cape Town & on Wednesday passed a Barque under small sail going the same way as ourselves. What a deceitful character that man Baird (the cook) is & what a thorough hypocrite. One day he is singing hymns at the top of his voice & the next day he is blaspheming as he knows how & making as much trouble as he can among the men.

I have been thinking such a lot of Tacoma this week.

January 20, 1901

We got the Trade Winds on Thursday but I am sorry to say they are failing us again today. Our record now stands at thirty-one degrees of Northing for thirty-five days. Are we ever going to get to "Dear Dirty Dublin."

I am troubled with a persistent deafness. It is a very annoying thing aboard a ship especially for an officer. I cannot get anything to hold it in check till we arrive in port.

January 27, 1901

We crossed the "Line" (Equator) at 8/30 today so have entered on the fourth & last Stage of the passage . . . . Everything that is upright & good about me was brought to the front during my connection with the Funnemarks.

We have struck the track of the outward bounders yesterday. The George T. Thay of Windsor passed close! She was 28 days out from New York to Melbourne (Australia). Another ship was sighted this afternoon, but too far away to ascertain her name.

February 5, 1901

A poor week again—a fraction over a degree per day. We ought to have the N.E. Trades now in this latitude but there is no prospect of them just yet . . . .

We have not sighted a vessel this week just in the very place where we should see whole heaps of them both steam & sail. Thirty days from now should see us in Dublin. My deafness does not seem to get any better yet . . . .

Yesterday being so promising, we oiled the poop deck. Ten minutes after it was finished it rained heavily for two hours. I guess there is no oil on it now.

Tomorrow & Tuesday there is to be the Grand "Bug Hunt" (bedbugs). All hands washing & painting the forecastle.

February 10, 1901

Well the "Hunt" is over & the forecastle looks nice & clean now, but I am sorry to say that the "game" is more lively than ever now. The turpentine

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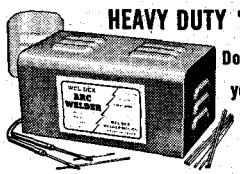

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Every time I start to put the blame for something on somebody other than us gents here at WP, I remember that passage in the Bible that reads something like this: "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone." Well, if we weren't completely perfect here, never make a mistake, never do anything wrong, our hands as lily-white as young goat fuzz, then we couldn't say that the mailer's machine broke down, he's having plate-making difficulties, and trouble like the seven-year itch. It's so bad at times, he tells us, that when he hits the key for "w" for instance, "Kilroy was here!" comes out. He just says "&%$#?!", hits the key again and what fun he has.

So, Chum, if you don't get your copy drop a card our way and we'll do our blamedest. It ought to be cleared up in a couple weeks. Ain't life wonderful?

seems to have stirred them up. We have none aft in the cabin.

The N.E. Trades have gone back on us just where we ought to be in the full strength of them. We have a solitary friend in sight, but she is too far off to make her out.

Last night I slept on deck, she shipped a green sea & washed me bed & baggage into the lee scuppers. I can assure you my spirit was not very Christian like for some time. Everything I had got wet.

February 17, 1901

We have got a good S.W. wind & are bowling along in good shape. We have finished cleaning & painting & have got the bad weather sails bent & everything aloft now being in "port order" . . . .

I suppose in two or three weeks time I shall have your longed for letter & then I shall know everything. Christine you belong to the sea!

I often wonder how Mr. Gale is getting on. Whether he married Miss McLeave & settled in Tacoma or whether he shipped home after all. I know Gale's father will insist on sifting the cause of his leaving to the bitter end, & then stand clear, Captain Johnson!

February 24, 1901

We are having to make a fearfully long passage. I suppose the Rimac will be outward bound by this time. I wonder whether the Glenard has arrived yet. We have three vessels in company; one being the Kirkdale of Liverpool, Callas to Plymouth, 96 days out. She must have had better winds than we.

There is another one just now in sight on the other track . . . . It is some consolation to know there will be a letter from you waiting for me.

March 3, 1901

At last we are in luck's way. We got a splendid fair wind on Wednesday night. It is strange to see & feel the ship rushing through the water. We expect to make port this week. Let her go!

Well I suppose this will be the last letter I shall write to you for this passage at least.

The "Rest" was a genuine harbour of refuge for me & a place in which I could always forget my troubles.

If all mothers knew their sailor sons could find such a refuge in Tacoma, it would both warm their hearts & relieve their minds. God bless & prosper your work, the "Rest" & yourselves & for all of us whom have come under your influence. Let the "Rest" be an ever gleaming beacon light & an incentive to higher purpose & a better life.

WITH this last letter the story ends. Henry R. Howe never returned to Tacoma. The packet of yellowed letters written so long ago, with the two photographs of Howe and the painting of the *Cabul* made by a Newcastle, Australia marine artist, Christine kept through all the long years, carefully put away in a box.

Christine Funnemark did not marry until she was forty-eight. Her husband was a railroad employee. She died on April 23, 1960 at age eighty-one.

An inquiry about Henry R. Howe to the Lord Mayor of Liverpool revealed that he had died in Wallasey, Cheshire, (England) on June 21, 1951, and was buried in the Rake Lane Cemetery. No more information about him was obtained.

The *Cabul* was sold in 1901 and renamed *Aster* under German registry. She was broken up in 1910.

Hardluck Iron Mule

(Continued from page 29)

Here they met resistance from the Indians who saw the plains littered with rotting carcasses wherever they looked. With their principal source of food, clothing and shelter vanishing, the Indians were stung to vengeance. They killed and scalped, and hide hunters were forced to operate in protective groups.

Despite the Indian menace, hundreds of freight wagons pulled by oxen or mules moved southward each day from Dodge City loaded with supplies, and other wagons returned loaded with hides. It was during this heyday that a nameless entrepreneur from the East got an idea. Hurrying back to Massachusetts from Dodge City, he sold his idea to a group of backers, who organized a small company to finance the construction of the "Iron Mule."

THE IRON MULE was essentially a locomotive that could run without rails and pull a caravan of freight wagons. Its promoter hoped it would revolutionize westward transportation. In time, the completed engine arrived on a flat car at Dodge City, and its arrival set off a whooping celebration by the townspeople who saw it as another boost to the already booming town.

Without delay the new-fangled machine headed south for the Texas Panhandle, towing several wagons. The caravan was accompanied by mule-drawn wagons and crew to keep the engine replenished with water for steam, and wood for fuel. Their destination was a trading post at old Fort Elliott, 150 miles distant, located near the present town of Wheeler, Texas.

The big flywheel whirled, the steam dome throbbed, and clouds of wood smoke announced its coming to Indians and hide hunters alike. The engineer, happily surrounded by the smell of steam and hot cylinder oil, tooted the whistle at passing teamsters and was cursed in turn, for they saw in the machine a threat to their jobs. To keep the boiler filled, and the fire box burning, the several auxiliary wagons searched on either side for water and wood.

Wooded streams in western Kansas are few and far between, a factor that apparently was not taken into consideration by the zealous entrepreneur as he hurried eastward. The Iron Mule was well designed, but those who were associated with the venture had little or no realization of the difficulties which would confront the vehicle on the near-treeless plains. While the country could provide enough fuel for grass-eating oxen and

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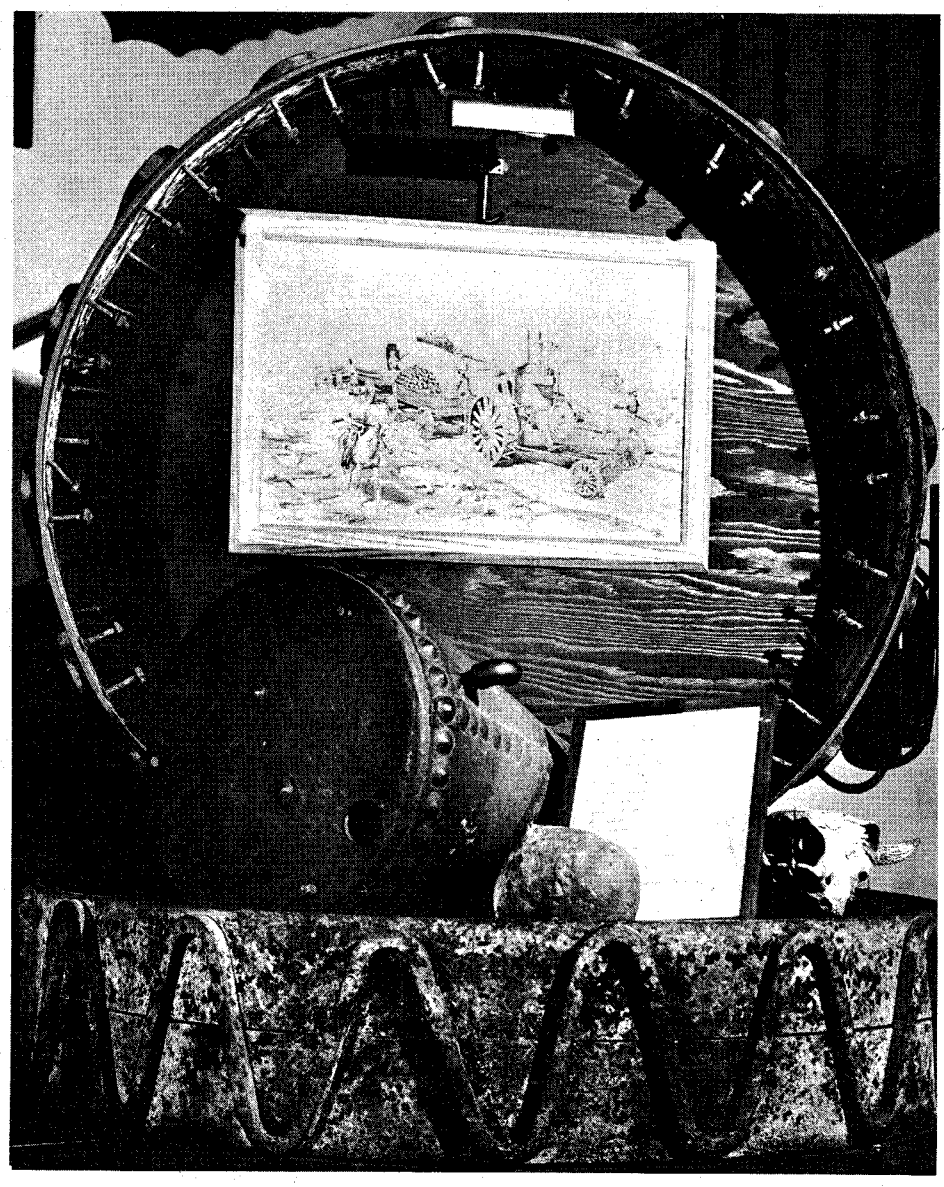

Courtesy Woolaroc Museum

The few remains of the "Iron Mule" on display at the Woolaroc Museum, Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

mules, it could not do the same for wood-burning machines.

As the Iron Mule moved southward, it was forced from time to time to await the arrival of the wood-gathering wagons, often filled with little more than sticks and brush, that vanished in a puff in the firebox. The engineer attempted to burn buffalo chips but this fuel proved unsatisfactory. Each mile that was pushed toward Fort Elliott convinced the engineer and crew that it would take more men and teams to supply fuel for steam than ordinary freighting required.

When the caravan stalled after crossing the almost dry bed of the Canadian River near Adobe Wells—where shortly an historic Indian fight would take place—the futility of trying to continue became painfully apparent. A decision was made. The wagons would be hauled by teams to Fort Elliott, still twenty-five miles away. The Iron Mule would be abandoned.

"We'll just have to leave 'er sit," declared the engineer sadly, as he and the others took their leave.

And there the Iron Mule remained while the frenzied hunting continued. At last there were no more buffaloes to slaughter. In 1887 Dr. William T. Hornaday, a noted zoologist, made a fairly accurate survey and concluded there were only 1,091 buffaloes remaining, the sole survivors of herds numbering in the millions.

With the passing of the hunters and the corralling of Indians onto reservations, homesteaders and ranchers moved in to occupy the lands. Lumber was very much in demand. Someone remembered the Iron Mule rusting away on the prairie, and it was brought to a patch of woods south of the North Fork of the Red River, near the present town of Lefors, Texas. Here it was put to use in the operation of a sawmill. When all available trees had been sawed into boards, the mill and its engine were abandoned. The Iron Mule would endure many long lonely years.

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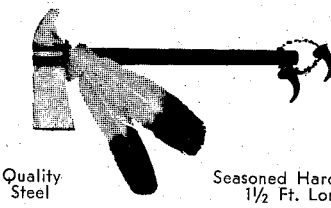

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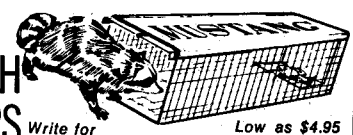

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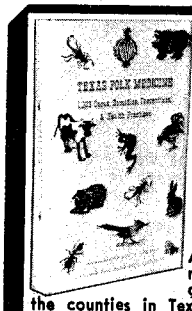

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area searching for a dependable source of water to support the rapid upswing in oil production. Had not one of the men had an acute attack of indigestion, the chances are that the steam engine's story would never have been told.

When the surveyor doubled up in agonizing pain he was taken to a farm house. While the others of the crew remained with him until he could feel a little better, one member, Paul Endacott, attracted by a nearby grove of cottonwoods, went there to investigate the possibilities of water.

Here Endacott discovered an odd-looking steam engine surrounded by rotting piles of sawdust and log trimmings. At that moment a leather-faced cowboy rode up, and from him Endacott got a rambling account of the hardluck engine. As a sidelight of history, the Iron Mule story would hardly rate a footnote in history books, yet Endacott was intrigued by what he learned that day, and thanks to his filing away the information in the back of his mind, the Iron Mule has become a part of the Western mosaic of trial and error.

It was in the 1930s that Endacott, by then an executive of the Phillips Petroleum Company, chanced to read a magazine article that set in motion the rescue of the Iron Mule story from oblivion. The magazine featured an article on what was purported to be the earliest tractor, and the date given was much later than the Iron Mule fiasco. Through friends in Dodge City Endacott arranged to have old newspaper files searched, and as a result the long forgotten incident of the Plains came to light.

Endacott envisioned the engine as a fitting addition to the newly established Woolaroc Museum on the Frank Phillips ranch, fifteen miles southwest of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Accordingly, Endacott returned to the place of the sawmill and found a producing gas well operating on the exact spot. There was no sign of the Iron Mule, or even remains of the sawdust piles. Inquiry sadly revealed that the Iron Mule, as such, no longer existed. In the intervening years since Endacott had chanced upon it, it had been dismantled and its parts scattered.

Dismayed, yet determined, Endacott began his search. He learned that portions of the engine had been thrown into gullies to stop erosion, but just where he was unable to learn. The large drive wheels were eventually found at a rancher's home, used to enclose flower beds. Rumor had it that the boiler had wound up in a steam laundry at Pampa, Texas, but this could not be substantiated. Those few parts Endacott was able to find are now on display at the Woolaroc Museum.

The Iron Mule failed for lack of fuel, yet the ironic twist which time has revealed is that below the surface of the ground where the machine came to an ignoble end, was one of the world's largest accumulations of gas and oil—enough to provide energy for countless descendants of the original Iron Mule. Fortunately, history has a way of looking back over its shoulder and re-assessing events that somehow failed.

Mason's Cattle Drives

(Continued from page 23)

New Mexico. The herds reached Castle Canyon, this side of the Pecos, without incident. At Castle Canyon, however, a band of Apaches was awaiting. In the attack which followed, the Apaches drove off most of the cattle and all of the horses.

This loss was only one of the many reverses besetting James E. Ranck. His mills burned and were not insured. Cattle prices declined heavily. His and Ben Gooch's attempt to improve cattle in the county by bringing in registered Durham bulls proved a failure. The Durham was not used to roughing it, and at that time Mason's open range needed cattle that could do their own rustling for food and shelter.

The man whose future had looked so promising was nearing bankruptcy when his old friend P. J. Willis, a Galveston wholesaler, came to Mason to help Ranck back on his feet. Willis soon learned that James E. Ranck had one weakness—his unfailing trust in his fellow man.

To the Indian, the buffalo provided hides for shelter and meat for food, both essential for their nomadic life. This W. H. Jackson photo shows a Shoshone war chief's tepee.

Union Pacific R.R. Photo

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Through this laudable but unbusinesslike attitude, Ranck had lost money amounting to a huge fortune. Willis arranged to carry his friend's indebtedness, and had returned to Galveston when he suddenly died. After being forced into bankruptcy, Ranck, too, died on August 10, 1892. Thus ended the career of a great man who, barring adversity, might well have become one of the greats in Mason's future cattle kingdom.

Of him, Marvin Hunter wrote, "James E. Ranck was a polished gentleman, a generous friend, and an enterprising citizen. Well did he deserve the title of the Father of Mason."

W. E. WHEELER, pioneer rancher of Mason County, gave a graphic description of Indian thefts during Mason's cattle driving days. "My first vivid recollection of an Indian raid was about 1868. We lived then on the Ten Mile Crossing on the San Saba River. My father had several thousand cattle and there were larger stocks of cattle than he had, in the county.

"In 1868, the Apache Indians made the most disastrous cattle stealing drive that had ever been made in this country . . . . They swept along either side of the Llano and the San Saba Rivers, where most of the cattle watered, and they took every cow brute they could find.

"They worked with great speed and were well on their way out of the country before the mischief was discovered and pursuit started. Some time after the Indians had left the San Saba country, the pursuing party found where they had camped and barbecued a great deal of meat. There were fully 300 campfire signs.

"Some miles farther the party found where the Indians raiding the San Saba had been joined by the Indians raiding the Llano River country. The most conservative estimate put the number of Indians at not less than a thousand, and the herd of cattle they were driving at fully 25,000.

"It took some days before a runner could advise the state authorities, spread news over the country, and start a sufficient force in further pursuit. In the meantime, the Indians pushed the cattle across the Divide to the Pecos River, turned up that stream and made good their escape.

"This was certainly a well planned, organized and conducted raid, and somebody other than Indians was behind it. The Indians and border Mexicans and the New Mexico Mexicans were pretty chummy and did a great deal of trading with each other. Probably there were Mexicans with this raiding party, and those Mexicans knew what to do with cattle.

"There were no fences in this country until after 1871, nor were there any fences in all the vast cattle range north and south of Mason County.

"We would have big winter cattle drifts into this country. Those winter drifts included hundreds of thousands of cattle from the northern and western ranges. When the first severe cold spell came, the cattle on these ranges would

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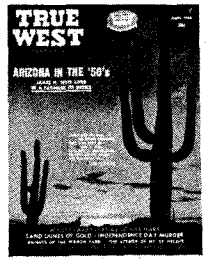

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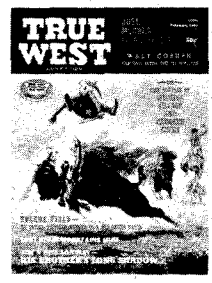

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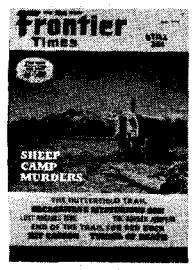

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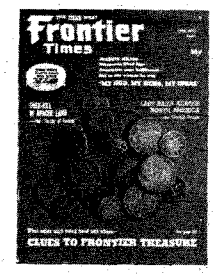

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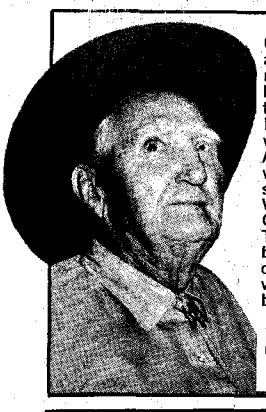

Old Hackberry is still around. I'm rounding up my buffaloes fixing to head west in July for the Gallup (New Mexico) Inter-Tribal Ceremonial which takes place August 10-13. On the way out I'll be selling subscriptions to True West, Frontier Times, Old West, and Relics. The best rates on the best Western magazines on the market—that's what I'll be offering, so be watching for me!

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begin drifting south, each norther shoving them a little farther until they became one vast herd drifting south.

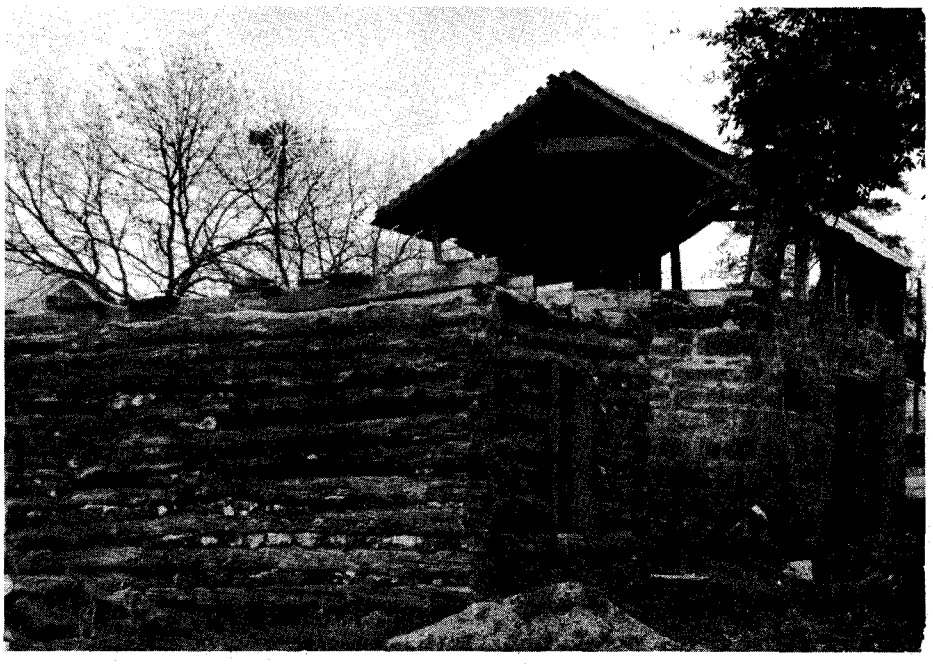
"The Colorado River would detain these drift herds a while but the next severe norther would drive them across that stream and on to the San Saba. There they would be held in check until another norther shoved them on southward again.

"Mason's cattle would fall in with these drift herds, and though we worked hard to get the strays out and keep our cattle at home, we seldom had much success, particularly if the weather was very severe and the drift herds got on a hurried move.

"The big roundups, or spring hunts, were always timed with the rise of grass. Feed was high and scarce, and the majority of saddle horses, as well as the cattle, would come through the winter poor and weak. It was necessary to have enough grass to get the horses strong and keep them in working condition while the roundup was going on.

"It was the big outfits from the North

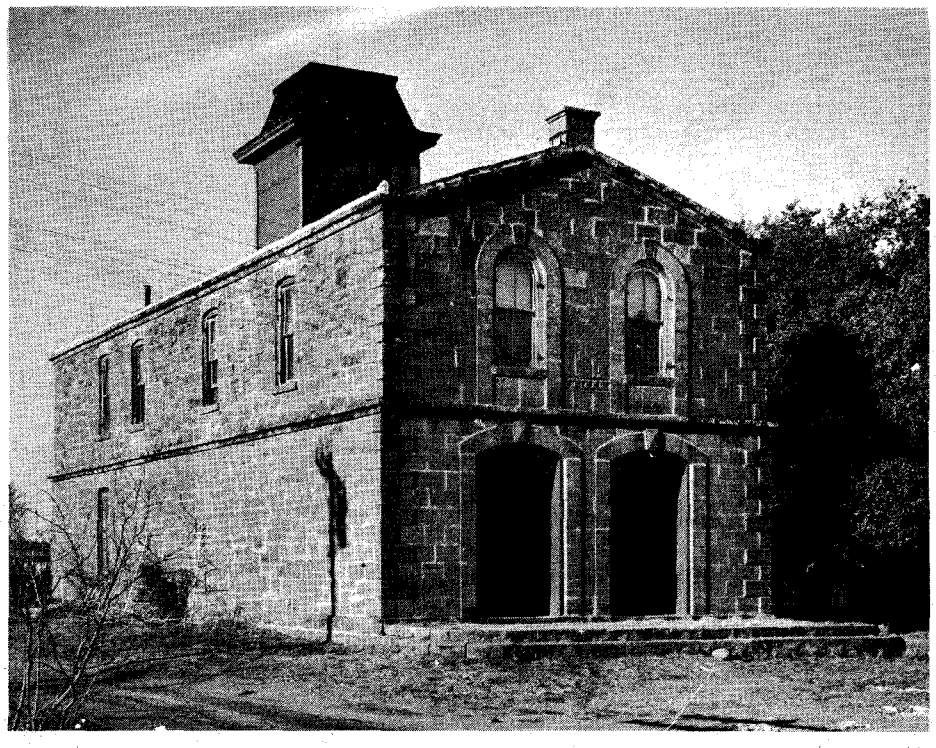
(Continued on page 66)



Ruins of the Wheeler barn built in 1870.

Koock's store built in the early 1870s.

Courtesy Mason County News



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—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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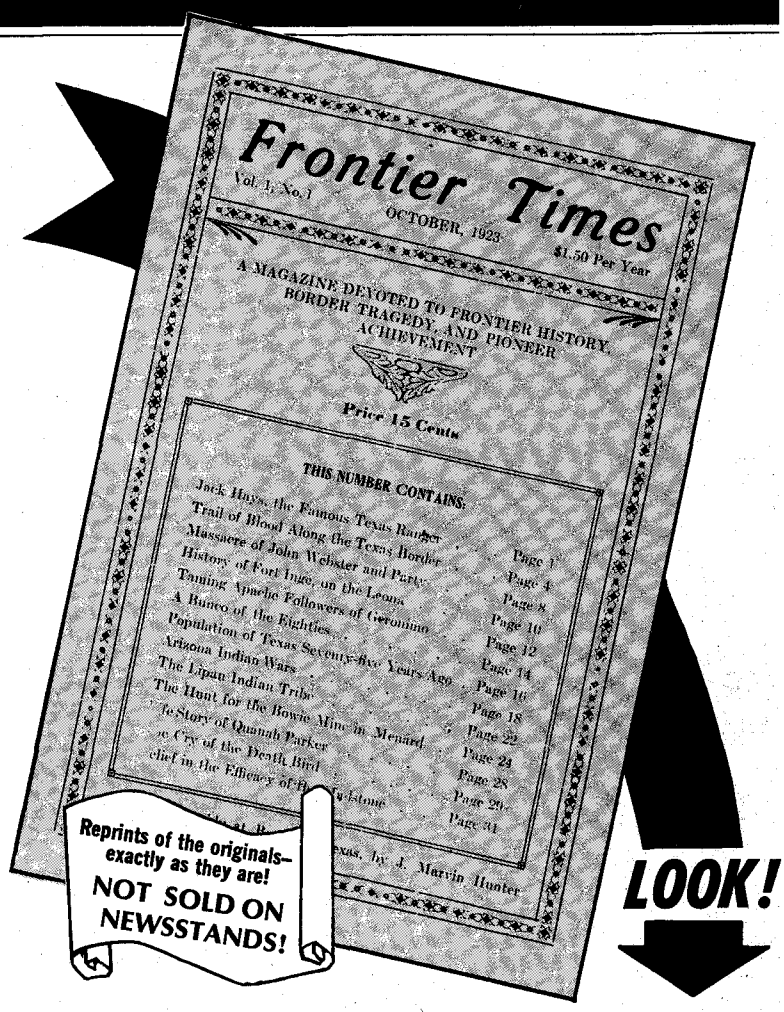

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(Continued from page 64)
and West that furnished the spectacular features of these spring drives. They were well organized, with a supreme boss in charge of the outfit, though perhaps a hundred outfits would be represented, and there would be from five hundred to fifteen hundred men.

"After we Mason County cattlemen had driven drift cattle back from the Rio Grande, or whatever distance they had drifted in that direction, we would have to organize a southern roundup crew and go north, picking up cattle that had been carried along with the main herd. Mason County cattlemen frequently would go as far north and west as Big Spring, Colorado City and Abilene—or rather where these cities now stand—to get our cattle back.

"I remember one winter thousands of cattle banked up north of the San Saba. We were still living at Ten Mile Crossing. One night a severe norther came in and the cattle started fording the river and drifting south. They had been crossing for hours before we got out of bed to watch them.

"All day and after dark those cattle went drifting by, making a deafening noise with their tramp, tramp, tramp and their constant lowing. At the same time, there were dozens of similar herds crossing the river at similar points."

These three men, each in his own way, contributed much to Mason's great cattle driving days. William Koock paved the way for those drives with his holding grounds and rock corrals, stocking his store with needed supplies, and banking the buyers' gold. James E. Ranck pushed his own cattle up the trail, lent money freely to the other cattle buyers, and helped all he could to get the other man's cattle to market. The third man, W. E. Wheeler, left us a glowing description of those great days.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 21)

In 1874 they were in Carson City, Nevada and by 1881 they were living in McCammon, Idaho. Andrew Goodenough died in 1917 in McCammon and Mary Ellen (his wife) died in 1917, also in McCammon. They were married in Sacramento.

Mary Ellen Bell's father, Samuel Bell, was from Antrim County, Ireland and her mother, Jemima Loughery was born in Montgomery County, New York. He was born in 1814 and she in 1818. Their daughter Mary Ellen Bell was born around 1837. They also had at least two other children, Bruce and John. Their sons lived somewhere in Idaho.

I am also looking for William Franz. He was born between 1890 and 1900, probably somewhere in Missouri. His father was Benjamin Franklin Franz, my grandfather.—J. M. Reid, 2645 Imperial Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106

Newman

I am very much interested in knowing the whereabouts of my only brother, Ben Edgar Newman, Jr. He is thirty-nine years old now. I last heard of him five years ago when he was in Memphis, Tennessee. He may still live there. If anyone knows his address, please write to me.—Mrs. Effie Jane Keldsen, Box 154, Kinnear, Wyoming 82516

Munch-McArthur

I would like to hear from someone that might have known my mother's brother. My mother, Ruby Munch, married Floyd McArthur July 24, 1929. My mother's father and mother were John and Nora Munch, both dead. They had three girls and one boy: Mabel, now dead; Mildred; Ruby (my mother); and Roy. Roy disappeared sometime around 1930 and hasn't been heard from since. He worked on the railroads, then became a wildcatter around the oilfields in Arkansas and Texas. We heard he had a family in Arkansas long ago but never heard from any of them. If there are any descendants of the Munch family, please write as my mother is not well and would like to hear from any descendants of brother.

My father's people came from the Illinois and points-East area and I would like to hear from any descendants of the McArthurs. My father's parents were Abijah and Ella Susan Wright McArthur. There weren't many of this family and I would appreciate any information about them. I will answer all letters.—Mrs. Shirley McArthur Cooksey, Route 2, Salem, Missouri 65560

Richardson-Denison

I'd like to hear from some friends, Dorothy Richardson and her four sisters, Dellice, Gene, Bernice and Volia. They used to live in Winston-Salem, North Carolina but were originally from Virginia. I was raised with these girls and last saw them in 1937.

Would also like to hear from Wood and Louis Denison. They were sons of Chapion Denison who was a slave Negro of Lockary and Millie Denison of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. Wood and Louis had a sister, Loia. There were two more children but I don't remember their names.—Margaret (Boyles) and Willie Denison, Route 3, Box 376, Dickson, Tennessee, 37055

Ramey-Cummins

I am trying to find information about Frank Ramey, who was born in Kentucky, and migrated to Texas (I believe Fannin County). He married his first cousin, Mary Lucinda Cummins, daughter of Elijah Cummins, who was also from Kentucky. Would appreciate any information about these two families.—Robert E. Thorp, Route 1, Eddyville, Kentucky 42038

Honor Among Horse Thieves

(Continued from page 9)

floor. Two mounted men were standing night guard at two-hour intervals, and while Dutch Henry made it understood in a joshing way that me'n Jake were sort of prisoners, Jake was allowed to keep his gun.

While the poker game was going on, Dutch Henry said that maybe before long he would quit the horse trading business, that he'd been on the dodge so many times a man got wore out. He said he'd crossed the Canadian line so often the Mounties were onto him, and besides the Mounties there were always the glory-hunting stock inspectors on his trail. But right now, Dutch Henry said, there was a good market for two-three year-old unbroken geldings that the British government was buying and no questions asked. The Boer War was still going on, and while Dutch Henry was in strong sympathy with the Boers, the British were paying cash on the barrelhead for horses and he was getting his share of the easy money.

He hinted that many of the horses in the Veseth pasture had come from across the Canadian line, that he'd made monkeys of the mounted border patrol who went by the book. Dutch Henry claimed he was well posted on the routine hours of the Mountie patrol and that once he'd slipped his stolen horses across the border into Montana, the red monkey-jacket Mounties hadn't a foot to stand on and all he had to worry about was the Montana livestock inspectors. But if things turned out as he planned they would be following a cold trail tomorrow.

"It's not because I don't trust you and the kid, Jake," Dutch Henry explained as the poker game broke up, "but you'd better stay bedded down here in the cabin 'til we are long gone. You'll find your horses in the corral at sunrise, and the less you know about us the better off you'll be if those stock inspectors start asking questions." So me'n Jake stayed in the cabin the rest of the night. Dutch Henry's men had tacked gunnysacks on the outside of the windows and nailed the door shut from the outside.

Dutch Henry had told a lie about planning to pull out after an early breakfast. As soon as we were locked in we could hear muffled sounds of the pack horses being loaded.

"We'll play it safe by staying inside," Jake said as he rolled a smoke. "Like as not a couple of men are bushed up outside to keep us on ice. That horse thief gang has all heard the owl hoot. They all got rewards posted, and I don't hanker to get shot where my galluses cross or let you get bushwhacked, either."

IT WAS ONLY when the first slanted streaks of sunrise showed that Jake broke a window and ripped off the gunnysack. When he crawled through the window he told me to stay put until he saw the coast was clear. I waited until Jake opened the door and then walked out.

Dutch Henry had kept his word. Besides our saddle horses there was Treasure Box and the three other stolen horses in the corral. We saddled up and headed the horses back to the home ranch. I'd have to come back later that morning to ride herd on the cattle coming down to water.

On the way home Jake said that Dutch Henry and his gang were living on borrowed time; either they'd get shot down or end up in the pen for a long stretch. Right now they'd probably make

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it across the Dakota line and have folding money in their pockets instead of chicken feed, their stolen horses sold and each man on his own, scattered to the four winds, perhaps to meet again at some rendezvous arranged beforehand. Nobody knew for sure.

Jake and I agreed that he would do all the talking if a stock inspector showed up at the ranch. But no livestock inspector or sheriff showed and as far as we ever learned the gang made it across the border without being caught.

To my knowledge Jake Myers never made mention to any outsiders of the night Dutch Henry kept him and me sort of prisoners at the Veseth place. Those were the days when it behooved the big cow outfits in northern Montana and elsewhere to halfway stand in with horse thieves and cattle rustlers as a means of self-protection. If any were caught, they were promptly arrested by the livestock inspectors, tried, found guilty and sent to the penitentiary. That constant threat of doing time kept the renegades in line, and by way of return all the big outfits kept a neutral stand by hearing no evil, speaking no evil, seeing no evil. Thus a verbal agreement was made and seldom, if ever, broken. Or else!

To the best of my recollection it was the summer of 1906 or possibly 1907 when I returned to the ranch after school in Great Falls, that Jake Myers told me Dutch Henry was dead. He'd been shot in the head with a shotgun, his body found in a shallow grave with an old gunnysack thrown over him. It happened in April in some small Minnesota town, and a young man named Alexander McKenzie, who had been batching with Dutch Henry, had been arrested in North Dakota, tried for the murder in Minnesota, found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment at the Stillwater, Minnesota State Penitentiary. Jake said he had read all about it in the Culbertson, Montana newspaper.

With Dutch Henry crossed off the list as dead and his murderer doing life at the Stillwater pen, that apparently closed the book. But vague rumors and range gossip persisted in the Montana cow country that Dutch Henry was still alive; that he had been seen by friends around Culbertson and Saco where he was well known. Then under the dateline of January 21, 1910, in the Culbertson *Searchlight* this article appeared:

"All the old settlers of Valley County and many in Culbertson remember Dutch Henry, or Henry Ieuch, who in 1902, 1903 and 1904 made periodical visits to Culbertson to spend the money obtained by rustling horses near the Canadian line in both Montana and Canada. Dutch Henry was reported murdered about four years ago, and Alex McKenzie, also known in Culbertson, was tried and convicted of the murder. Many Culbertson people have ever since declared that Dutch Henry was still alive, and it now appears that they might be right. If report is true, the noted outlaw was killed by the Canadian police on Monday, Jan. 9, 1910. Alex McKenzie, convicted in Roseau County in August, 1906, of murder in the first degree, and now serving the fourth year of a life sentence in the State Penitentiary at Stillwater, may be an innocent man. The complete vindication of McKenzie rests upon the identification of Dutch Henry, one of the most notorious cattle rustlers and horse thieves that ever terrorized the border country.

"The work of unraveling the long skein of legal complications which resulted in landing McKenzie behind prison bars for life has commenced and it is expected he will walk out a free man."

On October 20, 1913, Alex McKenzie was pardoned and a Minneapolis dispatch, printed in the Culbertson *Searchlight* carried the headline ALEX McKENZIE, THE MAN WHO SHOT DUTCH HENRY IS NOW A FREE MAN. It continued, "Three reasons for McKenzie's release were, first, a strong belief in his innocence, aided by the reports that Dutch Henry is still alive, second, the fact that McKenzie's pardon will avail little as he has tuberculosis, and third, the strongest, the unceasing pleas of his aged mother, who has never faltered in her assertions that 'her boy' was falsely imprisoned."

So we never did know the truth about the death of Dutch Henry, horse thief, cattle rustler and outlaw. It always remained a mystery.

During the lifetime of Dutch Henry, also known as Henry Stewart, Henry Stuart, Henry Euach (pronounced Yaw), and Henry Ieuch (pronounced Youch), he had become a legendary figure. To his friends Dutch Henry was a good-natured, amiable man, generous to a fault. To others who nursed a grudge and disliked the man Dutch Henry was a tough, drunken renegade, without virtue, and they hated his guts.

As for me—who met Dutch Henry only once—I like to remember him as he was that day, a man who took the trouble to pull a bogged-down cow and a kid from a treacherous hole when his own safety was at stake if a stock inspector or sheriff had happened along right then.

Dutch Henry is now long gone to whatever destiny there is beyond life, and I like to think that his judgment day was tempered with mercy.

Dead Man's Well

(Continued from page 35)

commenced the survey of Kenesaw Township, Adams County, Nebraska, he used the grave marker of Mrs. Hail to establish a corner. In his field notes was quoted the inscription he found thereon:

Memory Of Mrs. Susan O. Hail
Of Lafayette County, Mo.
Who died June 2, 1852
Aged 34 years, 5 months, 12 days

A copy of these field notes became a part of the official records of Adams County and are preserved at the Office of the Surveyor at the county seat in Hastings.

It is fortunate that the inscription on the stone was recorded and preserved by the surveyor, for in later years the slab

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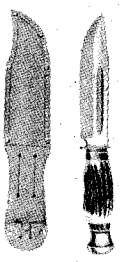
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View from a hill looking northwest along the old Oregon Trail. The Susan Hail monument is center (arrow). In the distance are trees along the Platte River.

was chipped to pieces by travelers on the Oregon Trail. Twenty years later, in 1871, when early settlers in Adams County found the lonely gravesite, they read the faint inscription and described it as "on a finger of rock, pitted by blowing sand, charred by prairie fires and partially chipped away." It was these early settlers who gave the place its name—"The Lone Grave."

DURING the early 1900s, children of the Waterhouse Sunday School raised funds to secure a new marker for Susan Hail; this monument, too, was to fall prey to the hands of vandals.

The Hail burial site became the inspiration for several prairie poets, including Dr. Addison E. Sheldon. While camped at the grave one night, Sheldon wrote the first rough draft of his poem "A Woman's Grave." Dr. Sheldon was the Superintendent of the Nebraska State Historical Society and author of many books relating to the history and development of Nebraska. In 1908 his book *Poems and Sketches of Nebraska* was published, and included was the poem inspired by the Lone Grave. This poem reads, in part:

For on the gravestone above the mould,
Simply a woman's name is told,
A woman's name, but let it rest,
Why should it be here exprest?
Let the desert claim her for his bride,
Sleeping softly upon his side.

In a foreword to the poem, Dr. Sheldon tells of his impressions that night which led to his composition of the verses.

Another young man with his new bride was also to follow the Oregon Trail in 1852; this couple headed for the Oregon country. Ezra Meeker and his wife were to follow with another wagontrain only days behind the Hail's wagontrain, and to pass the grave while it still displayed freshly turned earth.

Soon after, the well was taken over by the U.S. Army and maintained by detachments from Fort Kearny, about forty miles to the northwest, to provide safety to travelers. The well was then given the official designation of "Government Well."

In 1906-07 Meeker, by then a well known author, was to travel the Oregon Trail again with a covered wagon drawn by oxen. In 1924 Meeker retraced his journey in an airplane; when ninety-six years old he set out again, this time in a motorized camping unit. His purpose was selling memorial coins for a fund to mark the Trail with suitable monuments and tablets. In covered wagon, airplane and motor car—the old and the new—Meeker was a living legend of the Oregon Trail.

On August 4, 1910 Ezra Meeker revisited the site of Susan Hail's burial and noted the damaged condition of the stone. He made an urgent request at that time that something be done to provide a permanent, enduring marker for the grave, but nothing was done until July 30, 1933 when dedication services were held for the third monument to Susan Hail. This marker carries the official plaque of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association and is the present stone on the grave, surrounded by a strong railing.

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

the answer is, Frank James limped (as he told several people) from being shot in the Northfield bank hold-up. He started horse racing and he was sometimes on the same bill with Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill, as he was when I saw him.

One man named Clayton wrote me about this and asked several questions on Clayton genealogy. Unfortunately his letter was burned before I could answer it. I believe he signed his name "Pete" Clayton. I would appreciate it if you'd put this letter in "Truly Western" so he can write me again for this information. —Cecil D. Clayton, Slaughters, Kentucky 42456

Correction

Lee E. McDermet of Denver, Colorado points out the following errors in "He Sailed Through Denver in a Pea Green Boat!" (February, 1972 issue): The cottage home of Field was located on West Colfax Street, not East as stated; the correct spelling of Field's friend with the New York *Sun* is Dana.

Spicer Murder

I am writing regarding the April 1968 issue of TRUE WEST—a letter written to your magazine about the Spicer murder. There were discrepancies in that letter.

I was a girl of fourteen years at that time and my family lived neighbors to the Spicers. The three Indians (after they were captured) said they had gone to the Cook ranch to kill the Cook family (my family) but there were too many men there. So they went on to the Spicers. My father never trusted the Indians and never went with them alone, although we were always good friends with the Indians.

I was a school chum of the Spicer girls. This happened in February so the girls weren't picking berries as stated in the letter to your magazine. Also this happening and the Spicer home were not near Fargo, North Dakota. The Spicer home and Cook ranch were near Fort Yates, south of Mandan. These Indians were from the Standing Rock Indian Reservation.

My family moved to north of Mandan in the spring. My mother would not live at this place any longer.—Mrs. Mary A. (Cook) Moore, c/o Taylor Cook, Sentinel Butte, North Dakota 58654

Looks For Land

Allow me to congratulate you and "Reno" Ingles on a series of very interesting articles dealing with Mr. Ingles' life in the logging country. Recently I ran across an article by Mr. Ingles in a 1969 TRUE WEST which had a picture of a McGiffert loader taken in Collier Park, Klamath Falls, Oregon. Being a resident of Klamath Falls I have seen that particular loader.

I am also trying to locate a William D. (Bill or Red) Land who lived in Klamath Falls off and on from 1956 until 1966 or 1967. Bill's wife's name was Joanne. At the time they had four children, the eldest of which was named Warren David. I would appreciate hearing from anybody who knows his whereabouts.—Robert Knuths, 1032 Main Street, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

Dan Patch

Explanatory note: In the December 1970 issue of TRUE WEST, we ran a letter from Jack Carter of Whittier, California about Dan Patch, the world's fastest harness horse sixty years ago. Mr. Savage, who owned the horse, made a supplement food for horses. The food came in wooden buckets. People buying several buckets at a time were given a Dan Patch stop watch.

Seeing the letter in Truly Western, December 1970, reminded me of something along the same line. Mr. Savage also sent a 3/4-life size picture of Dan Patch to anyone returning ten name tags from the stock food. I had one I got in 1910, and it was the only thing I cried about when the house burned in 1911 and it was lost. I am now seventy-seven years old but I can still remember how I cried when Dad told me they couldn't get my picture out. I had it nailed to the wall and the fire started in the attic over my bedroom. I was living in Claremont, New Hampshire at the time.—Helen A. Buttrick, R.F.D. 1, Ellsworth Falls, Maine 04633

Picture Identification

In the February 1972 issue, page 23, a man on horseback was identified as James L. Jerome. Although this photograph, like many others of its vintage, is not very clear we have now concluded that it was clipped from an even earlier group picture and that the rider is actually Billy Old. Those of you who keep a file of our magazines might like to correct the photo caption or at least put a big question mark by it. The Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society of Tucson advises us that the original picture was made into a postcard. This could account for the partial picture we ran turning up in Montana with the wrong name written on the back. Our apologies to the readers and our thanks to those who helped straighten out the error.

More on B. M. Bower

In your October '71 issue of TRUE WEST I read about B. M. Bower in the story "Remember 'Chip of the Flying U'?" by Gordon West. We were delighted to read the article inasmuch as my husband and I were acquainted with B. M. Bower and B. W. Sinclair. The two writers came to the Cachagua area (district on the upper Carmel River in California) in 1909 or 1910. Our home was located there. During one of their summer stays in Cachagua, B. M. Bower wrote the story "Good Indian." Many of her fictional characters were patterned after local personalities.

As I recall, B. M. Bower (Mrs. Sinclair) had a daughter and two sons fathered by Bower, and one daughter, Della Frances, fathered by Sinclair. We have

(Continued on page 72)

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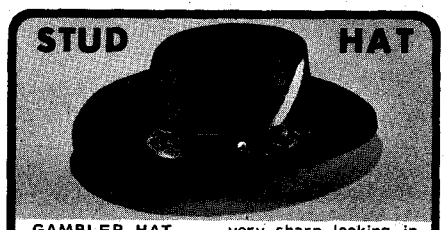
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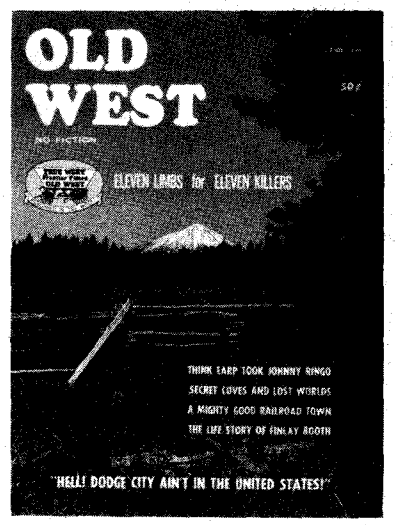

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(Continued from page 69)
pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair and her son Roy.—Mrs. Peter Girard, 829 Padre Drive, Salinas, California 93901

Medicine Men Reference

Your magazines are still the best of their kind. The printing and pictures are now very good and worth the extra price. When I read in a back issue "Miracles of Old-Time Medicine Men" (December 1966 TW) it reminded me of something I had read in *Book of Mormon*. On page 461 I read verses 18 and 19 and they tied into your article so closely it almost curled my hair.—Richard P. Harris, 397 West 940 North, Provo, Utah 84601

Murray, Idaho Pictures

With reference to "The Marshal and the Indian" in the April '71 issue, I thought your readers might be interested in some additional information about the pictures taken in Murray, Idaho. Shown on page 27, seated on the high, front seat of the stagecoach is Clay Spekker (to the left), the greatest reinsman who ever came into the Murray district; Glum Lum, the fiddler mentioned in the "social event" at Eagle City is at the right.

A story about Clay Spekker and his mastery of the ribbons: Clay had just brought a loaded stage down the narrow south side of Dobson Pass. He was about to cross the railroad tracks, necessary to enter Wallace, Idaho. With no warning signal a switch engine appeared. There wasn't time to rein to a stop and a collision seemed inevitable with death in the offing. With an iron grip on the ribbons, Clay swerved his horses to the right, snapping the tongue of the stage completely off. When commended for his courage and quick thinking, Clay said, "Aw, go chase yourself."

In the "Street Scene—Murray, Idaho," to the left is the Episcopalian church (also non-denominational). It was one of the prettiest little churches in Idaho. It was destroyed by vandalism. At the right of the picture is the rear of the Fraternity Hall. Clarence Darrow came to Murray on legal business for a mining company, attended a dance there and seemed to thoroughly enjoy swinging the housewives of the village around. As a child I remember he had a short neck and nimble feet.

I don't believe I mentioned the women on the stage, to the rear of the driver's seat. On the right is Josephine Ervin, early-day postmistress. Her children now reside in Berkeley, California. The other two ladies to the left are schoolmarms.—Ruth Aulback Sellers, 824½ West Sprague, #203, Spokane, Washington 99204

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Wratten and Apaches

I have just read "Interpreter for the Apaches" by Eve Ball in the December 1971 issue. Miss Ball *knows* her Apache history, and interpreter George Wratten loved the Apaches! My old friend, Jason Betzinez, Geronimo's second cousin, told me many stories about Wratten. Let's have more articles by Miss Ball.—Ronald J. Morgan, 2306 Huldy Street, Houston, Texas 77019

Colorado Treasure Lore

I have recently moved from Colorado and am putting together a manuscript on lost bonanzas of that state, with facts, maps, treasure signs and guides. Would love to hear from any of your readers regarding prospecting, mountain life, or any related subjects.—R. E. Hawk, 2940 Call Road, Vidor Texas 77662

Century-Old Chain Letter

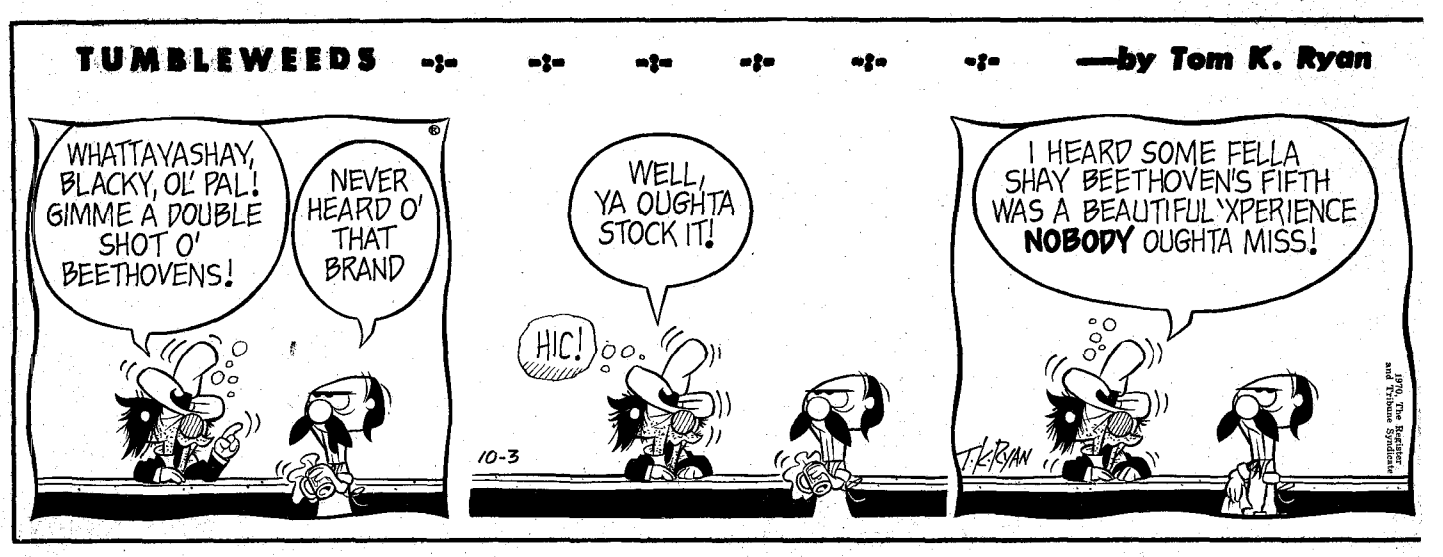
About once every three months the postman leaves our family a "packet" usually containing fifteen to twenty letters with news of our relatives. They are read with great interest and many memories.

Our pioneer grandparents, Richard Beeson Smith and Sarah Webster Moore, originated the idea because of loneliness and the wish to keep in touch with relatives. Our grandparents had left Ohio and Pennsylvania and settled in Iowa in the 1850s. They were of the Quaker faith and although they did not approve of war, Grandfather enlisted in the Civil War and served four years. He later became totally blind from the effects of battle.

During his absence Grandmother kept a diary of each day's happenings and faithfully wrote letters to relatives in Ohio. They passed the letters on and in turn wrote, which was really the beginning of the family letter. A few years after the war our grandparents settled on a fine farm near Centerdale, Iowa where they raised a large family. The communication they started still goes on.

We try to answer as soon as possible, adding our letter and taking out the old letter of the next person in line, thus keeping the packet about the same size. In the 1870s there were few letters, but as the years went by more and more links were added to the chain.

We think we have one of the oldest family letters in existence. We feel that it is unique in number of years in circulation, miles traveled, and the happy relationships it has brought to an old-fashioned family.—Mrs. Erma (Smith) Kulhavy, 106 E. Fairmont Blvd., Rapid City, South Dakota 57701



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4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
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35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
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78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
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96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
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